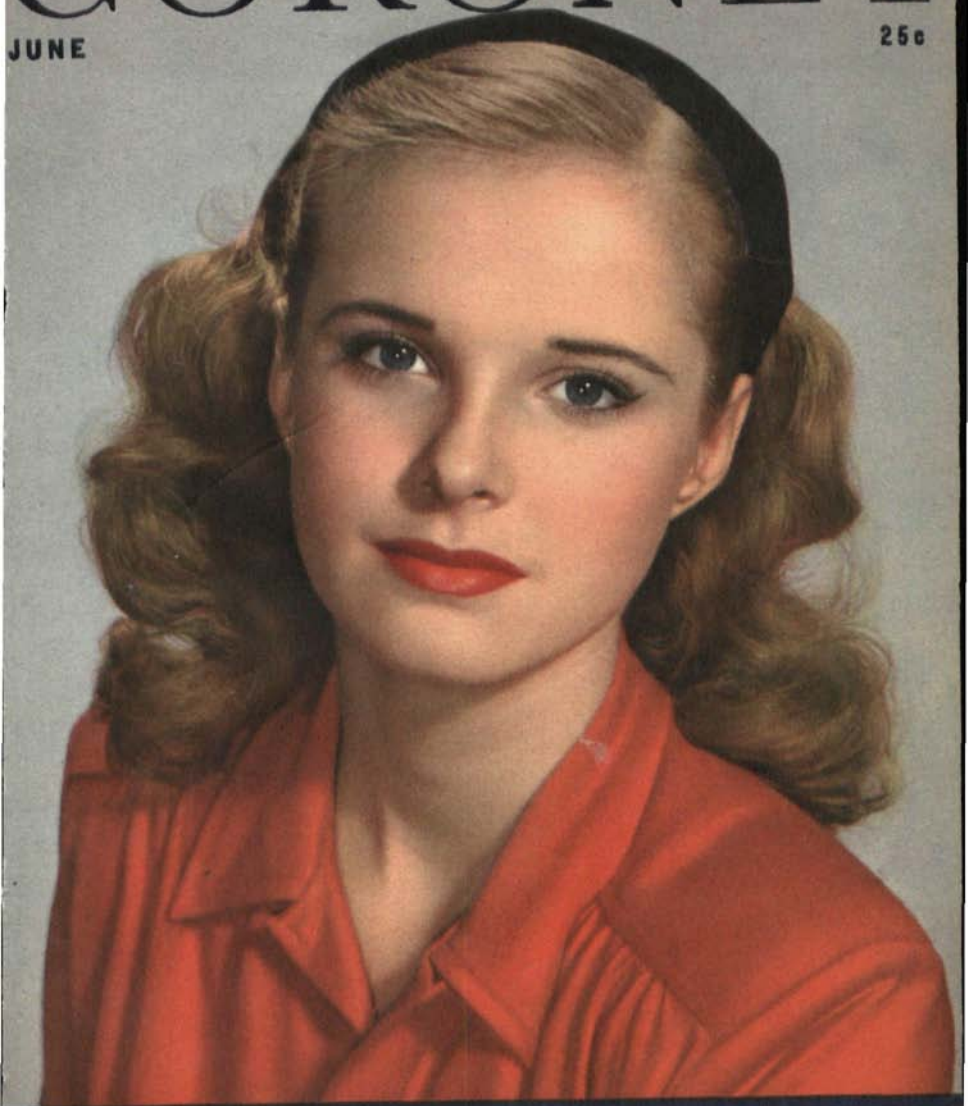
CORONET

JUNE

25¢

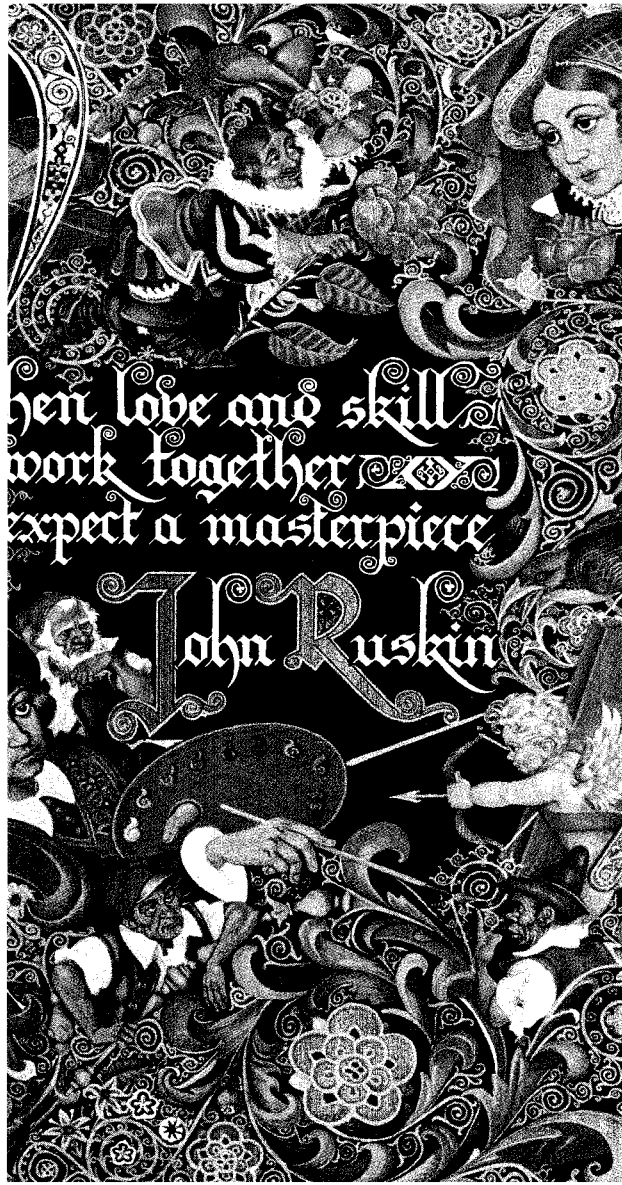


In this issue

CANNERY ROW by John Steinbeck

. . . a 10,000 word condensation of the best-selling novel

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORONET

Contents for June, 1945

Articles

Are You Ready To Die? . . . . . ANONYMOUS 4
The Heart of a Ball Player . . . . . CAROL HUGHES 9
Camp of Disappearing Men
ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GROTH 14
The Boon of Natural Childbirth . . . . . AIKEN WELCH 22
Commencement Means Beginning . . . . HOWARD FAST 26
The Million Dollar Rose . . . . . JULIAN LEE RAYFORD 37
Blueprint for an Attack . . . . . HOWARD WHITMAN 42
Fat Children and Foolish Mothers . . . EDITH M. STERN 47
Only 5% Win on Wall Street . . . DON CARLE GILLETTE 84
Chaplains Also Serve . . . . . SIDNEY CARROLL 89
Magic with a Dial . . . . . LAWRENCE N. GALTON 92
Nature's Navigators . . . . . JIM KJELGAARD 96
Keats of the Beets . . . . . JOHN REDDY 98
The Story of Nan . . . . . NAN WOOD GRAHAM 102
The Decline of Courtesy . . . . . CHANNING POLLOCK 110
Liberty's Right-Hand Man . . . . . ALAN HYND 121
48 Hours at Tinian . . . . . LT. CLIFF GRAHAM 126
I Can Feel It in Your Bones . . . . WILTON M. KROGMAN 130
Soviet Miracle Men . . . . . ELLA WINTER 141

Features

Grin and Share It . . . . . EDITED BY IRVING HOFFMAN 20
Special Feature: *I Strike for Liberty* . . . . HOWARD FAST 28
Forgotten Mysteries . . . . . R. DEWITT MILLER 51
Picture Story: *One God* . . . . . FLORENCE MARY FITCH 53
I'll Always Remember . . . . . OWEN CAMERON 76
Game Book 77
Picture Story: *Stettinius Septette* . . . HARRISON SALISBURY 104
Picture Story: *Good Night, My Son* 113
Out of this World 135
Bookette: *Cannery Row* . . . . . JOHN STEINBECK 145
Between These Covers 162
A Gem from the Coronet Story Teller 163

Cover Girl: *Mona Freeman* KODACHROME BY MEAD-MADDICK

Publisher: DAVID A. SMART
Editor-in-Chief: OSCAR DYSTEL
Managing Editor: HARRIS SHEVELSON
Associate Editors: BARBARA BRANDT, LAURA BERGQUIST
Graphics Editor: JOEL GRAHAM
Feature Editors: MARTHA LUPTON, PHYLLIS MUCHOW, ANN MONTGOMERY
Contributing Editors: ALAN HYND, SIDNEY CARROLL, CAROL HUGHES
Art Director: ARNOLD RYAN
Production Director: GUS BERKES
Research Director: FRITZ BAMBERGER
Executive Editors: ARNOLD GINGRICH, EDWARD STANLEY

CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS?
Subscribers changing addresses should notify the *Coronet Subscription Department* one month before the change is to take effect. Both *old* and *new* addresses must be given.

CORONET, JUNE, 1945 VOL. 18, No. 2; WHOLE No. 104

Coronet is published monthly by Esquire, Inc. David A. Smart, President, Arnold Gingrich, Vice-President; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer; A. L. Blinder, Vice-President and Circulation Director. Publication, Circulation and General Offices, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, on October 14, 1936, under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions for the United States and possessions and Pan-American Union, $3.00 a year in advance; elsewhere $4.00.

Copyright under International Copyright Union. All Rights Reserved under Inter-American Copyright Union, Copyright, 1945, by Esquire, Inc., Title Registered U.S. Patent Office. Reproduction or use, without express permission, of editorial or pictorial content, in any manner is prohibited. Printed in U.S.A. Semi-annual index available on request.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Facing the inevitable in advance can often save your loved ones a great deal of trouble. This article offers some sensible suggestions

Are You Ready To Die

ANONYMOUS

ONE EVENING about a year ago my husband startled me by looking up from his newspaper and saying seriously and thoughtfully: "When I die, I want you to send my body to a medical school."

My first reaction was to laugh it off. It was a joke, I thought, and not a very funny one. But he was serious. That was even more upsetting. "Don't talk about such things!" I exclaimed. "Why not?" he retorted. My third, and final, reaction was to get angry. I would *not* send his body to a medical school and I would not discuss it, I told him firmly. And that's as far as we got.

Shortly afterwards a dear friend of mine lost her husband, and ours was the unhappy task of helping with all the final arrangements: the funeral, the disposal of her husband's personal effects and, eventually, the sale of her home. We saw our friend's limited funds (including her husband's small insurance policy) eaten up by funeral expenses. We saw confusion added to her grief by worries that could have been avoided, worries over what to do with her stepdaughter, what to do with the home, what to do for a living. I saw for the first time the terrible necessity for preparing in advance.

That experience taught me that every married couple should be able to answer these questions: in case one parent is left alone, what shall be done with the children? Exactly what sort of burial will take place? What will be done with the personal property of the deceased? Does each parent have a written will in proper error-tight legal form? I am now convinced that these matters should be discussed beforehand, settled—and *written down*. Perhaps this sounds a little extreme, but when the security of your children, wife or husband is at stake, the smallest details are important. Furthermore, you don't have to remember how you settled them for only a few months—more likely you'll have to remember them for many years.

My husband and I finally entered that discussion I'd originally refused to have any part of. We discussed not only "sending him

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

through medical school," as he insisted on calling it, but about everything related to the inevitable event of our deaths. We talked quietly, calmly and at great length. And we came to definite decisions.

Later, my husband retired to the dining room where he spent four hours writing down every wish, every idea, every constructive suggestion he could think of to help me should he die first. Meanwhile, I sat at my desk, doing the same thing. When we had finished we exchanged papers and each read the other's carefully, asking questions and suggesting amendments where necessary. Once both documents were completed we signed them—not just at the end, but at the bottom of each page. This took a little time and trouble, but by doing it we have given all possible security to our children and peace of mind to ourselves.

I've asked many of my friends if they and their husbands have considered what one would do at the death of the other. Only one out of ten couples had had any such discussion. In their case two sudden deaths in the family within the same number of years had forced them to realize something the majority simply won't face—that any one of us may die suddenly. The rest of my friends, all living happy, normal lives, with homes, children, adequate incomes, good health and no visible prospect of losing any of them, gave me different answers: "It's morbid to talk about death," or "We're too young to worry about such things," or "What is there to discuss? Everything would be taken care of automatically." And they all had the feeling, expressed or implied, that somehow or other "you shouldn't talk about it." To which I think my husband's comment is the only answer—Why not?

Most people don't consider a life insurance policy "morbid," yet the whole business of life insurance is predicated on the fact that everyone is going to die eventually. The serious family discussions I'm recommending are simply another type of insurance.

And like every form of insurance, it should be taken out while you're young, strong, and so healthy that death seems as remote as life in a lamasery. For then you can discuss it objectively, with a sense of humor, and hence come to level-headed practical decisions. Illness and old age create emotional tangles which render the making of such decisions painful.

But what, you may ask, is there to discuss?

Plenty! For example, how are the available funds, from whatever source they come, to be used? How much is intended for funeral expenses, how much for support of the children, how much for some personal use of the widow or widower? Would you want your husband (or wife) to remarry? Would you want him (or her) to devote himself entirely to the children or to concentrate on building a new life, say through a career? What's to be done with your valuable personal property, or with your trinkets? And to what extent do you want your spouse to be influenced or guided by relatives on both sides of the family?

Whatever your answers, they must be definite. Take, for example,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the matter of insurance. It's not always a matter of how much, but what kind. After careful consideration you may discover that you have the wrong kind of policy, or that your policy is inadequate for the purpose you have in mind. First, of course, you must decide exactly what that purpose is—is it only for funeral and incidental expenses, is it an education fund for your children, or a steady income for their mother?

In this connection you find too often that the nest you've feathered houses hornets rather than humming birds. Perhaps you've "made provisions," but would it be possible for the money to be diverted for some purpose you would not approve? Are the arrangements so clear that there's no chance of a nasty legal tangle over them?

The purpose of the life insurance carried should be clear to both husband and wife, whether one or both have it. If it isn't, efforts to provide security for one's family may be either lost or misdirected.

Of course the first and most inescapable problem is the immediate one—the funeral and burial. My husband and I settled the matter this way: he has decided to be buried as I would like, and I have requested to be laid away in whatever manner he chooses. We both believe that the feelings of the living should be the deciding factor, for it is the living who must carry out the arrangements.

Perhaps it isn't important to carry out the wishes of a deceased person, but it always seems to become so when someone you love dies. No phrase is spoken more often by the bereaved than "Jim would have liked it so," or "That's what Katherine always wanted." But is it? If you wish to honor your husband's or your wife's last wishes, be sure you know what they are.

By settling the matter while you're young and vigorous, you may protect your loved ones from doing a lot of expensive and laborious things out of a mistaken idea that you would have wanted it that way. The tragedy is that insurance money is often spent on elaborate funerals that families can ill-afford, not because it is anyone's wish, but because there is no definite statement of the deceased's wishes.

High on the list is—what will we do with the children? In bringing up children two heads are certainly better than one. If through misfortune one parent must carry on alone the more he or she knows about what the other one would have done, the easier is the job. I found my husband had some very detailed ideas about our children's future—how they should be educated, how disciplined, how, eventually, shoved out of the parental nest. Normally these problems would be discussed (except for casual conversations) as they became immediate. And normally both parents are around to look after their children. But what if things don't turn out so well?

A written statement of your wife's or husband's plans will not only be beneficial to the children but will also supply you with precious ammunition if you have the kind of relatives who like to tell you what you ought to do. Will the children live with your folks, or with your in-laws? Will they go to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

boarding school or will you keep them at home?

Here, again, is an opportunity for trouble because of misunderstanding of your partner's wishes. Take, for example, the matter of remarriage. This is a delicate subject, one very hard for a happily married couple to discuss without too much sentiment and too little sense. Yet especially where children are involved, few problems are more important.

I have known women who refused to remarry out of consideration (as they expressed it) for their first husbands. Yet a second marriage might have given them fuller, happier lives and a complete home and increased income for their children. You can't possibly know your own private answer to this question if you don't discuss it. Not long ago I asked a friend of mine and her husband separately what they thought on the subject. Both of them said they wouldn't remarry because of the other's wishes; but both said that *they* would want the other to remarry, if only for the sake of the children.

SINCE IT IS primarily a matter of what's best for the children, husbands and wives might discuss to advantage what sort of stepfathers and stepmothers are the most desirable. I admit that the subject sticks in the throat. Yet, actually, it's no different from such questions as what school young George shall attend, and when he should start working summers.

Finally, there is the matter of property.

This is not a question you can settle alone. See your lawyer. "But why should I make a will?" asked one man with whom we discussed the question. "My life insurance will automatically go to my wife, and I don't own any property." Yet, actually, *everyone* is a property owner. Perhaps it's just a car, or your silver, or a few old stocks you inherited from your Aunt Susan and never thought much about.

You'd be surprised what you own and what a mad scramble can be caused by it. Furthermore, it isn't fair to your family to leave the disposal of your property to them, for with it go headaches and heartaches. If you have a great deal, those you leave behind may be involved in lengthy and expensive legal tangles, and if you have very little, they may make enemies trying to dispose of it justly and "as you would have wanted it."

Furthermore, you must be prepared for the type of relative or friend-of-the-family you never realized you had who marches in when the going is toughest and appropriates this or that bit of personal property with the explanation "Floyd always wanted me to have this." But did he? Perhaps this particular item isn't valuable; more often it is. A person weighted down with grief is hardly one to object that Floyd didn't want to give his 300-dollar camera away, and without any written statement it might be hard to prove anyway. These matters look simple at a distance and tragically difficult at close range. What, for example, would you want done with your clothes? Your books? Your private letters and papers?

Many settlements are automatic, it's true, but are you sure your

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

property problems can be settled that way? For example, a man's property is often divided automatically with one-third going to his widow and two-thirds to his children. Sometimes the children are, as a result, much better off than their mother, which can cause trouble and, sometimes, suffering.

Most women seem to feel that if their husbands make a will, the matter is adequately settled. But why? Women in this country are property holders in their own right and often on a large scale. "My husband takes care of all that," said one woman—but what if her husband were to die before she did?

In all property matters the dangers lie not in the problems you see but in those you don't see. When my husband and I made out our wills (with the help of legal counsel) we discovered two things:

1. We had more to bequeath than we had thought. 2. We had more people to bequeath it to than we'd ever imagined.

No one likes to sit with a person he loves and make funeral plans. I don't suppose my husband and I undertook the job with more relish than anyone else. But we found that once into the subject it was no more upsetting than figuring out how to pay the grocery bill, for that's all it was—a matter of inescapable facts and simple figures.

And now that the chore is done, we can forget it. Chances are we won't have to think about it again for many years.

Canny Customers

A NEW CUSTOMER walked into a butcher shop and asked the butcher how many chickens he had. She was told that there were six chickens in the icebox. "I keep boarders who are always complaining," she explained, "so will you pick me out the three toughest chickens you have?"

The delighted butcher quickly put all six chickens on the counter and selected the three toughest. Firmly the customer placed her hand on the three tender chickens. "I'll take these," she said coolly.—HAROLD ZIEGLER

GLANCING OVER the application blank, the prospective employer's eyes widened at the discrepancy between the young man's experience and his anticipated wage. "Don't you think you're asking mighty high pay for a man with no experience?" he exclaimed in surprise.

"Yes," was the blunt reply, "but you see it's much harder—and thus worth more—to handle a job you don't know anything about."

—*The Weekly Bulletin*

A MAN RECEIVED a big check for services rendered and discovered that it was one cent short. A stickler for detail, he insisted that the difference be paid—and in due course received another check for the single penny. He presented it for payment at his bank.

The teller examined it closely and then asked, "How would you like this, sir? Heads or tails?" —BENNETT CERF in *The Saturday Review of Literature*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pete Gray's hitting average is in the .300's, but his fortitude has been batting 1.000 ever since the accident

The Heart of a Ballplayer

by CAROL HUGHES

THOMPSON PROTHRO, manager of the Memphis Chickesaw baseball club, took another look at the scoreboard and moaned. The "Chicks" were trailing 5 to 2 in the late stages of the game with Atlanta. Coming to bat for Memphis was a towering, slender, fair-haired fellow. One sleeve of his uniform hung limp against the nub of an arm that wasn't there. He carried the bat in his left hand.

"It looks good," said one of the Chicks, staring at the figure in the batter's box. "Pete's mad!"

Pete was mad. He looked at three straight pitches for called balls. The fourth was a strike. On the next pitch he raised his powerful, only arm and swung. The ball cleared the fence for a home run, and from there his team went on to score nine runs. Pete Gray had won another ball game.

Pete Gray's refusal to accept what seemed almost certain defeat in an important game shows just one example of the courage that makes him the miracle man of baseball. Even though he is one-armed, his playing in the Southern Association was one of the sensations of the 1944 minor league baseball season. It brought him a contract in the major leagues—and today he is wearing a St. Louis Brown uniform.

Only Pete himself is still a bit skeptical: "I don't know if I make good or not" is his stock statement.

There is a good reason for this. For there have been many days when even Pete Gray's great spirit has flagged—days when he has said: "I know I'm not good enough for the big players." And then in the next breath he would say wistfully: "If only one day I can play in the Yankee Stadium. I'd give my *left* arm to make that."

Pete Gray's baseball record rivals the best in fiction fairy stories, yet his life has been bleak throughout. Only a spirit that does not die in a crippled body could have withstood his misfortunes.

He was born Pete Wyshner in the little town of Hanover, just outside Nanticoke, Pennsylvania. (He took the name "Gray" from his boxing brother who had used it.) Here, where the houses huddle close

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

together and the slow deadly soot of the coal mines seeps through the windows, drifts through the doors, permeates the nostrils and chokes the throat, Pete learned the value of a dollar. Here, where the winds blow cold, and the rain lashes out, and the snow piles foot on foot, Pete vowed to get it—the green money that would buy warmth, food, a home and good clothes.

Pete's father is a miner, laboring long hours under tons of earth where the sun is never seen. His mother is a kindly, housewifely woman with weary etched lines. His home is a six-room house touching its neighbor. No paved street runs by the door. His parents speak little English. Most of their conversation with their five children is in the native Lithuanian tongue.

At the age of six, fair-haired and blue-eyed, Pete one day decided to steal a ride on the side of a car that went down the muddy street past his home. There was a lurch. Little Pete reached out to support himself with the spinning spokes of a car wheel. Within a matter of hours his mangled right arm was severed from his body by a kindly local doctor. Pete would never help his family by working in the mines.

A bleak and dreary year followed in which Pete lay on a hospital cot, a drain on the family finances. When he came home, there was no time for coddling. The Wyshner mother was a busy woman, with kids to look after and meals to prepare. Pete was left alone. Alone to struggle with his clothes—to eat his meals.

Even as a child he wore his mourning band on his heart, invisible to the naked eye. He grew quiet. He played alone, except for baseball. In order to be in the game he must run with the boys on the field. In order to stay in the game he knew he had to be good, he had to overcome the advantages the other small boys had over him.

With the few spending coins he got he hired two neighbor boys to go out and collect burlap bags of pebbles for him, and carry them up into the hills. Here he would stand for hours every day, picking up those pebbles one at a time and swatting at them with a baseball bat.

The unceasing, long-houred practice made him, finally, a valuable member of the local "Hanover Pitt" team. He had missed out on schooling—quitting in the seventh grade. He had defied angry parents who daily forbade him to play ball for fear of further injuries. But his blind devotion to the game led him to delve deeper into himself for sustenance, find encouragement only in his own achievement.

The day the Hanover Pitt team played Scranton, Pennsylvania, with Pete one of its star players, they drew the largest crowd ever to attend a baseball game in those parts. From then on Pete played in every game in and around the coal mining communities. The pay was meager. It was small time baseball. But in a matter of a season everyone knew Pete was headed for bigger leagues.

He sent a letter to Mel Ott, a big league manager in Miami, asking for a tryout. The answer came: "If you are ever in Florida

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

look me up." Pete began hoarding and scrimping to make the trip. Once there he sat in a straight-backed chair and heard the dooming words from Ott. "It's hard enough for a man with two arms to play ball." That was all. Not even a tryout.

On another effort Pete got a friend to drive him to Philadelphia to see Connie Mack, the grand old man of baseball. There was the look. Then the verdict: "Maybe I could place you somewhere out in the suburbs." No tryout. Pete went home.

Once some friends offered to drive him into New York to see a few games. When the car stopped at his door Pete came out dressed in his old baseball suit, clutching his bat. He went to the Bushwick Club in Brooklyn. While the boys bought popcorn and sauntered into the park, the ever hopeful Pete stood at the gate and begged to see the manager. When the manager saw Pete, he said: "Son, I know you're trying to get into the game free—go on over there and sit in the bleachers."

One day, unknown to Pete, a scout saw him. The scout wired the manager of the Three Rivers Club in Quebec, Canada, about the slim Pennsylvanian—failing to mention his one arm. The manager sent for him. When Pete arrived he saw a solitary man waiting at the gate. "I'm Pete Gray, the ball player," he said. The manager went wild. "Good God—you a ball player!" he shouted. "They were mad at *me*," says Pete in bafflement. "They wouldn't even shake hands with me."

But they had to put him in the afternoon game. There was no one else and the Canadian manager had depended on the Pennsylvania ball player. With the bases loaded Pete went to bat. "He sent the first ball halfway across Canada," a friend recalls. Pete played the season with a healthy .381 batting average, to lead the Canadian American League.

Last year he led the Southern Association with sixty-eight stolen bases. He hit five home runs. His fielding was practically flawless. He was easily the spark that sent a fair Memphis team into the first half championship and kept them in the running for the second half. And he was voted the most valuable player in the league—not on sentiment, but on his record.

PROFESSIONAL baseball, like any other business, grants no favors. There's more money for the winners, and the way to win is to learn your opponent's weaknesses and play to them. Pete likes it that way. He asks no quarter and certainly he gives none. He expects batters to try hitting high flies in his direction knowing that the few split seconds it takes him to let the ball roll out of his glove and onto his arm while he sticks the glove under the nub of the right arm and gets the ball into his hand ready for a throw—that extra time might let a runner score or advance a base.

Pete knows they'll be trying to hit grounders to his field and stretch a single into a double while he takes a precious second to toss the ball momentarily in the air, flip off his glove, and catch the falling ball for his throw. But he bats, catches and throws with the speed of a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

whirling dervish—fast enough, he hopes, to show his foes eventually that he has no weaknesses.

When the going is toughest, Pete is at his best. On the field he has great speed and in running bases he uses a deep breakaway slide that makes him difficult to touch. Always he plays to the hilt. He tears after hits and runs bases with the blandest contempt for his personal safety. He is a serious, slashing, hard-hitting ball player and, as one observer said, "He'll never fail for lack of trying."

Off the ball field less kindly gossip has been busy with Pete's name. His hours of servitude to the game have left his personality bare. He has walked alone with his dreams for so long that he does not understand fun, bantering or fraternizing. When the game is finished Pete walks away—alone. He has been accused of being sullen. He has been called ungrateful. Insiders contend that he is a money ball player, that he intends to "get his."

Unschooled in diplomacy, uneducated, Pete listens to these accusations and goes his solitary way. He makes no contributions to the well-known prankish jollity of baseball teams. He is difficult to know and repels friendly overtures, except from the few who know something of his background.

Pete is already legend in his home town. Walking up the streets with him in Hanover is comparable to being seen with Betty Grable. Everybody yells at him. Everyone wants it known that Pete is on speaking acquaintance with him. Mothers stop to tell him that they use his name to get their own little boys to drink milk. "They think I'm a big shot," says Pete shyly.

It is the same when Pete is on the diamond. Everybody wants to look at him. Strangers are forever staring. Travelers make treks to the ball park between trains to stare and stare. Even Luke Sewell, manager of the St. Louis Browns and Pete's boss, says: "The Browns can't play for looking at Pete. I find myself gawking at the fellow all the time."

Pete is handsome in a singular way. Six feet two, blue eyes, blond hair that recedes from a domed head, his face is clear-cut, etched at times with some inner sadness all his own. His pronunciation is full of sectional oddities. His English is not too good. He is full of moods, preferring to be alone. Movies interest him little—except for Bette Davis. No one can look as disheveled as Pete in clothing and yet there is a flair about the way he wears sloppy worn trousers, old rubber shoes—and always some baseball jacket which he drapes about his shoulders, thus shutting off the nub of his arm from prying eyes. The one thing that he cannot do for himself on the baseball field is tie his shoes. Someone must help him.

He was once offered a sizeable sum for a private exhibition in Memphis. He wired back: "Thank you for the offer but I am a ball player, not an exhibitionist." To an offer in Los Angeles for 2,000 dollars for a half hour demonstration, he wired: "I would gladly play in a game—I am not a freak." When a New York editor offered him 500 dollars to pose in his St. Louis Brown suit before going to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

training camp, Pete said: "I will not pose. I don't know if I wear the suit. I don't know if I make good."

The climactic hour of Pete's life occurred under sufficiently dramatic conditions to attract the eye and heart of the nation. One day the Memphis Chicks got a wire from the father of a little three-year-old boy named Nelson Gary in Los Angeles: "My little boy has only one arm. Would Pete Gray send him a picture?"

Good-hearted Memphis, through the *Commercial Appeal* newspaper, sent for the little boy. He came out to see Pete play. As he came into the room, Pete was sitting in the clubhouse all alone.

"Hi ya, Pete," yelled little Gary. "Want a kiss?" Pete picked the boy up in his arm and for the first time released the long silent pent-up emotion of his stoic character. Tears rolled down his cheeks. For the next hour he deviated from his habitual restraint by batting, swatting, pitching and catching for the little one-armed boy.

That night in the game he did everything that can be done on a ball field—the best that it can be done; leading his team to a 7 to 6 victory, wowing 10,000 screaming fans—and inspiring the heart of a crippled child. When it was over he walked back to the little boy and held out his hand. "Now we're partners, aren't we?" he said, and left the field.

Pete has come a long way on a long and lonely road. He has reached the top—invaded the sanctum of the holiest of holies in the greatest game on earth. Whatever his performance with the St. Louis Browns—whatever his score at the end of the season—or whatever his fate or future—he is and will always be a man who "*with less—has given more.*"

A Debt To Remember

IF YOU HAVE no war-age children of your own, don't forget the 11,000,000 Americans who have gone. Think enough of those who left your neighborhood to know their names. Be interested and sympathetic enough to ask their parents how they are getting along and what they say in their letters. Let's not forget the soldier to whom we're not related.

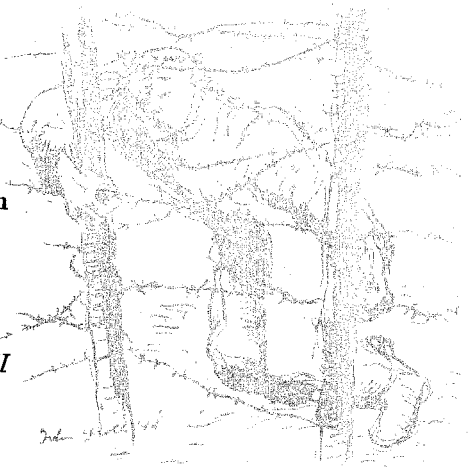
And let's not forget him when he returns. In the last war we showered him with confetti. Three months later we avoided him when he tried to panhandle us on a side street for a cup of coffee. This time we must not forget the debt we owe the veterans, and a good way to prepare for their return is to serve those who have already returned—especially the ones convalescing in hospitals and those who will never leave the hospitals as long as they live.

They can use books, magazines, records, games—old or new. Drive up with a car full of diverting things for these soldier patients. Someone at the hospital will gladly take the material off your hands and thank you for remembering all veterans with a gift for the wounded soldier who will never fight again. —JAMES T. MANGAN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The record written in blood at Oswiecim and institutions like it in the Nazi dominated countries should be preserved to document the diabolical methods of Nazi suppression and warn the free men of the future against the tyranny which we allowed to rise and blight our time.

Elmer Davis, Director, OWI



Camp of DISAPPEARING *Men*

Illustrated by JOHN GROTH

"RUN! . . . RUN!" shouted the guards.

At first I thought the Nazis had softened with human sympathy and were giving us a chance to stretch our legs after the long torture of our journey from Warsaw to the prison camp in cattle cars. Without food, water, or sanitary facilities we had somehow survived the trip, a hundred-odd men packed into each human stable.

"Gymnastic exercises for the new arrivals," the Oswiecim receiving officer had curtly ordered when we landed at length in the camp we had all so greatly feared.

They brought us to the exercise yard, where we changed into prison clothing. We were broken up into groups, each forming a big circle. Then we were told to run—smartly and in formation.

The first lap felt good. It warmed my bare feet—they had had us remove our sticky shoes. But on the second lap the hard gravel began to burn my soles. The third time around, it seemed like I was running on soft, green grass, but that was just the numbness coming into my feet, numbness that soon turned to sharp pain.

"Run . . . run!" A hundred and fifty steps a minute on thousands of sharp needles that stabbed and jabbed. Some of the men began to waver. By slapping and beating them the guards kept them going.

I wondered if we were permitted to run outside the gravel path where the ground was softer. Others must have had the same idea, until one fellow swerved out of the circle and was tripped up at once by a guard. He lay on the ground, bent

Condensed from "The Camp of Disappearing Men" published by Polish Labor Group and copyright 1944 by "Poland Fights," 55 West 42nd Street, New York, New York.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

up in agony, until the guard kicked him to his feet and pushed him back into the circle.

Gradually the brown gravel took on the color of human blood.

Several of the men, including Jan, lost consciousness—but not for long. Jan was revived by being dragged over to a pump, where they poured water over him until he got onto his feet and came back to the exercises. One they brought to by stamping on his chest with their heavy boots. Another was brought back to his senses by a guard who jammed a stick in his mouth and twisted it.

To relieve their boredom the guards introduced a new routine: —"Halt! About face! Run!" The idea of this was to produce dizziness, nausea and more unconscious victims to pummel. Each time I turned around the faces of my fellow gymnasts seemed to be whirling in a fantastic ballet.

The last exercise turned out to be an ingenious form of torture.

"Halt!" cried a guard. "Squat on the knees. Do not move until the order is given."

How long we had to stay in the squatting position I cannot say, it seemed so eternal. The guards roared with laughter at the grotesque exhibition. A blow on the shaking knees was intended to steady them and bring the prisoner to order.

They waited until a dozen or more of us collapsed completely before ending their little initiation to Oswiecim.

"Attention! March to the barracks!"

Once inside, we tried to bandage our feet. We found some scraps of paper, but the blood soaked through it quickly.

"You're wasting your time," said a camp veteran of six months. "Wounds never heal in Oswiecim."

THE OFFICIAL slogan of Oswiecim was *Arbeit Macht Frei* — "Work Brings Freedom." It was lettered on a big sign that hung over the camp entrance.

The symbol of our colony was a huge chimney painted bright red —the chimney of the crematory, which came to be known to us as "The Factory." Fifty a day was a good "production" average. Every day the casket cart made regular trips to the crematory.

The day began at four a.m. We jumped from our pallets, pulled on our clothing, rushed to the latrines that were always occupied, splashed ourselves in the same bowl of water used by hundreds of others. If we hurried we might have time to grab a few mouthfuls of food—one bowl had to serve three prisoners—and to drink our acorn coffee, before it was time for roll call.

My first day in Oswiecim was typical. In the middle of the camp was an uneven rise of ground. My group was detailed to cart dirt from some distance away and level off the top of the plateau.

With our wheelbarrows we formed a continuous "production line." After the first few trips—each at a quicker tempo—the slope seemed like a mountainside, the wheelbarrow like a five-ton truck.

"Quicker . . . quicker," cried the overseer, striding along the line using his whip at random.

"Courage," whispered Jan.

The deadweight of the wheel-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

barrow swayed from side to side. I am sure we both would have toppled over had I not seen the beatings administered to those who fell.

Many of my companions collapsed. Although that cut down the manpower, it seemed to please the Germans . . . it was all in line with policy—the workers had earned their "freedom."

How I longed for sleep those first few nights in Oswiecim! My pallet of straw had been threshed a thousand times by the twisting bodies of former tenants, until now there was nothing left but chaff. I should have said "our" pallet—Jan's and mine—for each mattress was shared by two or more prisoners.

There was only one paper-thin blanket to cover both our bodies, gripped with cold and trembling with fatigue.

I was not long in learning to identify the sounds in the barrack—the groaning that accompanied the torment of festering wounds; the low murmuring of men who prayed through the night; the weary sighs.

I tried to sleep, but the fitful dozing that was the shabby substitute for sleep brought neither forgetfulness nor relaxation.

Even the nights at Oswiecim granted no relief.

Some weeks later, after Jan had been punished on the post, I found out more about this twentieth century form of Inquisition. Each post was always occupied; there were never any vacancies.

"They put your arms over your head," Jan said, "and chain your wrists to hooks driven in the posts. You are hooked up to a height so that your feet just miss the floor. Your arms strain under the weight of your body until it seems as if they are pulled loose from their sockets. At first you twist and squirm to relieve the pressure on your wrists and shoulders, but every motion is agony."

"Crimes" that led to the post could be almost any minor offense—smoking during work, hiding from work during a rainstorm, stealing bread, speaking out of turn at roll call.

Posting took place every Sunday. The idea of holding it in weekly installments followed out the Oswiecim principle of torturing a prisoner already condemned to death for months after sentence had been secretly passed.

THE MOST closely guarded secret in Oswiecim was the underground penal chamber—some spoke of it as the "Purgatory Chamber." We knew many who went there, but none who ever returned.

One night in October we heard the crunching of feet on the gravel and the sounds of steps filtering down and vanishing into the base-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment. We counted 500 lost souls on their "descent into Hell."

We finally learned they were Russian prisoners of war. So now we had a new element in our transient population, which was largely Polish with a sprinkling of Czechoslovaks, Germans and Yugoslavs.

Then came the shrieking—inhuman cries that penetrated the heavy walls of the lethal chamber. Several times the cries rose and fell in the night. At last there was silence, ominous silence that seeped through our souls. "God help them," whispered Jan.

Four nights later there was again the sound of crunching gravel. Carts were being brought up by special details to pick up the Russians' uniforms, which were taken to the camp warehouse for repair and recondition. Finally they came for the corpses.

Jan, who had been assigned to the removal detail, was shaken by his experience for days, although dead men were common sights in Oswiecim. It was not just the corpses themselves, he said, it was the mute eloquence with which they cursed this gigantic outrage against all mankind. And it was the eerie setting, too—the moon threw a ghastly floodlight over the stacks of stiffened limbs and livid flesh. The detail worked hard, laboriously wheeling the carts from Purgatory to the crematory.

On one trip, Jan told me, his cart overturned and the corpses rolled down an embankment, seeming to regain life for a few seconds, waving their sprawling arms and finally coming to rest in a scattered mass.

The first rays of dawn streaked across the bodies of the dead and brought out an extraordinary greenish pallor in them. And then, in that strange luminosity, Jan discovered the secret of Purgatory. He had a corpse by the arm and suddenly he stopped and stared into its face. Years ago—in 1917—he had seen that same spectral appearance when he came across a dead soldier in an abandoned trench.

It was the mark of poison gas.

One night the siren's ominous wail could be heard by all for miles around as warning that a prisoner had escaped. To us it was the knell of death, for the camp rule provided that ten prisoners be held hostage for every escaped prisoner and that they be put to death in the event he was not captured.

We all rushed to the yard for roll

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

call. It became a familiar Oswiecim routine. There we stood, paralyzed with fright.

Meals, sleep, everything was suspended while the chill wind tore at our flimsy wood-fibre uniforms. Backs ached, legs ached, feet ached —and always the cold and the suspense.

Once in awhile a body would fall to the ground . . . one prisoner was no longer concerned with the death watch.

Finally the commandant would appear, pacing up and down the ranks. Each prisoner would straighten himself to the utmost, stick out his chest and raise his head, to look as healthy and valuable a piece of property as possible.

"*Komm!*" fell the verdict softly, and the victim's body would make a final vain effort to convince the commandant of his indispensability.

"*Komm!*" echoed the verdict harshly, and the prisoner's body deflated.

The ten hostages were marched to the penal barrack, down the ten steps to Purgatory.

One tragic incident demonstrated how thoroughly the "ten-for-one" routine had debauched our mentality and character.

A crew of twenty prisoners was tearing down a building near the main road. The men were fairly green and had not yet acquired the prison tricks of faking work.

Only one of them behaved like a veteran. He kept appearing in a different spot in the wreckage carrying the same piece of lumber. As the guard did not make a move, the prisoner became bolder. He put down his load and disappeared from view, but the guard spied him wriggling under a pile of rubbish. Giving him a few moments to get well out of sight, the guard gave a hoarse shout of alarm:

"Wojcik has escaped! Quick—look for him!"

The Nazi, assuming the role of beater in the hunt, directed the crew first one way and then another, to build up the suspense of the sport as long as possible, but always moving them gradually in the direction of the would-be runaway.

At last one of the crew uncovered the hiding man. He struck at him with a crowbar.

"Don't hit me," the captive begged.

But his appeal for mercy went unheeded. One after another, prisoners rained blows on him, each seeking personal vengeance.

The guard was delighted with his little game of cops and robbers, until he realized it was about to end.

"Stop!" he called, but it was too late.

A blow on Wojcik's head had ended his struggles . . . "freed" by the hands of his own brothers in suffering.

AFTER ALL the horror and misery he had gone through, it was finally imagination that broke down my good friend, Jan.

It was because of one short phrase in a letter from his wife:—"I am so grateful that you have your own means of escape." Those twelve words had condemned Jan to death —in his own mind.

"The Gestapo just would not believe that she was only referring to man's spiritual powers of resistance

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to evil," he said hopelessly. "In their stupidity they would only suspect a crude plot of some kind."

I did not realize Jan was so desperate, until the day we were down in the fields by the southern boundary. We had worked down to the warning wire—a single strand of wire on which was hung a sign marked "Halt!" Beyond that was No Man's Land—a strip of ground about a hundred yards wide extending to the electrified barbed-wire fence. Any prisoner seen between the warning wire and the outside fence was instantly fired on by the guards.

All at once Jan started to walk toward the fence. The guards with our party yelled "Halt!" and started firing on him. Passing the warning wire he ran, his shoulders back, his head up—even from the back you could see his defiance: "Riddle me with bullets, you fools! Come on—kill me . . . hurry!"

The machine guns opened up, but on he ran, streaming blood. Still the spirit was master over the bullets that struck him again and again. Finally, as he reached the barbed-wire fence, he stumbled into it head first.

When they tore his body loose from the fence there was no defiance in his face. Just a smile—a smile of profound relief. Jan had made good his escape.

Open for Business

WHILE CROSSING THE STREET of an Ohio village, my attention was caught by a large blackboard in a store window. Emphatically printed across the top were the words, "WE ARE OUT OF—" Below were listed: "Films, electrical appliances, dried beef, chewing gum, candy, salmon, shotgun shells, eggs, coffee, butter, sugar, cigars, cigarettes."

While I was reading, the proprietor, an old fellow, appeared with pail and brush and prepared to wash the window.

"Rather a waste of time, isn't it?" I ventured.

He paused, looked me over, and said matter-of-factly, "Business ain't nowhere on that list."

—PAUL CHURCHER

TWO MIDWESTERN grocers were discussing the benefits of advertising. The one with the more thriving business credited publicity for much of his store's success.

"Then tell me," said the other, "just how you think advertising stimulates business."

"It's this way," replied the first. "A codfish, for example, lays nearly 10,000 eggs a day, but it does so in silence. A chicken lays only one, and cackles like the dickens. Nobody eats codfish eggs, but nearly everybody eats chicken eggs."

—RANDOLPH MACFARLAN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Laughter's the test of a funny story. These twice-told favorites prove again that "the good die young" was never said of a joke

Edited by IRVING HOFFMAN

THE AGGRESSIVE wife of a meek little man was taking her husband to task. While she was raving at him for his utter stupidity, the doorbell rang and some friends came to make a call. The little husband sat in dejected silence and listened to his wife and the friends talk.

Suddenly, during a lull in the conversation, his wife glared across at him and shouted: "And don't sit there making fists at me in your pockets, either!" —BEN CASSELL

THE BOSS was deeply absorbed in a knotty problem when his secretary intruded. "Your little girl wants to kiss you over the telephone," she announced. Without looking up he waved the young woman away impatiently. "Take a message. I'll get it from you later." —ORVILLE E. REED

A RAILROAD AGENT in India had been severely reprimanded for taking over duties outside his domain without orders from headquarters. He promised to reform.

Not long afterward, the central office received a startling telegram, "Tiger on platform eating conductor. Wire instructions." —*Camp Lejeune Globe*

SAM JONES, the famous old time evangelist, once held a great mass meeting in Dallas. In one of his exhortations he shouted: "There's no such thing as a perfect man. Anybody present who has ever known a perfect man stand up!" No one rose. Continuing in the same vein he challenged: "Now those who have ever known a perfect woman, stand up!" One meek little lady rose to her feet.

"Sister, have you ever known an absolutely perfect woman?" the evangelist asked in amazement.

"I didn't know her personally," was the innocent reply. "But I've heard a great deal about her. She was my husband's first wife."—MONT HURST

CONCLUDING THE Sunday school lesson with a clinching question, the teacher asked, "Why did Noah take two of each kind of animal into the ark?"

"Because," answered a bright lad, "he didn't believe in the stork."

—*Camp Pinedale Interceptor*

THE NEW RECRUIT had made a perfect score on the rifle range, and the officer-in-charge was pleased.

"Look at that!" he exclaimed to the sergeant. "Nothing but bullseyes!"

But the sergeant was skeptical. "I think we'd better check that man's record, sir. Every time he fires that gun, he wipes off his fingerprints."

—TOM GOOTÉE

THE WINTER nights at our Naval Mine Depot were particularly cold last year. The officers coming off the dogwatch lost no time in lighting up a roaring fire in the fireplace of the ward room. At exactly 0415 without fail, a black and brown beagle would trot up to meet them and follow them in to warm himself by the fire.

One night an officer noticed the disconsolate expression on the dog's face. "Look at that sad sack!" he remarked. "I wonder how he knows when to get

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

here. And regular as clockwork, too."

Without any change in his sorrowful demeanor, the hound turned a pair of misty eyes on the officer and replied, "You know, young man, no dog is complete without a home around it."

—Lieut. Arthur I. Darby

Concerned about her husband who had entered the Navy, the young wife sent a note to the pastor of her church one Sunday morning. It was handed to him just as he was mounting the pulpit. The note read, "John Anderson having gone to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation for his safety." But the minister, glancing it over hastily, read aloud:

"John Anderson, having gone to see his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation for his safety."

—Terry Bates

It was in the small hours of the morning. A befuddled gentleman was fumbling for the keyhole. Seeing his difficulty, a kindly policeman came to the rescue. "Can I help you find the keyhole, sir?" he asked.

"Won't be necessary," said the other cheerfully. "You jus' hold the house still and I can manage."

—*Bremerton Ship's Log*

The horse ambled along for a short distance and then stopped. This procedure was repeated several times. A curious bystander approached the farmer and asked kindly, "Is your horse sick?"

"Nope," answered the farmer, "he's so afraid I'll say 'whoa' and he won't hear me, that he stops every once in a while to listen."

—Virginia Beardsley

An aged woman was compelled to testify as a witness in a lawsuit. Asked to tell her age, she appealed to the judge. "Do I have to tell that?"

"Why, yes, Madam," replied the judge. "It's a proper question, and at your time of life you surely need not be sensitive about your age."

"Well," she answered reluctantly, "I'm ninety-seven."

"Now, Madam," interposed the judge, "that admission didn't hurt you much, did it?"

"Oh, yes it did, Judge," was the embarrassed reply. "You see, everybody thinks I'm 100." —*Wall Street Journal*

While visiting a country school the Board of Education inspector became provoked at the noise the unruly students made in the next room. Angrily he opened the door and grabbed one of the taller boys who seemed to be doing the most talking. He dragged the boy to the next room and stood him in the corner.

"Now then, be silent and stand there," he ordered.

A few minutes later a small boy stuck his head in the room and asked, "Please, sir, may we have our teacher back?" —Raymond Schuessler

In the heated argument which had sparked from a political difference, one man found that he couldn't make his opponent see reason. "You're just an ornery dumbbell," he exclaimed. "The only difference between you and a horse is that a horse wears a collar."

"Oh, so?" growled the other. "Well, *I* wear a collar."

"Then I'm wrong," snapped the first man. "There's *no* difference."

—Philip C. Beaton

A young midshipman reported for duty to the commanding officer of a battleship. The CO was a gruff old sailor who had worked his way up through the years. He sized up the new man with anything but pleasure.

"Well, young man," he snorted, "I suppose, as usual, they sent the fool of the family to sea?"

"Oh no, sir," said the middie. "They changed all that since your time, sir."

—*The Communiqué*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Boon of Natural Childbirth

Can medical science revert to nature's way of delivering babies without anesthesia, without fear and pain?

by AIKEN WELCH

FOR NEARLY a hundred years countless women have thanked the anesthetist for putting them out of agony when their babies were born. But among these women a great number felt a deep frustration at being unconscious throughout the experience, because they preferred the combination of consciousness and pain, with the compensation that their babies have a better chance if born without the aid of an anesthetic. Yet the travail of birth so often described most vividly by writers who never experienced it still sends women in droves to the doctors who promise complete oblivion.

Now comes the really revolutionary theory: *It is possible to have natural childbirth without pain!* It is not anesthesia. It is not hypnosis. It is based, rather, on the idea that the elimination of fear eliminates pain in bearing a child.

Chief advocate of a method of natural childbirth is Dr. Grantly Dick Read, well-known London obstetrician whose work carries the endorsement of the late, famous Dr. Joseph B. De Lee of Chicago, the man credited with having done most to reduce maternal mortality in our country. An impressive record of facts, research and well-documented case histories support this theory.

In many fields civilization has refined and super-refined only to return to old principles. We take the vitamins out of bread and then put them back in. So this new approach to natural childbirth appears to be a re-discovery of ancient common sense, a heartening contribution to present-day obstetrics, the modern word for *midwifery*.

Seldom given sufficient weight is the powerful desire of many women to take a conscious part when their children are born. A few years ago there was an outbreak of magazine articles about mothers who either had had babies without benefit of anesthesia and preferred it, or by those who were pleading for doctors who would let them take part in their own native work of bringing a baby into the world.

Most difficult to describe, but exceedingly important, is the psychological reward of normal childbirth, an emotional exaltation that a woman's nature craves and perhaps needs. Since it is by the sharp, ecstatic moments that most of us value life at all, it is tragic to deny women those well-earned moments. The woman who says she would forego that deep satisfaction has not felt it.

During one instance of natural childbirth, a visiting doctor watched a young woman go through the complete rhythm of the experience. She was relaxed and curious during

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the first, and painful stage, when the baby is announcing itself. When heavy labor began she worked hard, and drowsed between contractions. When the baby was born she heard his first cry and he was shown to her at once. The cry itself had a visible physical effect, as well as an emotional one. Her face glowed with joy.

"Did it hurt?" the doctor asked.

"Very little. I don't see what the fuss is all about," the young mother smiled sleepily as the nurse wheeled her back to her room.

But the visiting doctor was skeptical. "Is this hypnosis?" he asked, and was told:

"No, it is natural childbirth. This woman has a high threshold to any source of pain and, more important, she was not afraid."

As ONE of the leaders in the movement for relaxed, natural childbirth, Dr. Read is no believer in unnecessary pain. It was during his research work on the functions of the involuntary nervous system that he became interested in the cause of pain.

In his travels he had observed that among primitive women there was often no pain at childbirth. In his own London experience he had found women who felt no pain. He began to suspect that pain in childbirth might be a civilization-cultivated phenomenon; so he studied the mechanism of pain—how, in fact, the involuntary nervous system sends a message to the brain interpreted as pain. In the end he concluded that pain in bearing children was caused and heightened by tension and fear.

To begin with, our entire culture emphasizes the inevitability of pain in childbirth. Whether it's an old wives' tale about the agony Aunt Minnie endured or a scientific account of how anesthesia abated that agony, most women are conditioned to fear, which is always followed by muscular tension and pain.

Anita Jones, R. N., herself one of the few graduate midwives in this country and Assistant Director of the New York Maternity Center, says that fear of childbirth can be traced in many cases to vicious misinformation that girls are subjected to from childhood.

So the first step is the education, or rather the re-education, of women. The New York Maternity Center has broken the ground for much of this work. It holds classes for prospective mothers which the fathers attend too, and gives accurate information about childbirth. Women who had attended these classes have written glowing letters testifying that to them childbirth was an interesting experience rather than an unendurable ordeal.

In Dr. Read's practice and those of his followers, as soon as a patient is known to be pregnant she is taught exercises to help reduce muscle tenseness. She learns how to recognize tension and how to relieve it. She is shown how to strengthen her abdominal muscles. She is limbered up and made supple for the final drama of childbirth.

The expectant mother knows that even her joints change in character to help her during the final stage, and that the more flexible her joints are, the easier it will be. As the late Dr. Whitridge Williams, Professor of Obstetrics at Cornell University, said of the pelvic joints

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that surround the birth canal, "they possess a certain amount of mobility which plays a not unimportant part in practical obstetrics."

Women can be divided roughly into two types during pregnancy. There are the Calamity Janes, the women who are on the lookout for any sign suggesting abnormality. They need especially to relax because a tense mother means a tense cervix.

Happily the second type is the average woman—the natural mother. She knows in her heart that everything will turn out well; she learns the relaxation exercises, follows her diet and puts a measure of common sense into the whole business. She goes into labor peacefully.

When the first contractions come, however, even the natural mother is sometimes caught up in fear. It is this often neglected first stage of labor that can determine the character of the entire event, and even a mother's attitude toward her child. One woman reports a typical treatment that threw her into a panic. She was left alone during her first labor with her first baby. Naturally her imagination began to torment her. Was this normal? Was something happening that shouldn't? By the time heavy labor came she was in acute panic. Then she had her first native intimation that things were going as they should. At that point, she recalled resentfully, they thrust an anesthetic at her.

In natural childbirth the mother is never left alone for a long time during first labor or at any time after labor begins. Whatever she feels must be explained by the doctor or by a nurse trained in the method. She must be reminded of her exercises. Telling her to relax her face often starts relaxation of the entire body and the important uterine muscle, the cervix.

In the second stage of labor she feels stretching and effort but no pain. Between contractions there is a natural tendency toward sleep and forgetfulness. Dr. Read is not averse to using suggestion, talking quietly, reassuring the mother and telling her exactly what is going on.

Dr. Joseph De Lee wrote: "I have used suggestion a great deal . . . and I am irked when I see how my colleagues neglect to avail themselves of this harmless and potent remedy."

A woman who might be classified as a Calamity Jane had twins with a high forceps delivery resulting in one dead child and one abnormal one. A serious miscarriage followed some years later. At thirty-four, pregnant and wanting a normal baby, she became apprehensive and begged for a Caesarian operation. Since an X-ray showed plenty of room and the baby in good position, the doctor consulted with a colleague. They both persuaded the woman to try normal childbirth.

Her first labor twinges disappeared when the doctor pressed the small of her back and explained what was happening. Throughout the second stage of labor she brightened up when work was required, sleeping and forgetting in between. Afraid that she might at one point be acutely uncomfortable the doctor offered her gas, which she refused, replying that there was really no pain. Soon a little girl was born to an incredulous mother.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When she realized she had brought a normal child into the world, she smiled with profound happiness.

Women over forty often fear that they lack the suppleness to bear a baby normally, but a forty-two-year-old natural type mother decided to try her luck. During pregnancy she practiced relaxation exercises and took an interest in the mechanism of birth. She began with the usual pains but relaxation destroyed them. There was some discomfort in second labor until the doctor showed her how to use her contractions correctly. The baby's birth was normal.

Having a first baby in natural childbirth without pain gives a woman an enormous advantage when her second child is born. She has had no previous painful memory and no bad associations.

When Dr. De Lee was once asked whether labor in women of today is a normal function, he replied that it ought to be but was not. Though he endorsed Dr. Read's method he added pessimistically that he feared it would require many generations before women would come back to what Dr. Read calls natural childbirth.

Whether or not it will take as long as that to re-educate women towards natural childbirth without pain, it will certainly make bearing a child a happier experience if women try to understand the entire process. Nor can it do anything but good for pregnant women to limber up and relax by exercises designed to fit them for a normal and happy end to months of eager waiting.

The Money Goes Round and Round

TODAY IS payday. Payday in the Army is the day your Commanding Officer gives you a bit of green and silver—and you pay Corporal Jones and Jones pays Sergeant Ray and Ray pays Lieutenant Fletcher and Fletcher pays the Commanding Officer. By midnight the CO has almost the same amount of money he paid out in the first place. But he doesn't keep it long.

Two days later you're broke, and you borrow from Corporal Jones who borrows from Sergeant Ray who borrows from Lieutenant Fletcher who borrows from the C.O. By the fifth day everyone starts sweating out the next payday. —PFC. V. W. MCGINNIS

DURING THE RECENT Infantile Paralysis "March of Dimes" drive, peanut jars were distributed around our Army base. Each bore the campaign poster "Give So Others May Walk."

Contributions were the best that could be expected of soldiers who were usually broke two days after payday, but something more had to be done. Suddenly one GI had a bright idea. Six rows of peanut jars, eight to a row, were placed on a table in the theatre lobby. There were no placards urging donations. Yet the *first* night virtually every jar was overflowing. The reason was simple. Each jar bore the name of a state, and no soldier was going to let *his* state be put to shame! —PVT. JOSEPH F. ANTONIAK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Commencement Means Beginning

THIS IS THE beginning of something, and along with pride there's a curious, unresolved fear. As a matter of fact, it's the first fear of just this sort; because until now he was a moppet, a little squirt a freckled kid who banged loose and aimlessly, like one of those hard rubber balls attached to a string; and no matter what he did, whether to go down Main Street on his hands, or bait Mrs. Lammy's goat, or get himself burned from head to foot with poison ivy, or fight three times a day, or get the mumps, the strong string was always there, ready to rescue him, ready to pull him home to safety and security.

And now that's all over and done. Before now, life was one sunny day running into another; there was a hazy past and a completely unimportant future, both of which mingled comfortably. Now, for the first time, the future is real and valid.

Thereby comes the resentment in his wide eyes, the ready, tense stand. The little scroll of paper is both a challenge and a threat, and the man who holds it out to him has become his equal.

Perhaps that word is running through his mind, *equal;* from here on, man to man, both feet on the ground, face to face.

He stands in front of an audience which includes his mother and father, his sister and his brother, his aunt and uncle, the neighbors, the policeman and the mayor—and, after a fashion, the whole world. This is his judgment day, his first judgment day, and again for the first time, he has put himself in the balance, weighed himself.

This little scroll of paper he has earned, and that too is something for him to consider. His tense muscles give him a new and exciting sensation of strength. A hundred memories rush through his mind, and after them five hundred promises. In a grim world, the future is peculiarly his responsibility; and that he senses the way a fine hunting dog gets the wind of running game. At this moment, just a tug at his coattail would bring him snarling to bay.

After he takes the diploma, he will relax. He will feel a little foolish about all the crazy things he thought and dreamed in the short moment he stood there waiting. He will feel embarrassed and hungry and he will want to get home.

But make no mistake, he's not the way he was before; don't try to treat him as you did before. Now it's his world too, to make better or worse. And he's a step ahead of you; he's learned by your mistakes, and he's going into life with his eyes wide open.

—HOWARD FAST

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

His First Graduation
Painted by Amos Sewell
First in a series, reflecting memorable days of the year, by favorite American illustrators.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I AM JOHNNY ORDRONAUX

A JEW from France but an

AMERICAN

THIS IS THE LAND *of* BRAVE MEN

Free Men Bold Men

I SAIL FOR LIBERTY ✣✣✣ EQUALITY

INDEPENDENCE

I OFFER SHARES *or* WAGES

I WILL TAKE IRISH JEWS NEGROES

Germans Portuguese Frenchmen

ANY WHO OWN THE NAME

AMERICAN

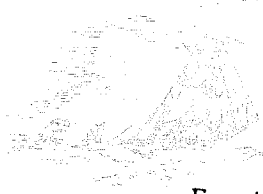
Fill your hat with GOLD

STRIKE FOR LIBERTY

AIL FOR A YEAR & A DAY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Special Feature



I STRIKE for LIBERTY

Four times the enemy struck, and looking about the slippery red decks of his Prince, Johnny knew that the only price of liberty was in the blood of brave men

by HOWARD FAST

John Ordronaux, as any good text will tell you, was born in Nantes, France, in 1778, and sailed for America as a privateer in 1812. Ultimately, he became part owner of his employer's fleet of ships, and married her daughter. He was a pioneer in the development of South American trade and became a respected citizen. His son, John Jr., grew up to be a well-known alienist at Columbia University. For the story presented here, however, Howard Fast has unearthed facts not so readily available in textbooks; facts pertaining to a time when John Ordronaux was still Johnny—red-headed, reckless and resourceful, as you will see . . .

THE JEW'S NAME was Johnny Ordronaux, and he was a Frenchman before he became an American, because, as he put it: "Only a fool does not go where men fight for freedom." And believe me, his fight is something to sing about, as you will see when I tell you the whole story; and you will find it if you go into the matter, even if it is not in the histories.

Ask them, down in Chesapeake Bay, about Johnny's boat, the *Prince de Neufchâtel;* they remember there, because in all the time of sailing, there was never such a boat as the *Prince*, nor will the great yachtsmen of today deny that.

Johnny built her himself. Until he put up his bills in Philadelphia, his story is vague; although they do say that he came into the old synagogue one night, when the men were at prayer, and told them:

"There is a time for doing and a time for praying!"

"Wind, not wisdom, comes from a wide-open mouth," the beadle said. "And who are you, son of a fool?"

"A fool indeed," Johnny Ordronaux answered, and by this time, you may be sure, even the holy prayers were interrupted and necks were being craned to see the source of the disturbance. "A fool, indeed—" His English was very bad, but he told them in Hebrew: "I speak the tongue, and my father's father was a rabbi, and on my mother's side, three rabbis in three generations. And all Cohanim," making reference to the old priestly family of Israel; although, as some who were there observed, it was doubtful whether anyone so ugly could claim such

Excerpted from the book, Patrick Henry and the Frigate's Keel, published at $2.50 by Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc., 270 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; copyright, 1945, by Howard Fast

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a lineage. Small and pock-marked was Johnny Ordronaux, but his knotted shoulders were wide enough for two, and he had the fiery red hair that most Cohanim boast.

"If all that is so," the beadle temporized, being taken somewhat aback by Johnny's Hebrew, "put on a tallith and pray, for as you have just pointed out, there is a time for praying and a time for doing, and this is prayer time, and if you sin any further, though you be the son of a hundred Cohanim, it will not help."

And Johnny Ordronaux prayed that night at the old synagogue in Philadelphia, and after the prayers he gathered the men together and told them his dream of a boat. So well did he speak that they gave him money and he had built the *Prince de Neufchâtel* in Baltimore, the wonder-town of all clippers. That was in 1812, when the war had just begun.

Or, at least, so some say. It is hard to tell exactly, after all this time; others say that the great John Paul Jones himself made the drawings for the *Prince*, and Johnny found them in an old bookstall in Paris. Whatever the way, he built himself the boat, and then he put up his bills in Philadelphia.

A bill was a throwaway plea or advertisement. Remember that in those times the land was in a bad way, the ports blockaded, commerce gone, and traitors everywhere you turned. The only hope lay in the speedy privateers, since they could, very often, run the blockade. Give it the wind, and nothing on water could catch a Baltimore clipper.

The crew was the trouble, for a privateer needed men who were heroes, devils, pirates and revolutionists, all rolled into one; come back a rich man or not at all, and more likely end up under the water or in the hold of an enemy warship. How many men would take a chance like that? That's why the bills, posted and given away, would plead for recruits. Here is what Johnny Ordronaux's bill said:

I AM JOHNNY ORDRONAUX
A JEW FROM FRANCE BUT AN AMERICAN
THIS IS THE LAND OF BRAVE MEN FREE MEN BOLD MEN
I SAIL FOR LIBERTY * * * EQUALITY INDEPENDENCE
I OFFER SHARES OR WAGES
I WILL TAKE IRISH
JEWS NEGROES GERMANS
PORTUGUESE FRENCHMEN
ANY WHO OWN THE NAME AMERICAN
FILL YOUR HAT WITH GOLD
STRIKE FOR LIBERTY
I SAIL FOR A YEAR AND A DAY

Some said they opened the jails to find him a crew; but others, who loved liberty and made songs after his great fight, said that perhaps a few of the old graves of the Revolution were opened to find him the men he wanted. He put to sea with less than a hundred men and three slim cannon on his beautiful clipper. Of black men, he had no less than twenty-four, of whom eleven were escaped slaves; of Jews, he had twelve, and four were pale scholars from Poland, but Johnny smiled grimly and said, "They will be more than scholars when I finish with them." Nine were Irish from the northern counties, and seven were Irish from the south. And

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the rest were all lands, all tongues.

There would have been fighting enough on that clipper before they ever met an enemy, had not Johnny, with his two ham-like fists, emphasized and reemphasized that they would fight when he ordered them to, and not sooner.

So he kept order in his crew, drilled them and trained them, sent them running aloft and back down, gave them target practice with the tiny cannon, until they handled the lovely little clipper with ease and grace. Indeed, Johnny's voyage promised to be like that of any other successful privateer; they sailed for many months and many thousands of miles, and they took prizes all the way. When they sighted a sail, they would creep up close; if it was one of the King's warships, they would dip their colors in derision, fire a salute, perhaps tack a loop or two to show what they thought of the lumbering dreadnaughts, and then race merrily away; but if it was a fat enemy merchant ship, they would run it down, board it, put a prize crew on it, and send it sailing to Bordeaux or Philadelphia or Nantucket, depending on where they were, to be sold on the market and converted into good solid cash, part for the country, part for the owners, part for the crew.

The story goes that Johnny Ordronaux had taken eighteen vessels valued at over a million dollars in prize money before he decided to turn back to America. He had been cruising for many months and his crew, by now, was a tough, synchronized fighting machine; but so many had gone aboard the captured ships that he had only thirty-six men left on the *Prince*, and the little clipper's bottom was fouling. It needed to go into drydock. Johnny thought longingly of coming to the old synagogue before the high holidays.

He recalled how he had said that there was a time for doing and a time for praying; and he had been doing long enough.

So he ran north through the English Channel, flaunting his sails at all the watchers on the high cliffs. He ran through the North Sea and danced around the Shetlands, and then he ran on the wind to the North American coast. And it was off Nantucket that he saw the British frigate . . .

It had been a good voyage, a successful voyage, and only a fool stretches his luck. But what could the little clipper fear from the big hull and its forty-four guns?

"We'll have some fun," Johnny shouted.

By now the lookout on the frigate had raised the clipper's sail, and the warship started a tack that would bring it up. Closer and closer she came, until her long bow gun thundered a warning shot that fell a hundred yards short. Then Johnny gave a signal, and the *Prince* danced off.

That was in the morning; there was a brisk breeze then, and for the next two hours the frail clipper played games with the lumbering frigate; she tacked around her, ran before her, cut across her bow, came within yards of gunshot and then danced merrily out of range.

Bit by bit, Johnny drew the warship to sea. A day of this, and he might release the port of Nantucket, at least for twenty-four hours. And

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

meanwhile, what better sport than this?

And then, at midday, the wind suddenly stopped; both vessels lay motionless, some two miles apart.

At first, Johnny Ordronaux was not unduly alarmed by the calm. They were beyond the range of the frigate, and sooner or later the breeze would pick up. Yet because he was a methodical captain, he had the decks cleared for action, and he sent four men below to issue muskets and pikes and cutlasses.

AT AN HOUR past noon, the events began which would give Johnny Ordronaux and the crew of the *Prince de Neufchâtel* at least a small place in the history of this nation. There was bustle and movement on the British warship, and Johnny, putting his glass to his eye, saw that they were launching the ship's boats. One by one, they settled in the water, all of them—the big captain's barge, the longboats, the storming barges, the lifeboats. Files of red-coated marines formed on the gun deck and then climbed over the side into the boats. Brass two-pounders were lowered and clamped into place, and then the men of the British crew, gunners, rammers, seamen and pikemen swarmed into the boats. Then oars bit at the smooth water, and the little armada crept toward the clipper.

Johnny leaped into action. His three pop-gun five-pounders were swiveled around, loaded, and aimed. He ordered all men to the bulwarks with muskets and pikes to repel boarders.

The *Prince* was well stocked with small arms, and they streamed up from the hold until every man had powder and ball for twenty rounds, bird-shot for close quarters, pistols, knives, and even tarry fire grenades to use if there was a chance.

The British bo'suns were singing out the stroke, clear and bold, 200 yards, 150, the green sea foaming away from the boats' prows, when Johnny called for small-arm fire; and in the crash of the muskets, the little cannon boomed, to be answered by the swivel guns from the British barges. A man went down with blood gushing from the stump of his neck—Nick Kelly, Johnny thought as he roared:

"Repel boarders!"

Then the captain's barge smashed into the clipper's side, disgorging seamen and marines, and then one after another, more and more of the frigate's boats. The thirty-six fought screaming wild, shouting, clubbing their muskets, jabbing with pikes where there was room, using knives to better effect, belaying pins, bare fist, teeth, shoulder to shoulder, the whole of the clipper's narrow deck packed with men, Johnny in the center on the deck-house, jabbing like a devil with his pike, and blood, ankle-deep, running like water.

The marines and British seamen surged up onto the deck, and for one long, terrible moment it seemed that the clipper was theirs. And then, with Johnny like the head of a ram, the Americans cut them in two; big Maun Caloway, flailing a five-foot link of chain, freed the stern, and Isaac Gil led a charge that cleared the prow.

The British lost the inch of footing they needed to carry the day, and a moment later the deck belonged to the panting, sobbing

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Americans, and the enemy was back in his boats, pulling out of range. One last shot Isaac Gil managed, and then the British boats lay on the swell, 500 yards off, grim and angry, like growling dogs with bare teeth; beyond them, on the windless sea, the great frigate silently rose and fell.

And Johnny Ordronaux, weeping with the exertion, the wonder and terror of the fight, looked about at the damage that had been done.

SIXTEEN ENGLISH seamen and marines lay dead on the clipper's slippery deck; four more were wounded, one so badly that he would not live long—and there were more wounded and dying who had been borne away in the boats. But the Americans had paid dearly. The two Mara brothers, Jews from Charleston, were dead. Nick Kelly, Frank Lee, and January Fernandez, a Portuguese, were dead. Kenton Bull, an escaped slave, who made a fiddle sound like a woman singing, was also dead. And seven more were so badly wounded that they could play no more part in that day's work—although later it so turned out that they had enough strength to pull a trigger.

Isaac Gil, although his own scalp was torn open, did for the wounded, gently, competently; it was such a store of trades the man owned. The English wounded and the worst of the Americans were laid below on the ballast; the dead were dropped overside. Some wanted prayers, but Johnny muttered, "There is a time for praying — Take your breath because they will come again."

And less than an hour later, the British came again. The light boats, damaged by the musketry and Gil's cannon fire, were sent back to the warship, and the fighting men they contained were divided among the five heavy storming barges. The five barges circled the clipper and drove in from all sides. Gil concentrated all his three cannon on one barge, and a lucky ball split her prow, sending her nose deep into the water, and for the moment removing her from the fight. Three other barges turned away from the blast of musketry. But the captain's barge, the largest of the lot, swept under the stern of the *Prince*, clawed against it, and hung. The two men who tried to pipe it off were shot dead, and twenty-seven marines and sailors spilled onto the deck of the clipper.

Recall that this Baltimore Clipper was the size of a coast guard cutter of today, only narrower in the beam; put on the deck fifty screaming men locked in a death-struggle. There was no room to maneuver, no room for firearms; it was face to face, neck to neck, knives and pikes and bare fists. And it was also—end it or the other three boats will be back.

Those who remembered—and it was hard to sort apart the events of that day—said that the second fight lasted no more than twelve minutes, a brief probing, gashing deadlock, and then a mad rush led by Johnny Ordronaux and his pike and the Negro, Maun, and his chain, a wild, desperate charge that cleared the deck of the *Prince*, from prow to stern. Seven Englishmen dropped back to the barge and pushed off, and when Johnny roared, "Sink them, Isaac, sink them!" he was gripped on the shoulder by Maun, who pointed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to where Isaac lay, his innards spilled out on the deck.

There had been no quarter asked in this. The twenty Englishmen lay dead on the deck, and only fourteen blood-soaked Americans were on their feet.

MAUN SAID afterward that Johnny's face was like stone; but inside of himself he cried. The man Isaac Gil was a scholar and a healer, and he knew the books of the Bible like the fingers on his hand, and the Mishna and the Talmud as well, and Johnny had taken him out of the shadowy synagogue and turned him into a man who kills men. And Johnny was tired now; there was no glory, but only death left.

THE CAPTAIN'S barge, with the seven survivors in it, pulled over to the one that Isaac's ball had split and took aboard its crew. The wounded were put in the crippled barge and sent back to the frigate; the other four, like maddened bulldogs, circled the clipper and closed into the attack once more.

Fourteen men were not enough to man the bulwarks; Johnny loaded the cannon with grape and grouped his men around them, in the stern. Powder-stained, dripping their own blood, they stood shoulder to shoulder with pike and cutlass. And the four barges emptied their men on the deck.

Then the cannon roared grape at ten yards—and Johnny led his men in a screaming charge at the carnage.

The tale goes that the third battle was the worst of any. This time it was not drive them over the rail; the rail could not be manned; it was destroy them on the deck, hunt them down, fourteen against sixty—or be killed, for this was the way the die had been cast, and they knew that after the toll they had taken, the enemy would not permit any of them to live.

By now the sun was low on the horizon. On the windless sea, the clipper swayed to desperate struggles of the men, and blood flowed through the scuppers the way water would when the high seas crossed the rail. And yet the Americans fought—Johnny Ordronaux, whose pike was broken, using its four foot length like a sword; Maun Caloway, flailing his blood-red chain; Jacob Peretz, former fur trader and elder of the New York synagogue, black-bearded, brandishing a knife in each blood-soaked hand; Freddy MacDuff, his partner, using heavy, leaded dueling pistols as clubs—those four and four more. Eight left—when suddenly the fight was done, the barges drifting away. And dragging themselves to the rail, the eight who were left saw that one of the barges was empty of the living; another held only wounded men who groaned in agony, and in the other two there were no more than forty men left alive and capable of pulling an oar.

As for the clipper, it was like a butcher's ship, a fisher that hunted men instead of cod, no inch of wood that was not splattered with blood, the thin deck ripped and torn by the grape, the mast splattered with brains and gore, dead men lying all over it, so that you could hardly walk between . . .

Maun Caloway, the chain hanging from his great arms, moaned, "Ah, God, let that damn wind blow

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and take us away—"

But the wind did not blow. The slow drift had increased the distance between frigate and clipper to three miles now, but even the swell was gone from the still sea, and the frigate made a black silhouette against the setting sun. A few hundred yards off, the frigate's barges lay, lurking, waiting; here was an enemy that could stand punishment, and they would drag down the Baltimore Clipper if not a man of the frigate's crew remained alive.

On the clipper, the eight who were left sank down in the blood and gore, too weary to move, so close to death that they did not mind it now—so recently for the others, so soon for them. Johnny lay with his arm against the boy, Jimmy Cadwalder; his foot touched a dead marine; the sun set and death made a cloak with darkness. He had wanted glory, but there was no glory here, and the most beautiful ship of all time would float like a coffin soon.

And in the dark, he heard the rustling under the boat's prow, and called to Maun, "They come back—back!"

That was the fourth battle, the last one, in the darkness, clubbing and gouging at the sobbing, shrieking enemy, heavy splashes in the water, and then a pistol smashing the night, and then two men rolling over and over on the wet deck, soundless, and Maun's chain flailing death . . .

And silence again.

Two men dragged themselves to their feet, black Maun Caloway and little Johnny Ordronaux; staggered to the rail and hung o it. The moon was rising now, and not twenty yards away they saw two of the barges; but in the barges there was only one man, swaying, screaming at them, cursing them—only one man on his feet; the rest of the occupants were wounded or dead. And on that silent sea, the two other barges and the frigate had disappeared.

There were no words to say. For about ten minutes the two men leaned against the rail in silence, and then Johnny Ordronaux felt a breeze like a caress on his cheek. "We make sail," he whispered to Maun Caloway.

Now, IN Nantucket town, six score and more years later, there is still a memory among the old inhabitants of "The Jew's ship" and how it came into port with the dawn. You can understand how a legend might arise from a ship with a crew of two, one a black man, the other a Jew, a ship that was blood from prow to stern, a delicate Baltimore Clipper that bore five dead men on its deck for each one who lived. They say that even the flag, which still flew from the masthead, was stained with blood, but what they saw on the deck of that ship, those who watched it make port, was of such terrible description that no one wrote it down, except to state:

"Including the wounded, eight survived from the crew of thirty-six."

They also say that the port commander asked Johnny, "How did you come by the blockading frigate?"

"We fight that frigate," Johnny ed, "and we defeat her."

here is only this to tell, that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Johnny came back to the synagogue in Philadelphia to make his accounting to the elders, and he entered and wrapped a tallith about his shoulders and prayed from the book until it was time for him to go to the altar and speak. Then he spoke to the congregation in this fashion:

"What is the price of liberty?" he asked them, speaking in Hebrew.

No one answered, but each man in the congregation considered to himself how a price might be arrived at. Was one to put on the scale the number of Jews who had died through hate, ignorance, fear and all the other means that Gentiles had used against them? Or was one to weigh only those numbers who had fought and died in the Revolution? And whose names were in the synagogue book of records? Was one to add the price of a ship? A home burned? A child lost? Or was one, perhaps, to consider all men, from the beginning of time, Jew and Gentile? So you see, no one answered; and how was an accounting to be given when such a price was put in question?

And finally Johnny Ordronaux said, softly, "From my voyage there are profits of a million dollars and more, for my country, my crew, and my backers. I would not mention money in the house of God, except to point out that all this is not the price. The price of liberty is in the blood of brave men, and it was never bought otherwise. That should be written down by the scribe in the record-book of the synagogue. And when that is done, I will post my bills once more and find a new crew for my boat."

Court Scenes

FORMER VICE-PRESIDENT Charles G. Dawes was reputedly a very poor speaker in his youth. As one of the lawyers in an important case, he was opposed by a seasoned attorney whose eloquence always attracted a large crowd. It was a hot July day, and the courtroom was literally steaming as the veteran lawyer worked up to his oratorical peak. Except for the judge, the listeners were transfixed.

Red-faced and perspiring, the magistrate mopped his brow, loosened his collar and at last removed his coat and turned to the speaker:

"Mr. Attorney," he interrupted, "I wonder if you would let Dawes speak for a while. I want to thin out this crowd." —MONT HURST

AN ACCIDENT CASE was being tried in a Kansas court. The victim claimed heavy damages, but the defendant consistently declared that he was driving no more than five miles an hour. The prosecutor listened closely to this claim.

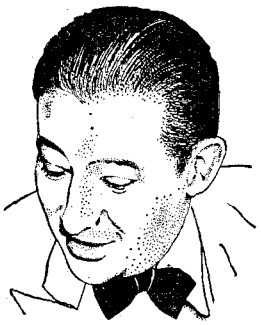
When it came time for his summation to the jury, he had his clinching point. "Gentlemen," he said "[illegible]fendant states he was barely inching along. Therefore just imag[illegible]ny as the car plowed over his body at five miles an h[illegible]" —*Wichita Eagle*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Producer Billy Rose has formulas for songs, nightclubs, musicals and money-making

The Million Dollar Rose

by JULIAN LEE RAYFORD



MANY PEOPLE, hearing of the phenomenal success of Billy Rose, attribute it to luck. They think he just growed, like Topsy; they think he just went lickety-split and hit it rich.

Well, it looks that way. At the Texas World's Fair, he made 100,000 dollars in 100 days. At the New York World's Fair, he made 10,000,000 dollars. The Diamond Horseshoe makes a clear profit of 500,000 dollars a year. The musical *Carmen Jones*, has taken in a fortune. *The Seven Lively Arts* is piling up money in astronomical figures. When Rose spent a million dollars in producing *The Seven Arts* and buying the Ziegfeld Theater, many people thought, surely, he was due to fail. But not Rose! His fingers seem to have the touch of Midas.

Billy Rose says that entertainment will always pay off for him like a well-regulated slot machine. I said to him, one day in the Ziegfeld Theater, "You think you'll ever go broke?"

He said, "I don't think so. I'll never lose money in show business until I ignore my formulas."

"What formulas?" I asked him.

"Formula for songs, formula for nightclubs, formula for spectacles," he replied.

I have seen him at rehearsals, walking around nervously in shabby clothing, in an old blue serge suit so worn it had big shiny spots all over it. But in his office, he is always dressed in the height of fashion.

His desk faces a long pane of plate glass. He can pull the curtain back from that window and look down on the stage at Doc Rockwell and Bert Lahr and Bea Lillie. At some time during every performance, he steps over to that window and studies his show. The late Flo Ziegfeld used to do the same thing from the same window. Many times, Rose will draw the curtain over the window and slip downstairs as people leave the matinee. Then he'll stand there by the alley with his head down, listening to comments on the show.

"The first formula I worked out," he told me, "was for popular songs. I wanted to be a lyricist. I went to the music division of the public library every day for three months. I went through thousands

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of songs, all the hits of the past forty years. There were the mother songs, the home songs, the state songs. You know that one, 'California, here I come, right back where I started from!' " He jumped up and stamped his foot. As he went whirling around snapping his fingers and singing, I thought he was going to break into a buck and wing. "Well," he continued, "that's a state song. Then there's the comic song—and that easy, whooping song, the gang song.

"They all fit pigeonholes. The same theme can be written and rewritten, over and over.

"You take the novelty song. It depends entirely on sounds, never on thought. Songs like 'Mr. Dooley, Mr. Dooley, Mr. Dooley ooley, ooley, ooley oo . . .' " Rose got up again and sang the song. It threw him into a spell of reminiscence, and he went on humming between phrases as he talked.

"I found, in studying songs, that there are two kinds of words. White words and red words. White words are unexciting, tame words. Red words are fresh, full of excitement and vitality. After a while, many words lose their excitement. You take the word, 'Mamma,' that used to be a red word, and 'red hot mamma' was a daring phrase. But it's white now—the jitterbugs have brought in new words.

"I earned thousands of dollars in my first four months as a songwriter. I wrote *Barney Google*." He sang again. "It was an easy jingle built around a familiar figure, easy to remember. That song was constructed on a succession of sounds, like *The Music Goes Round and Round*, and *Jingle, Jangle, Jingle.*

"Then I wrote, *You Tell Her, I Stutter*. That, too, was based on amusing sounds. Next, I wrote, *You Got to See Your Mamma Every Night, or You Can't See Your Mamma at All*."

When he started singing that one, I sang with him, and when he came to spots he could not recall, I helped him out. But it was *his song*, and he did not want me in on it. He drowned me out.

"I don't know whether or not a song is going to be a hit, but I do know whether any song is written like a successful one."

"Well, that's songs," I said. "What about the night club formula?"

Rose played with his pipe a while before he stared at me. When he stares that way, his face becomes long and indulgently Oriental. He tapped his pipe on the desk.

"A night club, to be successful, must be predominantly red. Red cafes are stimulating cafes. Sam Salvin taught me that. Sam operated fourteen night clubs on Broadway, and he always said that red meant success. Well, old Sam was right!

"The Diamond Horseshoe is a red night club set off by white and gold, but it's mainly red."

The Diamond Horseshoe is certainly red, all right. The central decoration of the ceiling looks like a seven-layer chocolate cake set in the center of a lavaliere accented with golden icing.

"A night club must not be too comfortable. People get a thrill out of being crowded together. Something infectious, some infectious gayety makes them start laughing.

"Then, you need music. They

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

get happier faster to old songs. Nostalgia is a commodity they buy freely. They don't like the new songs, with their involved rhythms and strange harmony. They don't get it. But you give 'em *Tipperary*, and *The Old Mill Stream*, and they're off on a well-traveled road. They sing, and when they sing, they get happy.

"The floor show must be fast, it must glitter and be boisterous. It must be funny. You need expert comedians. Not necessarily celebrated comedians. They like folksy comics, simple comics.

"Smut must be avoided like poison. A dirty laugh is an expensive laugh. Nudity is a mistake. It embarrasses too many people. If you want people to relax, you don't want to offend them.

"The dance floor must be small. Food must be hot and reasonably good. Cold food makes them mad.

"People get drunk where the atmosphere is vicious. In a happy place they just get a glow on. And in the Diamond Horseshoe, I keep 'em happy the whole time they're there.

"So, there's the formula: a red night club, old songs, a fast, funny show, hot food." He went on reciting his formula like a schoolboy. "A small dance floor and a couple of drinks . . . it all helps to get them happy."

I was sitting opposite him at his desk, which was really a table. It curved snugly around to either arm of his chair. It was an unusually fine table, mahogany with an age-old patine. That's the way with everything around him; he surrounds himself with fine things and unusual things. Out there in the hallway, beside the elevator shaft in the theatre, is a clock, not a round-faced clock, but one shaped like a capital I with no serifs. The numerals that tell the hours run straight up: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 1 . . . A little mouse, a mechanical mouse, moves up a slot past each numeral to tell the time. When he reaches the top number One, he slides quickly down to the bottom number One, and begins his ascent all over again.

YOU'D THINK, after Billy Rose's rise from the poverty of the East Side, that his home would be an overwhelmingly impressive thing. It is.

I don't know whether he chose all his paintings himself. Maybe he called in an expert to help. But if he paid through the nose for each one, I am not surprised, for he has paintings by Chagall, Modigliani, Rouault and George Grosz, Thomas Hart Benton, Nicholas Maes, Franz Hals, Velasquez, Derain, Daumier, Renoir and Turner.

Doubtless you've heard of many a millionaire who lived as he had always lived: just plain Joe Doakes to the end of his days. Not Billy Rose. His money has led him into a new world and a new life. And he takes it all in like a sultan on a throne.

I went and talked to this bantamweight colossus of the theatre in his Beekman Place palace. As I entered the hallway a pleasant Negro butler "rested" my hat and led me to the elevator, a little black and gold car with mirrors.

On the top floor, I went into a study where Billy Rose sat at his desk in a blue flannel bathrobe. He

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was talking to two men in business dress. One man kept seated, but the one talking to Rose walked about the little room and tried to keep from exploding. He kept saying, "Six hundred dollars, Mr. Rose!"

And Billy kept saying, "Four hundred dollars!"

"But, Mr. Rose, I can't paint a curtain this size, gold, for less than six hundred!"

They went on talking. I looked around the room. It opened out onto a balcony back of Rose's desk, which stood between two windows. On the western side of the study, placed lengthwise against the wall, was a narrow bed. On each bedpost was a plaster cast of a helmeted classic warrior, about six inches high, painted black and accented with gold. It was an ideal bed for any mythological hero, but it had become Billy Rose's bed and somehow it was ideal for him too.

As I sat waiting and Rose was still talking about the gilt curtain, a man in striped pajamas came to the doorway. He sleepily rubbed his bald head and yawned. "Billy, may I see you?" he asked.

"Sure! In a little while," Rose told him. Then crying, "Here, let me show you how to work that elevator," he dashed out into the hall.

When he came back, Rose said: "See that man? That was Ben Hecht." His voice had an accent of pride. "He gave up a 6,000-dollar-a-week job just to come help me with some of the sketches. In one night he's done more than all my other writers put together.

"And do you know what he wants for doing it? A one-dollar-and-fifty-cent Hungarian dinner!"

Billy Rose, the speed shorthand and typing champ of the world. That's how he got his start. Once he broke his right thumb just before defending his New York State shorthand championship, and he had to stick his pen through a potato which he held in his hand. Still, he won!

Why? Probably because he was burning up with ambition and consumed with the desire to get somewhere, and he kept on preparing, preparing—for what? He didn't know. He just knew that one day he was going to have his own chance at getting somewhere, and when it happened, he was going to be ready.

I DON'T THINK Billy Rose would ever weep over his inability the way many an artist has wept, for he is not an artist, he is a producer, a superbly practical man. From the time he was a child he was waiting —preparing and stalking for that elusive, decisive "chance."

And it came, during the first World War. Barney Baruch needed someone to speed up the stenographers of the War Industries Board. Rose read of it in the New York *Times* one day sitting on a bench on Riverside Drive. He got to Baruch, and he got the job. He put in a relay system of stenographers. One girl took dictation for thirty minutes. Then another girl took her place. First girl typed while the second girl took dictation. Thirty minutes later, a third stenographer came in.

Executives in Barney Baruch's department got all their work done on time after Rose came around. It was his chance, and he knew it.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He knew, too, that preparation had pulled him over the hump, and he never forgot to prepare. And it paid off. His songwriting succeeded, and his first revue, *Corned Beef and Roses*, which became *Crazy Quilt*, succeeded. In the heart of the Depression, *Crazy Quilt* succeeded.

Has success changed him? Sure, it has. In his middle years he is quiet and he no longer yearns for circus fanfare. Now, he leans more toward the dignity of opera. He bears up well enough under his burden of Croesus. "Always thought I'd make millions," he says. You get that? Not just money he wanted, but millions.

"Money is simply the diploma that means you won," he says. "It's the gold medal I earned by sticking to my three formulas."

"What's the third formula, the one for spectacles?" I asked.

He said, "A spectacle must be strange and wonderful. Just being big is not enough. People are used to big crowds from the movies. It takes more than a crowd. People had seen ninety-two girls on stage for years. But ninety-two beautiful girls swimming, and swimming rhythmically, that was strange and wonderful." He spoke slowly now, as if his words were chocolate, to be tasted over and over.

"The Aquacade was strange and wonderful. It had a curtain of water 200 feet wide and forty feet high, with jets of gas flame above it. I had it all built up like a circus."

"Have you a formula for the drama, too?" I asked.

"No," he replied. "Not for the drama. You see, mass effects are completely predictable. But the single individual does and says the unexpected. He cannot be charted. Six girls on stage may not have any effect, but 600 will."

"Do you plan to put 600 girls on stage?" I asked him. "Six hundred at one time?"

"I don't know," he said. "I might."

And he might, too!

Turnabout Tales

THE NEW YORK company of *Oklahoma!* gives a Tuesday matinee for servicemen. As the curtain goes up, the entire company is on stage, and before the show goes on the actors applaud the audience for a full two minutes. —EDITH GWYNN
in *The Hollywood Reporter*

WHEN THE GERMAN delegation came to Marshal Foch to ask for armistice terms at the end of the first World War, the Frenchman picked up a paper from his desk and read a set of conditions.

"But there must be some mistake," stammered the leader of the German officers. "These are terms which no civilized nation could impose upon another."

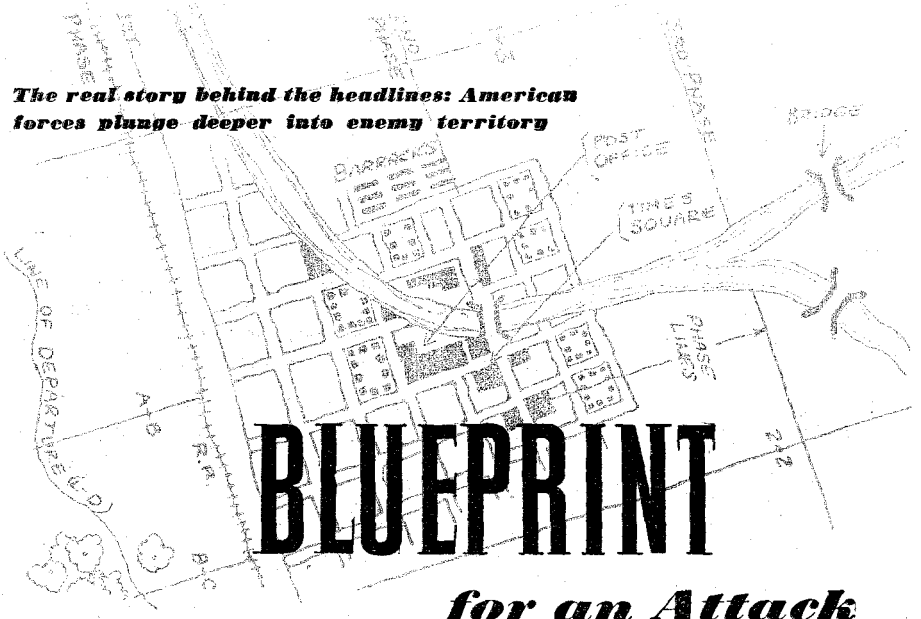
"I'm glad to hear you say that," replied the marshal. "No, gentlemen, these are not our terms. They are the terms which the German commander imposed on the conquered city of Lille, France." —RAYMOND SCHUESSLER

1939: Japan Makes Navy Out of American Junk.

1945: Americans Make Junk Out of Japanese Navy. —*FPO Junior Rag*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The real story behind the headlines: American forces plunge deeper into enemy territory



BLUEPRINT *for an Attack*

by HOWARD WHITMAN

Most reporters pass over the importance and drama of pre-battle meetings for the more spectacular copy of the fight itself. But the nature of war being what it is, they are doing a disservice by not mentioning what goes into an advance besides the tanks and planes and men. Here Howard Whitman tells this story. The characters in the piece and the town of Guersten are not real—except in so far as they are typical of millions of Yanks and a thousand objectives where we are fighting and have fought. The map above, incidentally, will help give a graphic idea of Col. Ainsley's instructions. —THE EDITORS

"As YOU gentlemen know, we've got another shootin' match on for tomorrow morning," said Lieut. Col. Bob Ainsley.

There was a shuffling on the concrete floor of this captured German pillbox, and eight young American infantry officers moved closer around the map table. Four of them were the colonel's staff—his administrative officer, intelligence officer, operations officer and supply officer.

The other four were Captains George Eggert, Ronnie Wellbaum, Sidney Platkin and Art Walters, captains, respectively, of A, B, C and D companies.

Colonel Ainsley adjusted three of the gasoline lamps so they would throw maximum light on the big map. "It's going to be tough," he said. "But Colonel Willy has arranged with the old man for plenty of support. We're going to have air and artillery, both."

Wellbaum said, "Good show."

"Now, gentlemen," the colonel began, "you got the rough outline of this thing this morning. But there've been a few changes."

Wellbaum fished a notebook out of the chest pocket of his field

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

jacket as the colonel began to run his index finger over the map.

"The Krauts are stretched out pretty thinly along this line, but their reserves are pretty powerful back here. Our own position is solid all along, as you can see.

"The orders call for a general advance in this sector. Now all we've got to worry about is our own battalion."

Colonel Ainsley reviewed what had been decided at the regimental command post. The regiment was holding a line in a woods just before the town of Guersten. That town was to be its objective.

GUERSTEN, according to regimental G-2, was held by about 1,000 German troops, the equivalent of a battalion. So it was decided to hurl the whole regiment (three battalions) against the town, observing the time-proved attack ratio of three to one.

The first battalion was to make a sweep along the left flank of the town, the second battalion would take the right. Together they would establish a perimeter defense, or seal off the town so that the third battalion, Ainsley's, could make a frontal attack on the town itself and mop up all opposition in it.

"What about reserves? Colonel Willy's not committing the whole regiment, is he?"

"In this case, yes. But don't worry. The old man's detached a battalion from Joe Picker's regiment. They'll be our reserves."

"Then as I get it, this town is our own baby," Eggert remarked.

"That's about the size of it," the colonel replied.

The town of Guersten was a small place in a valley, population around 5,000. Its built-up area was 500 yards wide and 800 yards long, stringing along the valley with gradual slopes rising on either side. The woods which marked the American front line thinned out and ended about 600 yards before the town.

"This is our first phase line," Colonel Ainsley said, pointing to the edge of the town, the beginning of the built-up area. "Now what bright ideas have you got for this situation?"

He pointed to a railway roadbed that passed, at an angle, right in front of the town—like a cordon.

Wellbaum spoke up, "Sir, we've got a very bright idea, if you don't mind my saying so. Eggert and Platkin and I have conferred on it, and our three rifle companies are prepared to handle it—provided Walters gives us some cover."

"You're aware that the roadbed has more bouncing babies in it than you'd find at the Folies Bergère?"

"Yes, sir."

Patrols had found the roadbed (the rail line had been knocked out ten days before by Thunderbolts) sown with anti-personnel mines—German "bouncing babies," the kind that fly up waist-high before they explode.

"Fritz has four machine gun positions guarding those mines right in front of the town," Wellbaum continued. "Now here's the pitch. Walters is going to put a lot of mortar fire over the roadbed while we move up. Our own weapons platoons are going to toss what they can with the mortars and we'll put some machine guns in action if we get a chance. We're

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

depending on all this, and a lot of rifle fire, to keep the Krauts down while we work on those mines."

"You're not planning to fish 'em out, are you?" the colonel inquired.

"The fact is," Wellbaum continued, "we're planning to blast those mines out. We're going to give about seventy-five feet of primer cord to a couple of men in each squad. Actually, it will be three strands of primer cord braided together, with a pound charge of TNT at the end. When we reach the roadbed, they throw the cords across, lariat style, and then set the things off. The concussion detonates Fritz's mines, and each squad goes single file across the roadbed in one of the aisles cleared by the primer cords. Okay?"

"Yeah, that'll work," said the colonel, matter-of-factly. "Now let's review the jump-off." He pulled some mimeographed orders out of a map case.

"Starting at four a.m. we move up to the jump-off area at the edge of the woods. You'll probably hear a lot of artillery, but there won't be any barrage on the town. The old man wants to use this burg as a supply town. H-hour is 6:45. You'll see some white star clusters going up along the line—that's the jump-off signal.

"Now you've got until 7:15 to get over that roadbed and reach the first phase line. Let me know if you get there sooner."

Then everyone reviewed the names they would use on the walkie-talkie, code names because the enemy often knew the names of officers in a particular sector.

Colonel Ainsley was Popeye. Eggert was Frank Sinatra. Wellbaum was Barney Google. Walters was Smokey Joe. And Platkin was Snowwhite. It wouldn't be long before Eggert's walkie-talkie would be crackling, "Frank Sinatra to Popeye. Frank Sinatra to Popeye. Okay, we're on the first phase line. Safe as a bug in a rug. That stunt with the primer cord worked perfectly. Over." At least he hoped he'd be able to say that stunt with the primer cord worked perfectly.

Colonel Ainsley directed attention to the second phase line on the detailed map of Guersten.

"After you reach phase one and report to me, sit tight—remember that. I don't want one company charging into town alone."

"Check," Eggert said.

"Sir, for the second phase I'm planning to work my way straight across 42nd Street to Times Square. Does that jibe with you?" Wellbaum put in.

"Never mind me. How you get there is your own business. That's what you went to OCS for," the colonel said jocularly. "What are your tactics?"

Eggert spoke up. "Well, sir," he said. "I'm going to take A company up the left side of town, keeping visual liaison with the first battalion on our left flank. Platkin is to take C company up the right side of town, keeping liaison with the second battalion on the right flank.

"That leaves me making a center rush up 42nd Street," Wellbaum broke in.

"Okay, if that's how you want it. Let's see," said the colonel, running both index fingers across the map, "Wellbaum, you're going to end up in Times Square. Eggert, you'll

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

come out right about here—at the Metropolitan Opera House. And Platkin—let's see, you hit Columbus Circle, don't you?"

"Right, sir."

Already the company commanders had briefed their men on the layout of Guersten, with all the main streets and squares named after places in New York. If a .30 caliber machine gun was to be set up at 57th St. and Fifth Avenue, its crew could have walked into Guersten blindfolded and found that corner.

"Phase two takes you nearly through the town," the colonel explained. "It's an advance of 600 yards to the main thoroughfare—Broadway. After that you've only got 200 yards to go."

"What about that garrison in the barracks? Do we just let them chop us up?" inquired Eggert. He pointed on the map to a military barracks on the left side of town.

"No. Here's the dope," Ainsley went on. "Colonel Willy says the old man is giving us a light artillery battalion for support. That means we've got three batteries of 105 howitzers behind us—twelve guns."

"I thought they were going to save the town," Platkin interjected.

"Here's the ticket. While we're on phase one, they're going to drop a hell of a lot of high-angle fire into that barracks enclosure. They'll lift the fire as soon as we start on phase two. By the time you get there, there shouldn't be much stirring inside those barracks walls."

"But what if there is?"

"Then leave a few mortars to throw stuff in, and by-pass the place. We'll worry about it later."

"After the 105's lift fire, what are they going to do, take a siesta?" asked Platkin.

"Interdiction fire, lad. When they lift off the barracks, they're going to pound the two forks of the main road leading out of the rear end of town. We don't want any Kraut reinforcements busting in on our show."

"Good," Wellbaum said softly.

"Have you studied the plans of that post office, Sid?" asked the colonel.

"It's in the bag," Platkin answered. "The floor plan that S-2 got ahold of makes it duck soup."

"How are you planning to work it?"

"Well, sir, since it's cracked up to be the strongest point in town, I've planned to put the entire company on it. One platoon stays in reserve behind these buildings here," he explained, running his finger across the map. "We're going to surround the place, one platoon working up from behind, one in front. That leaves my last platoon for second-story work."

"Good," said the colonel.

"We get up on top of this dairy building next door. Our air photos show it's not more than three feet from the post office roof. Then we play Santa Claus."

PLATKIN WENT on to explain the Santa Claus game. From the floor plans of the post office, which had been captured in a district postal headquarters three days before, he had traced the location of seven fireplaces on the three floors of the building to corresponding chimneys on the roof. His men would simply drop TNT charges and fragmentation grenades down the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chimneys into rooms where machine gunners and snipers were holding forth. He had also located two skylights, so that the roof platoon could work its way right down into the building.

"Ready for phase three," said the colonel. "You all know the ultimate objective—this high ground beyond the town. We want to get clear through the town and 500 yards beyond it—to the edge of this slope. That becomes your MLR. Your OPL will be here."

The captains made notes. The MLR, or Main Line of Resistance, was where they would take up positions similar to the positions they now held in the woods this side of the town. The OPL, or Outpost Line, was the line of their fingertips. Every position has fingertips thrust out beyond the main line that feel out the strength and location of the enemy.

"Until our positions are stabilized, you'd better have your forward squad leaders set off some yellow smoke grenades. The old man has arranged with the division air officer to give us a squadron of Thunderbolts. They're going to concentrate on two bridges on those forks leading out of town, mainly because we don't want any Kraut armor rushing up to spoil our show. I said we'd give the planes some yellow smoke to mark our front lines, so they don't drop anything on us."

"Check," said Eggert.

"Now I'm scramming out of here," the colonel went on. "There's some more stuff to iron out with the regiment. You men get together with my staff and work out the details about the rations and equipment you're going to take, and the location of your ammo dumps, water points, gasoline supply, battalion aid stations, communications and the rest of it. Remember, I want plenty of bangalores on this show—that town's full of barbed wire that you can't blast out any other way. Everything jake?"

"If it isn't, it will be by tomorrow morning," Platkin replied.

Walters took the chewing gum out of his mouth and pasted it on the concrete roof of the pillbox. He said, "Yep, I can see it all right in the headlines!" He drew his hands apart in front of him as if making a streamer. " 'Yanks Plunge Deeper Into Enemy Territory,' and all our dear countrymen are going to think you just press a button and boom, another town is bagged."

Kissing Sam

SAM DAVIS, editor of the *Carson City* (Nevada) *Appeal* and local correspondent for the *San Francisco Examiner*, once interviewed the late Sarah Bernhardt. The famous actress concluded the interview by kissing him on both cheeks and then the mouth with the remark: "The right cheek is for the *Carson Appeal*, the left for the *Examiner* and the lips for yourself."

"Madame," beamed Davis, "I also represent the Associated Press which serves 380 papers west of the Mississippi." —STEPHEN J. SCHMIEDL

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Obesity is dangerous to children's health and may cause emotional maladjustment

Children and Foolish Mothers

by EDITH M. STERN

IT'S NO FUN to be a fat child! Ask twelve-year-old Elinor who wears size eighteen and won't go swimming because she "looks so awful in a bathing suit." Or ten-year-old Jim, shaped more like a girl than a boy, who remarked wistfully, "I'd like to run but what's the use? I can never win a race." Or any one of the thousands of other self-conscious, lonely little "Fatties" continually hurt by teasing contemporaries.

People do not concern themselves as much about over-nourished children as about under-nourished. Many a doting mother and father look upon a triple-chinned infant with wadded little legs as "cute" for all his sluggish ways, or upon a flabby, flesh-upholstered school age child as "bursting with health." Even when parents admit a child is too fat, often they simply let nature take its widening course, saying, "He'll outgrow it."

The fact remains, however, that obesity is as dangerous to children's health as it is to adults. Over-fat children's resistance is lower than normal-weight children's, and they are more subject to colds and infectious diseases. Their hearts and circulations are overtaxed, and they are poor surgical risks. They are subject to flat feet, joint pains and deformities.

The health hazards of obesity go for infants, too—despite the popular fallacy that the chubbiest babies are the healthiest.

Recently a soldier's wife took her bright, active, wiry baby girl to visit her husband's family. Instead of the cries of admiration she had anticipated, she got head-shakings.

"She's the skinniest baby in the family!" her mother-in-law said mournfully. "She must be sickly. *Our* babies are *always* fat. Feed her up, my dear!" Anxiously the young mother took the baby to a child health center in the nearest town. "Your daughter is perfectly healthy," declared the doctor there. "Don't try to make her meet some arbitrary standard." That baby, at least, was spared the attempts at overstuffing that create feeding problems or, time after time, add one more dangerously obese roly-poly to the number of roly-polies in a family or on a block.

Some youngsters, of course, are just naturally heavy, and if firm flesh and muscles cover big bones, they are probably not overweight for their build. But where loose flesh pads small bones, where fat is unevenly distributed and especially prominent on the breasts and abdomen, be on guard. Since weight tables are based on averages, not ideals, they are not an absolute index of overweight. But they can serve as guides. If your child tips

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the scales well above normal for height, age and sex, it is a danger signal. For one reason or another, the amount of energy he expends doesn't burn up the amount of food he takes into his body and it is deposited as excess fatty tissue both where you can see it, and, more insidiously, on his internal organs.

Mathematically, obesity is as simple as that: caloric intake and caloric outgo don't balance. Its causes, however, are not quite so simple. For some reason not fully understood, the nervous mechanism that warns normal-weight folk they have had enough to eat for their requirements doesn't seem to function in those with a constitutional tendency to put on fat. That's why Susie Greene—weighing 140 at thirteen—insists that she "eats less than anybody else in this family!" and thirty-five pound overweight Harold Pratt protests, with absolute sincerity, "Honest, Mom, you don't ever give me a big enough second helping! Do you want me to get up from the table starving?"

DURING THE 1920's a good deal of obesity in children was blamed on glandular deficiencies. Today, however, most pediatricians believe that the influence of glands on weight was very much over-estimated. True, there are certain pathological conditions which arise when the pituitary or thyroid gland fails to function properly. Reactions to these conditions, such as obesity, eye defects and subnormal mentality, indicate treatment with hormone products.

But happily for the vast majority of fat children and their parents, glandular deficiency cases of obesity are comparatively rare and can be diagnosed by certain tests such as the metabolism test.

The usual overweight child is that way because he eats too much, or exercises too little, or, more commonly, both. Johnny Roberts, for example, lives miserably in the typical vicious circle of obesity. At ten he weighs 150. Because he is uncomfortably heavy, and short of breath, and because other boys make fun of his clumsiness, he doesn't join in active play. So he falls back on eating as his only pleasure. You can see how it goes on!

But although he is guilty of both weaknesses, don't condemn Johnny for being "lazy" and "greedy" and feel that it serves him right to be grotesquely fat until you meet his mother and understand the why's of his inactivity and overstuffing. Having lost a child two years before Johnny was born, she is scared to death that something may happen to him, too, and she is harmfully overprotective. After he had a tonsillectomy a few years ago, he lost a few pounds, and his mother anxiously plied him with home-made goodies so he would "get his strength back."

He has no household chores, no responsibilities. She walks with him to and from school, thus adding to his self-consciousness and wretched sense of being different. She discourages his playing with "rough boys" which, of course, boils down to practically any boys. No wonder eating is his only joy in life.

There were many mothers like Mrs. Roberts and many youngsters like Johnny among the 200 obese children studied by Dr. Hilde Bruch, pediatrician at the Babies

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hospital, New York City, over a five year period. She has thrown new light on the emotional factors behind obesity. Not one of the fat children under her care had a glandular deficiency, and nearly all were advanced in intelligence and stature. But two-thirds were either only or youngest children, afflicted with worrisome, over-solicitous mothers who laid great stress on the importance of a "good appetite" to health. Some of the children had been of normal weight during their pre-school years, gained markedly from first grade on. They had been so babied they couldn't take the more mature experience of school and comforted themselves by eating too much.

Often a rapid increase in weight dated from a definite event in the family which upset the child. There was eleven-year-old Peter, for instance, who gained forty pounds after his brother had been killed in an accident. Not only did his mother hover over his every breath, she also discouraged any gaiety. So, like an alcoholic who drowns his troubles in drinking, Peter took to eating. In short, the fat child is not only unhappy because he is fat; he is likely to be fat because he is unhappy.

Obviously, then, the parents of fat children should encourage responsibility, activity and interests other than eating. But in the last analysis, whether the cause of obesity be emotional or glandular, there is no escaping its prime cure: a reducing diet, which must go along with any other treatment. Exercise alone is not enough—it takes eight hours of walking to burn ten ounces of fat!—to right that inequality between what is taken in and what's burned up.

No, it isn't easy to deprive one's little darling of chocolate creams and ice cream sodas between meals, and second portions of pie and heaps of mashed potatoes, especially when food is his great love. But for the sake of his mental and physical health it must be done.

Don't wait until a youngster is grossly overweight before you begin being careful about his overeating. If "fat runs in the family," be even more careful about preventing its accumulation on your child's body. You can't begin too early. Believe your doctor if he says your baby weighs enough and don't go into any whose-baby-is-gaining-faster competition with your friends.

An obese child needs a balanced diet as much as any other child does, and he'll be happier with temperate bits of fattening foods he loves than if he must be a total abstainer. Don't, however, plan the diet yourself. There is no blanket reducing diet right for everyone and only your doctor can tell you the individual one suitable for your individual child.

There's a good psychological reason, too, for getting your doctor in on the diet. Your child is more likely to take it from him than from you and his help and authority can spare both of you much friction.

Make a casual procedure, not a grim discipline, of reducing. The Pennsylvania Department of Health suggests the game of "Lose-A-Pound-O" in which "you have to lose to win." A simple chart, marked in squares with "pounds"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

printed at the left and "months" at the bottom, enables the child to keep his own reducing graph and to "see the line go down" as his "good health goes up."

Wherever possible, avoid letting the child feel deprived. The less you must say "no more" or "that's enough!" or "don't," the better. For example, instead of having to forbid reaching for a second helping, give the child his meal on a blueplate—perhaps by himself, though be sure to sit with him, as it's dreary eating alone—with the definite understanding there will be no "seconds."

Don't put the dieting youngster through the continual misery of watching the rest of the family stow away foods he may not have. Encourage those who lunch out to eat most of their rich desserts in restaurants. Add unobviously to others' food rather than obviously subtract from the dieter's; for instance, put extra margarine or butter on their vegetables, have fat on their meats and enrich their salad dressings.

Provide occasional treats, albeit they are cooked with saccharine instead of sugar, "just for you."

If a child complains of "weak spells" when he is first dieting, supply between-meal sugar with fruit juices.

Bear in mind that it takes two to diet. People who are reducing always love to talk about their experience, and in this respect children are no different from adults. Be patient and encouraging when the youngster comes to you and hashes over the details of his abstinences and triumphs.

Finally, when you have attained your goal, don't let the child relapse into obesity. Even though he may have to watch his calories all his life, it's a small price to pay for good health and the comfortable sense that his shape is keeping down with the Jones's.

Chivalry Rides Again

A BRUSQUE young man dashed into an elevator, totally forgetting to remove his hat. One of the middle-aged ladies he jostled glared at him and remarked sarcastically, "Don't you take off your hat to ladies?"

"Only," replied the startled but fast-thinking youth, "to the old ones."

—ORVILLE E. REED

A DESCENDANT OF Sir Walter Raleigh turned up in Philadelphia the other day. Three girls were marooned on a curb after a violent cloudburst had left a deep puddle stretching between them and the trolley they wished to board. Two of the girls plunged through, ankle deep in water, but the third was still standing in despair when a sedan rolled to a stop in front of her.

With a flourish, the driver opened the rear door on her side, and then the one opposite. Catching the idea, the young lady stepped through the car onto the trolley. The ingenious gallant tipped his hat and drove away.

—EDMUND FULLER in *Thesaurus of Anecdotes* (Crown)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Taken from the files of R. DeWitt Miller, well-known authority on the mysterious, these tales are easier to forget than explain

Forgotten Mysteries

Many readers will welcome the return of R. DeWitt Miller's "Forgotten Mysteries," for many years a regular feature of Coronet. In his fifteen years of research into unexplained phenomena, Mr. Miller has accumulated a library of 5,000 volumes pertaining to mysterious occurrences. In every case, his stories are supported by impressive documentary evidence.

IN THE PAGES of the Report of the Smithsonian Institute's Bureau of Ethnology for 1883-4 there is a strange story by Dr. Washington Matthews, assistant surgeon U.S. A., who observed many Indian ceremonies while on military duty at Fort Wingate, New Mexico. It occurred at a Navajo ceremonial observed by Dr. Matthews at a place called Niqotlizi, twenty miles northwest of Fort Wingate. The date was October 28, 1884. Dr. Matthews states:

"The eleventh dance was the fire dance . . . Ten men, wearing loin cloths, entered (the ceremonial circle). Every man except the leader bore a long thick bundle of shredded cedar bark in each hand.

"When the bundles were all lighted at the ceremonial fire, the whole band began a wild race around the fire . . . Then they proceeded to apply the brands to their own nude bodies and the bodies of the comrades in front of them, no man ever turning around. At times a dancer struck his victim vigorous blows with his flaming wand; again he seized his flame as if it were a sponge, and keeping close to the one pursued, rubbed the back of the latter for several moments as if he were bathing him . . . When a dancer found no one in front of him, he proceeded to sponge his own back."

Immediately after the fire dance, Dr. Matthews examined several of the dancers. He found no sign that they had been burned. Having himself seen the flames applied to their bodies, he found it very difficult to explain.

THE NATURE of magnetic force is one of science's most obscure problems. It certainly does not simplify that problem to recall certain experiments made by the eminent physicist, Sir William Barrett. Knighted, Fellow of the Royal Society, Barrett occupied the chair of experimental physics at the Royal College of Science for Ireland.

His experiments, conducted in 1883, seem to prove that there are a few strangely gifted persons on this planet who can "see" magnetic force. The technique of his investigation was as follows:

He first constructed a perfectly

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

light-tight room. In this he concealed several magnets. He selected a number of persons whom he called "sensitives," each of whom spent some time in the chamber.

In practically every case they were able to locate the concealed magnets. Barrett took every conceivable precaution in hiding the magnets. He constantly changed their locations. Still the subjects found them.

To see magnetic force is to see something which science considers as invisible as gravitation. Barrett published a report of his experiments in the British journal, the *Philosophical Magazine*, April, 1883.

TO THE perennial tumult and shouting about sea serpents it might be well to add the following case from files of the British scientific journal, *Zoologist*, p. 2,356. Henry Lee, formerly of the Brighton (England) Aquarium, elaborates the case in his *Sea Monsters*, published in 1883.

"Captain the Hon. George Hope states that when in H.M.S. *Fly*, in the Gulf of California, the sea being perfectly calm, he saw at the bottom a large marine animal with the head and general figure of the alligator, except that *the neck was much longer, and that instead of legs the creature had four large flappers* . . . the creature was distinctly visible and all its movements could be observed with ease."

To anyone familiar with historical geology, it will be obvious that Captain Hope gave a description of the Ichthyosaurus, one of the great swimming reptiles, which was supposed to have become extinct at least 100,000,000 years ago. Yet the captain had never heard of historical geology. He merely recorded what he saw.

ALL THE PRECIOUS and irreplaceable manuscripts which held the key to the Mayan language were consigned to the flames on a sunny day in 1562 by the Spaniard, Diego de Landa. Yet more than three centuries later, archeologists discovered a few manuscripts which escaped Landa's consuming fire. Probably the most important of these manuscripts is the *Book of Chilam Balam* from Chumayel.

In 1930 the famous Mexican scholar and philologist, A. M. Bolio, completed a translation of part of this manuscript. It suggests that Mayan culture originated in the death throes of the lost continent of Atlantis, which tradition says sank beneath the Atlantic ocean:

"During the Eleventh Ahau Catoun it occurred . . . when the Earth began to waken. And a fiery rain fell, and ashes fell, and rocks and trees fell down. And their Great Serpent was ravished from the heavens. And then, in one watery blow, came the waters . . . the sky fell down and the dry land sank. And in a moment the great annihilation was finished.

"And the Great Mother Seiba rose amidst recollections of the destruction of the earth."

These his words are a strangely compelling comment on the age-old legend of vanished Atlantis.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Picture Story

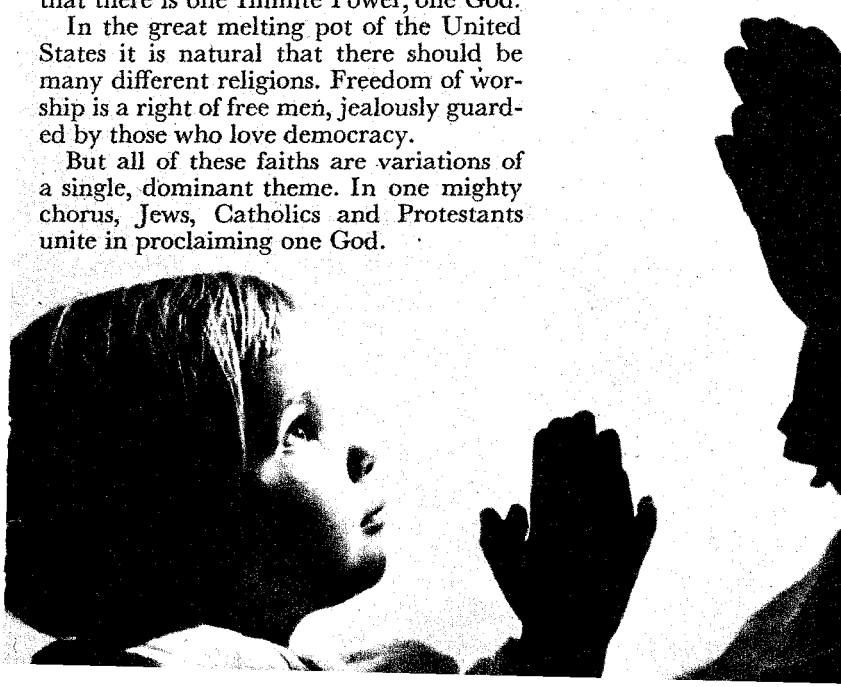
One God

The story of three religions simply told to help our children see how religion relates to their daily lives

FROM ANCIENT TIMES, men have felt the need to worship a higher Power. Primitive people, motivated by fear of all that they could not understand, worshiped many gods, each with a separate function. Then as men progressed intellectually and spiritually, as they reached a higher level of civilization, they came to understand that there is one Infinite Power, one God.

In the great melting pot of the United States it is natural that there should be many different religions. Freedom of worship is a right of free men, jealously guarded by those who love democracy.

But all of these faiths are variations of a single, dominant theme. In one mighty chorus, Jews, Catholics and Protestants unite in proclaiming one God.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

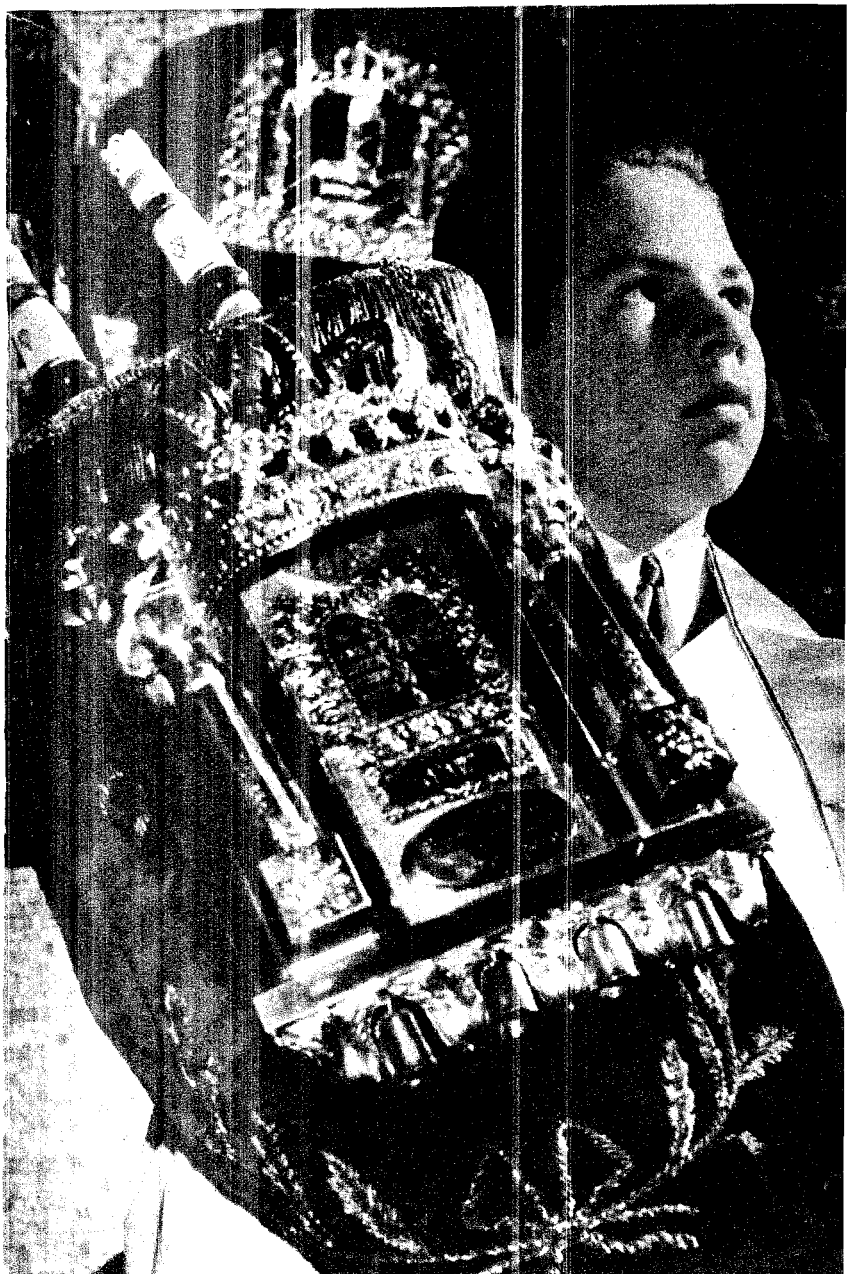
The Jewish Way

THE FIRST PEOPLE to understand that there is only one God were the Jews. Semites, they first lived in Palestine, then migrated to Egypt. They were led back to Palestine by their great teacher Moses, who gave them their laws and government. Their nation prospered until it was divided into two kingdoms: Israel and Judah. After a period of strife, they were conquered by the Romans and dispersed throughout the world. But always they clung to their laws and customs, and their own way of worshipping God.

The Jewish Sabbath begins on Friday evening. In a traditional Jewish home the children help set the table for the Sabbath meal, arrange the heavy candlesticks, the kiddush cup filled with wine, the two twisted loaves of Hallah, covered with a snowy embroidered cloth. Then the mother lights the candles and says a prayer, concluding: "May our home be consecrated, O God, by thy Light."

In the living room, the family sings a greeting to the Sabbath: "Welcome Sabbath Angels, Angels of Peace."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Torahs, the books of Moses, used in the Synagogue are alw

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At the table the father pronounces the Kiddush, the Sabbath Prayer. Then he pours off a small portion of wine for each member of the family. Everyone washes his hands and a blessing is said, before the meal is served. The father and mother tell the children about the history of their ancestors. When he is six years old and starts school, the Jewish child goes also to the Hebrew school. Here he learns to read and understand the Scriptures, learns about the Passover and other festivals.

On his thirteenth birthday, a boy becomes Bar Mitzvah, a Son of the commandment. He then becomes responsible for his own behavior. On that day the family goes proudly to the synagogue. This House of God is so built that the worshippers face east, toward Jerusalem. At the front of the room is the Sacred Ark where the scrolls of the Torah, containing the Five Books of Moses, are kept.

The Jewish New Year begins in the fall with Rosh Hashanah. According to the tradition, it is the day when God inscribes in the Book of Life His judgment upon the actions of each person, and when everyone should pass judgment on his own life.

Ten days of Penitence follow Rosh Ha-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

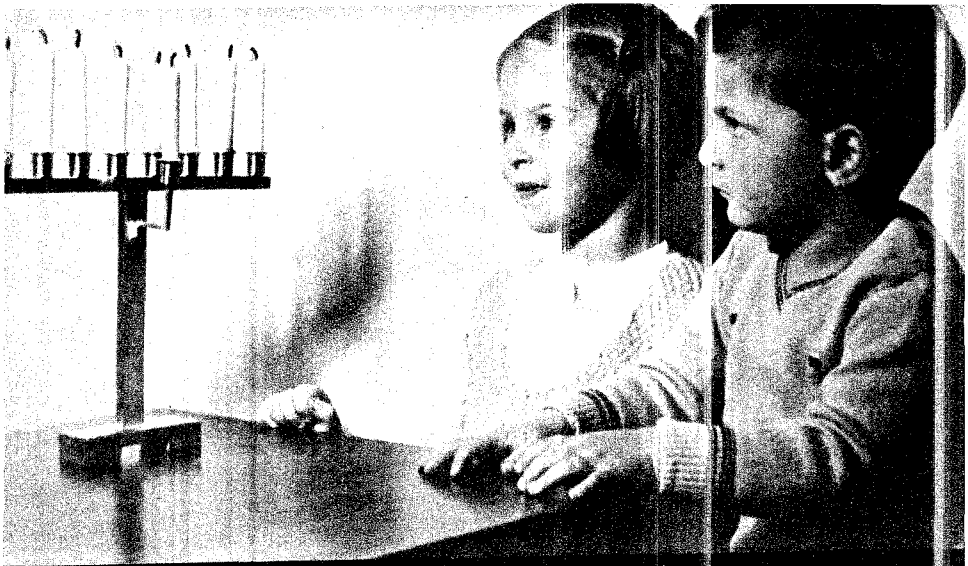
shanah, holy days of prayer and charity. The final day of this judgment period is Yom Kippur, a solemn day of fasting from sunset to sunset. The worshippers confess all wrongdoing of the year and ask forgiveness for themselves and for all their people. The older ones remain in the synagogue all day. The final service takes place toward sundown. One long loud blast of the shofar, or ram's horn, marks the end of the fast and the holy period. The congregation leaves, hoping God has heard their prayers of repentance and that they have been inscribed for life and happiness in the year to come.

Some Jews are not so strict in their observance of the laws and customs of their people. They are called Conservative Jews.

Reform Jews have adapted their ways to those which are more general in western countries. They call their places of worship temples, and families sit together. Men take off their hats as the Catholics and Protestants do. In the liturgy Hebrew is used but most of the prayers are in English as is the sermon.

Yet in spite of these differences all Jews are bound together by their belief in the one God and their pride in their long history.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The holiday children like best is Hanukah, the Festival of Lights. For eight days, at sunset, the children light the candles.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Catholic Way

THE CATHOLIC believes that the Church gives all that he needs for his religious life. From her he learns what he is to believe and how he should live to please God; he comes to know the traditions and correct forms of worship; his heart is satisfied through her sacraments; his will is trained by her discipline.

The Catholic Church teaches that baptism is necessary for the salvation of the soul, so parents plan for the baptism of a new-born baby within the first month of its life.

The baby is taken to the church by god-parents, chosen by the parents. They are there to promise to help the child grow into a strong Christian man or woman, if the parents should fail to help, or if they should die.

As soon as the child is old enough to notice what is around him he sees in his home a picture or image of Christ upon the cross, which is called a crucifix, and another of the gracious woman, whom he is taught to call Mary, the Blessed Mother of God. He comes to love them as members of his own family.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the school and in his home, the child is prepared to share in the supreme act of Catholic worship, the sacrifice of the Mass. There is never an hour when the Mass is not being offered on some altar, somewhere.

The Mass is the re-enacting of the Last Supper which Jesus ate with His disciples, when He gave them His body and blood as bread and wine, and then said, "Do this in commemoration of Me." In it Christ again offers Himself to God as a sacrifice for sin. The substance of the bread and wine is changed into the substance of the body and blood of Christ, so that he who receives the Holy Sacrament actually receives the Saviour Himself.

In preparation for his reception of the Sacrament of the Eucharist, Holy Communion, the child must first go to confession. He must receive the Sacrament of Penance that he may be free of sin.

The confessional occupies a prominent place in the church. It is a closet with a screened opening. The priest sits on one side, the penitent kneels on the other and tells the priest all he has on his conscience.

The priest counsels him, then raises his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hand with the words: "May our Lord Jesus Christ absolve thee."

The reception of Holy Communion is part of the Mass itself. The priest approaches the altar, preceded by an altar boy in black cassock, with white surplice. Before the altar he chants prayers of praise and confession and intones readings from the Bible.

The priest raises a chalice of wine and a little plate upon which rests a thin round wafer of bread, and prays. The prayer closes with the words of Jesus, "Take ye and eat ye all of this, for this is My Body," He receives the wafer, then drinks from the chalice.

Those who are to receive Holy Communion, come forward. The priest places the Consecrated Host, which to the Catholic is Jesus Christ Himself, upon the tongue of each, saying, "May the Body of our Lord Jesus Christ keep thy soul unto life everlasting."

Confirmation is the next sacrament which the Catholic child receives. In this, as the bishop lays his hand upon the head of the candidate he passes on to him the Holy Ghost who gives to the one who receives Him grace to become a "strong and perfect Christian" and "a soldier of Christ."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Protestant Way

PROTESTANT CHURCHES, like all others, teach that a parent's first responsibility is the training of his children.

When he is four or five years old, the Protestant child begins to go to the Church School, which is held on Sunday mornings before or after the worship service of the church. The child learns that God is near him, not just on Sunday and in the church, but every day. He learns the Lord's Prayer, the Beatitudes, the Golden Rule: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye also unto them."

He learns to read the Holy Bible—the sacred writings of the Jews which Christians call the Old Testament, and the stories of Christ and His followers which is called the New Testament.

When he attends the regular church services with his parents, he catches the spirit of worship. He joins in singing the Doxology: "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow," and the hymn of praise that every Protestant learns to love:

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

christening service. The minister dips hi
lays his hand on the child's head, calling
I baptize thee in the name of the Father . .

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!"

The congregation shares in reading from the Bible; often a psalm is read responsively. The minister offers prayers and one of these closes with the Lord's Prayer, in which everyone joins.

The sermon is more important in Protestant churches than in others. This is true because each person has greater freedom, more responsibility.

After the sermon, a prayer and another hymn, the minister pronounces the benediction, frequently the age old Jewish blessing, which ends:

"The Lord lift up His countenance
upon thee and give thee peace."

When young people join the Protestant church, they do so at a regular Sunday service. They come to the front of the room and those who have not already been baptized receive that sacrament. Following this they all promise to help the church by their attendance and support, by their way of living.

The new members receive the Communion for the first time. The table in front of the pulpit is set with plates of bread and cups of wine. The minister reads the story of Jesus'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

last supper, offers a prayer and breaks the bread. Then the deacons or elders pass first the bread and later the wine to the people in the pews, who bow in prayer as they receive them. They believe the service is a symbol of Christ's spiritual presence.

For many Protestant children, the church is a second home. There are group meetings of boys and girls, suppers and parties. There are summer conferences at camps where boys and girls work and play, study and worship together. They try to understand what it means to be a Christian, to learn the way of forgiveness and reconciliation, of service to others. Protestant churches have fewer festivals than either Jews or Catholics—most important of all are Christmas and Easter.

Protestant churches are many and varied. Protestants think that growth and progress come through independence and free initiative. At heart they are all one, the society of free individuals who have found God as their Father and are trying to live in the way that Jesus taught.

The Protestant churches of China recognized this when they said: "We agree to differ; we resolve to love; we unite to serve."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I'll Always Remember

Memorable experiences break the calm rhythm of every life. Such incidents will be published occasionally in Coronet

by OWEN CAMERON

WHEN YOU MADE as many stops in a year as I did, as a one-time country peddler, you had to have a system. I drew little maps in a notebook. On this one I had written: *H. Hedges (Mrs. home) No ch. New house.* That meant that I had talked to the wife only and that there were no children. I couldn't remember what I'd meant by writing the words "new house." But as soon as I saw the place it started coming back to me.

The farm buildings stood in a little V at the head of a draw. The roof of the new house was finished on only one side, and a man was up on top, laying newly rived shingles. It gave me a start to see that he was dressed in store clothes. People in that part of the country generally wear shirts and overalls.

When I hollered hello, he turned and looked at me—so surprised that I judged he must be deaf. He came down the ladder and I yelled, "Almost got it done, haven't you? Be the finest house in the county!" I kept remembering more about the place and the woman, and why I had written "new house" on my map. She hadn't been able to talk about anything else.

I hollered again, but he wasn't deaf at all. "I was here this spring, but you weren't home. Your wife and I had quite a chat. Pretty little black-haired woman, neat as a pin? Are you Mister Hedges?"

He was a chunky man, maybe forty, with a square, bony face that never changed expression as he nodded and said, "It makes her feel happy to measure for a window. She helps me hang the doors. She hands me shingles up to the roof."

I interrupted, laughing. "That must be pretty hard work for a little woman like her. Is she asleep?"

The lines of his face came together and squeezed out one tear. I gawked at him, puzzled.

"Standing right here," he said. "She is standing here and holding some shingles, and she says, 'Harry, I think I will faint'." Another tear rolled down his cheek. "When I get her to town, they say she is already gone."

"Gone?" That was all I could think of to say. His lips moved awkwardly, like a rock trying to talk.

"This morning. The funeral was."

That suit of clothes! I started to back away. I don't know what I said, but he just stood there looking at me. When I reached the car I glanced back. He was on the unfinished roof again. He lifted the hammer and I heard its exact one-two-three-four-*five*. He reached for another shingle and held it in place with his left hand. I stepped on the starter, not wanting to hear the hammer again.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Game Book

Portrait of a Murder

CHARLES VARNEY was found shot to death in the game room of the Briarcliff Men's Riding Club. No one saw his murderer. But *you*, with the aid of the color photograph of the murder scene above, and facts below, can name the guilty man. Chief suspect is John Bigelow, Varney's best friend. An avid chess fan, Bigelow often whiled away time at the chess board with Varney. Under suspicion also are two new members of the club, George Pettibone and Earl Todd. These men are partner dealers in precious stones and knew, as did Bigelow, that Varney was in possession of a very rare gem. Todd was observed riding at the club the day of the murder, but denies hav seen Varney. Todd and Pettibone have proved th r of them knows how to play chess. In the five clues left by the murderer, four enough to betray him. That's all you ne So who killed Charles Varney? Our an

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PATCHWORK *Menagerie*

THOUGH THIS scrapbag game is designed mostly for fun, it proves a dandy measuring stick for your material-mindedness. We've used eighteen weaves or fabrics in the scene above. How many can identify? Six is fair; more than nine is good. Answer on page 83.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

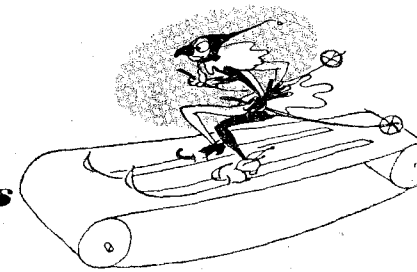
Thumbing a Ride

Come on along with us for a free, if only imaginary, trip through the following quiz in which twenty famous rides by twenty famous riders of fact and fiction take place. In each case the personality is named and three possible methods of transportation are suggested. You are asked to indicate the one vehicle actually used by the character mentioned. If you get twelve right, you've done well. Fifteen or more is very good. When you have finished, check your answers with those on page 83.

1. Cinderella went to the ball in a: (*a*) hansom (*b*) coach (*c*) surrey
2. Dagwood dashes to catch a: (*a*) bus (*b*) streetcar (*c*) train
3. The Joad family of *The Grapes of Wrath* went to California in a: (*a*) truck (*b*) boxcar (*c*) auto
4. Hess made his last trip from Germany to England in a: (*a*) sub (*b*) plane (*c*) speedboat
5. Captain Bligh of the *Bounty* was abandoned in a: (*a*) raft (*b*) sailboat (*c*) rowboat
6. Bellerophon rode through the air on Pegasus, which was a: (*a*) horse (*b*) swan (*c*) eagle
7. Don Quixote went his way on a: (*a*) horse (*b*) mule (*c*) camel
8. Earl Sande made his name riding a: (*a*) race horse (*b*) racing car (*c*) speedboat
9. Casey Jones made his trip to the Promised Land in a: (*a*) boat (*b*) stagecoach (*c*) locomotive
10. Hannibal's army crossed the Alps on: (*a*) elephants (*b*) mules (*c*) oxen
11. Niemöller, the anti-Nazi minister, gained early fame in a: (*a*) sub (*b*) racing car (*c*) plane
12. Lady Godiva's famous ride was on a: (*a*) mule (*b*) tiger (*c*) horse
13. Elijah departed this world on a: (*a*) horse (*b*) chariot (*c*) donkey
14. Charon of Greek mythology took the souls of the departed to Hades on a: (*a*) swan (*b*) chariot (*c*) ferryboat
15. The exploits of Jules Verne's hero, Capt. Nemo, took place on the *Nautilus*, which was a: (*a*) sub (*b*) balloon (*c*) tug
16. Ben Hur's famous race took place between: (*a*) coaches (*b*) chariots (*c*) galley boats
17. Barney Oldfield broke contemporary cross-country speed records in a: (*a*) locomotive (*b*) auto (*c*) covered wagon
18. Eddie Rickenbacker took the longest ride of his career in a: (*a*) jeep (*b*) raft (*c*) plane
19. Hugo Von Eckner made a trans-Atlantic trip from Germany to America in a: (*a*) sailboat (*b*) dirigible (*c*) hydro-plane
20. Father Hubbard, "The Glacier Priest," visits his flock by: (*a*) plane (*b*) dog sled (*c*) tractor

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Going Places



Below is a list of a hundred short, ordinary words and names. By correctly pairing them off, it is possible to get fifty geographical place-names, with no words left over. All the words in the second column form endings to the words in the first column to make geographical names. For example, the answer to Number 15 is *c*.COLORADO. In the same way, all the words in the fourth column form endings for the words in the third column. Each word can be used only once. As long as you have no words left over, you may score yourself correct on any right answers you give other than those we've listed. You get two points for each one right. Consider sixty a fair score, between seventy and eighty good, and over eighty, excellent. See how well you can do. You will find the answers listed on page 83.

1. AND	*a*. A	26. HE	*aa*. ARK
2. AT	*b*. ADA	27. HOBO	*bb*. BRIDES
3. BAG	*c*. ADO	28. HOLLY	*cc*. DAM
4. BANG	*d*. AGO	29. HUNTING	*dd*. DIES
5. BED	*e*. ANY	30. IDA	*ee*. FIELD
6. BESS	*f*. ARABIA	31. IN	*ff*. GATE
7. CAM	*g*. BANKS	32. JAMES	*gg*. HO
8. CAN	*h*. BRIDGE	33. LEAVEN	*hh*. HORN
9. CANTER	*i*. BURG	34. LIVER	*ii*. KEN
10. CAR	*j*. BURY	35. LUCK	*jj*. KING
11. CATS	*k*. CHOW	36. MAD	*kk*. LAND
12. CHAMP	*l*. DAD	37. MAR	*ll*. NEGRO
13. CHAT	*m*. FORD	38. MATTER	*mm*. NOW
14. CHIC	*n*. FORT	39. MONTE	*nn*. ONTO
15. COLOR	*o*. HAM	40. MY	*oo*. PA
16. CORN	*p*. HENS	41. NAN	*pp*. POOL
17. CUB	*q*. KILL	42. NEW	*qq*. RID
18. EVE	*r*. LAIN	43. NOR	*rr*. SAW
19. FAIR	*s*. LISLE	44. PALES	*ss*. SORE
20. FLAG	*t*. OR	45. PORT	*tt*. TINE
21. FRANK	*u*. OVER	46. ROTTER	*uu*. TON
22. GALES	*v*. REST	47. SPRING	*vv*. TOWN
23. GERM	*w*. STAFF	48. TAM	*ww*. WAY
24. HANG	*x*. WALL	49. TOR	*xx*. WOOD
25. HAY	*y*. WARD	50. WAR	*yy*. WORTH

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Who Started It?

When Quisling betrayed Norway, a new word was added to our language. "Quisling" is now synonymous with "traitor," but more specifically a "traitor" to one's country. Listed in the left-hand column are thirty such names (both real and imaginary) or adjectives derived from proper names. Can you match up these names with the descriptions in the right-hand column? Eighteen to twenty right is fair, twenty to twenty-five is good, and over twenty-five is very good. The answers are on page 83.

1. Beau Brummell
2. Boswell
3. Cinderella
4. Cerberus
5. Herculean
6. Griselda
7. John Hancock
8. Friday
9. Lothario
10. Gargantuan
11. Bluebeard
12. Frankenstein
13. Mona Lisa
14. Methuselah
15. Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde
16. Mother Hubbard
17. Machiavellian
18. Jezebel
19. Hoyle
20. Mrs. Grundy
21. Quixotic
22. Romeo
23. Pompadour
24. Solomon
25. Simon Legree
26. Platonic
27. Prince Albert
28. Nostradamus
29. Vandyke
30. Thespian

a. Impractical or idealistic
b. Powerful
c. A dandy
d. Biographer
e. Meek, patient woman
f. Signature
g. Lover
h. Faithful servant
i. Hair style
j. Very wise person
k. Slave driver
l. Beard
m. A gay libertine
n. Smile
o. Very old man
p. Household drudge
q. Shameless, immoral woman
r. Enormous
s. Wife killer
t. Full, loose gown for women
u. Politically crafty
v. Split personality
w. Book of card game rules
x. One who insists on propriety
y. Academic
z. Watchful guard
aa. Long, double-breasted coat
bb. Monster
cc. Dramatic
dd. Prophet

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Left, Right

Here is a quiz which will show you whether you really know right from left. The answer to each question is "right" or "left," though in a few cases it's "middle," so be on your guard. You get five points for each you're able to answer correctly. Sixty is a fair score, between sixty and eighty good and over eighty very good. Answers on opposite page.

1. Not for landlubbers: do you know what side starboard is as you face the bow (front) of a ship?
2. If you're a city slicker you may not know this, but when you milk a cow, on which side of her do you sit?
3. You've seen one often enough to know on which side of the wearer is the bow on a man's hat?
4. If your heart is in the right place, on which side is it?
5. The Statue of Liberty holds aloft her torch in which hand?
6. When you spill salt, you throw some over which shoulder for good luck?
7. Even though you've never been in the clutches of the law, you're aware that a policeman wears his badge on which side?
8. Of the three little monkeys who do no evil, which one *sees* no evil?
9. On which side do Army officers, on full dress occasions, wear their swords?
10. You should know on which side of his bride a groom stands, before the altar.
11. The odd-numbered pages of a book nearly always appear on which side?
12. The coin return box on a pay telephone is on which side?
13. On a United States map, you'll see that Alabama, Mississippi and Georgia appear in a row. Where is Alabama?
14. The buffalo on a buffalo nickel faces which way?
15. Of course you know that both of Venus de Milo's arms are missing, but do you know which one is entirely missing?
16. In your happiness at seeing him home, you may not notice on which side your serviceman wears his campaign ribbons.
17. When you mount a horse, you usually do it from which side?
18. Any baseball fan knows that "southpaw" refers to a player's being right or left handed. Which is it?
19. Hark back to your childhood days, for we're asking you to tell where the baker was in the nursery rhyme about three men in a tub.
20. On which side of the cab does a locomotive engineer sit?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Answers

Portrait of a Murder

The murderer: Earl Todd. The five clues: position of chessmen indicates that board was a setup—no game was being played; three jeweler's items (tweezers, eyeglass and stone paper); the riding crop.

Going Places

1.	*u.*	ANDOVER	26.	*bb.*	HEBRIDES
2.	*p.*	ATHENS	27.	*ii.*	HOBOKEN
3.	*l.*	BAGDAD	28.	*xx.*	HOLLYWOOD
4.	*t.*	BANGOR	29.	*uu.*	HUNTINGTON
5.	*m.*	BEDFORD	30.	*gg.*	IDAHO
6.	*f.*	BESSARABIA	31.	*dd.*	INDIES
7.	*h.*	CAMBRIDGE	32.	*vv.*	JAMESTOWN
8.	*b.*	CANADA	33.	*yy.*	LEAVENWORTH
9.	*j.*	CANTERBURY	34.	*pp.*	LIVERPOOL
10.	*s.*	CARLISLE	35.	*mm.*	LUCKNOW
11.	*q.*	CATSKILL	36	*qq.*	MADRID
12.	*r.*	CHAMPLAIN	37.	*ff.*	MARGATE
13.	*o.*	CHATHAM	38.	*hh.*	MATTERHORN
14.	*d.*	CHICAGO	39.	*ll.*	MONTENEGRO
15.	*c.*	COLORADO	40.	*ss.*	MYSORE
16	*x.*	CORNWALL	41.	*jj.*	NANKING
17.	*a.*	CUBA	42.	*aa.*	NEWARK
18.	*v.*	EVEREST	43.	*ww.*	NORWAY
19.	*g.*	FAIRBANKS	44.	*tt.*	PALESTINE
20.	*w.*	FLAGSTAFF	45.	*kk.*	PORTLAND
21.	*n.*	FRANKFORT	46.	*cc.*	ROTTERDAM
22.	*i.*	GALESBURG	47.	*ee.*	SPRINGFIELD
23.	*e.*	GERMANY	48.	*oo.*	TAMPA
24.	*k.*	HANGCHOW	49.	*nn.*	TORONTO
25.	*y.*	HAYWARD	50.	*rr.*	WARSAW

Who Started It?

1.	*c*	16.	*t*
2.	*d*	17.	*u*
3.	*p*	18.	*q*
4.	*z*	19.	*w*
5.	*b*	20.	*x*
6.	*e*	21.	*a*
7.	*f*	22.	*g*
8.	*h*	23.	*i*
9.	*m*	24.	*j*
10.	*r*	25.	*k*
11.	*s*	26.	*y*
12.	*bb*	27.	*aa*
13.	*n*	28.	*dd*
14.	*o*	29.	*l*
15.	*v*	30.	*cc*

Thumbing a Ride

1. (*b*) coach
2. (*a*) bus
3. (*a*) truck
4. (*b*) plane
5. (*c*) rowboat
6. (*a*) horse
7. (*a*) horse
8. (*a*) race horse
9. (*c*) locomotive
10. (*a*) elephants
11. (*a*) sub
12. (*c*) horse
13. (*b*) chariot
14. (*c*) ferryboat
15. (*a*) sub
16. (*b*) chariots
17. (*b*) auto
18. (*b*) raft
19. (*b*) dirigible
20. (*a*) plane

Patchwork Menagerie

1. moire—parrot
2. pin-stripe—elephant
3. waffle-weave pique—elephant's eyes and toes
4. basket-weave—monkey
5. faille—grass
6. shepherd check—top step
7. broken check—bottom step
8. rough crepe—drum
9. linen—giraffe
10. velvet—monkey
11. fleece—yellow bird
12. herringbone—yellow bird's tail
13. corduroy—bear
14. caracul cloth—black scotty
15. scotch plaid—black scotty's jacket
16. terry cloth—white scotty
17. grosgrain—bars
18. buckrum—clouds

Left, Right

1. right
2. right
3. left
4. left
5. right
6. left
7. left
8. middle
9. left
10. right
11. right
12. left
13. middle
14. left
15. left
16. left
17. left
18. left
19. middle
20. right

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Before you toy with stocks, see how you stand with the 5% on capital and know-how

Only 5% Win on Wall Street

by DON CARLE GILLETTE

THOUGH THE Democrats have blamed it on the Republicans, labor has accused capital, and fifty-seven varieties of theorists have conceived as many fancy explanations for it, the 1929 stock market crash which wiped out the life savings of millions of hard-working Americans has a very simple explanation:

A stock may be worth only $10 a share on the basis of the corporation's assets, earning capacity, dividend payments and visible prospects. But in a national boom cycle when millions are bidding against each other for stocks, or by the spreading of "tips" that this particular corporation has "big things" under way, such as a new product, expansion of operations, merger with a competitor, or some other deal that will mean higher profits, the price of the stock can be skyrocketed from $10 to $100 or more —far beyond its intrinsic value. Inflated prices, however, cannot be maintained for long. Eventually it becomes known that the "big things" were just a rumor.

Then comes the all-around rush to sell. Down go stocks, toppled like a flower too heavy for the stem.

So it happened in 1929. And it can happen again despite the creation, since that time, of the Securities and Exchange Commission and various new rules of conduct set up by the stock exchanges. Proof that this is realized by the powers in Washington may be found in their continual efforts, especially during the past few months, to find new controls for heading off the speculative spree that is expected to accompany any post-war boom.

Three of the most important rules put into effect since the SEC came into being are:

(1) *Margin requirements*, which used to be as low as 10%, are now 50%. In the Twenties, if you wanted to trade in stocks, you could buy $10,000 worth of securities (or 100 shares of a $100 stock) by putting up just $1,000 as margin, similar to a deposit on account.

Obviously a speculator playing on 10% margin could be wiped out more easily than one who is 50% margined—especially in the boiling Twenties when 10-point moves often occurred in a single day. But the public today has so much more money to play with, and the present level of prices still seems so reasonable in relation to peaks reached in the past, that there could be as much speculation under 50% margin requirements as there was in the Twenties under 10% margin.

(2) *Deals by insiders*, including both purchases and sales of a corporation's stock by its officers and directors, must now be reported to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the SEC, which in turn makes the information public. In the old days, the general public had no way of knowing what the insiders were doing in the way of buying or selling their stock. The insiders, however, are still in a position to act *first.* When they report their deals, they already have bought or sold.

(3) *Short selling* has been made more difficult by requiring speculators to designate their short sales and by other restrictions. A "short sale" is one in which the seller does not have the stock but sells with the intention of buying it later at a lower price.

WITHOUT minimizing the desirability of these various regulations for protection of the public enacted under the SEC regime, the plain truth is that nobody can concoct a rule to control speculative emotion.

Except for a few professional traders and the old-line investing fraternity, participants in the Wall Street sweepstakes are creatures of impulse, mood, over-enthusiasm and similar enemies of calm judgment. When stocks are going their way, optimism and enthusiasm are apt to run rampant. When the tide turns against them, fear and panic quickly take hold. In either case, the average speculator cannot exert the cold reasoning and objective judgment so essential to successful trading in stocks.

The saddest thing about the rank and file of stock market speculators is the unsound premise that leads them into Wall Street: a chance, as they see it, to get something for nothing. Simple logic ought to tell them that there is no such thing as a place of exchange where everybody can get something for nothing. Practically speaking, for every speculator who makes a profit of $100 on a stock, somebody must lose $100—plus commissions and taxes. The continual up and down movements, with daily transactions well up in the thousands, must entail an equal amount of losses and gains.

But despite this obvious fact, few speculators ever give it a thought. Or if they do, their attitude is that they can outsmart the other fellow and make *him* take the loss!

Not even the smartest of the big operators in the wide-open days had any foolproof system for beating Wall Street.

Jesse L. Livermore, the most colorful of all speculators, who started on a shoestring and made several million-dollar fortunes in the stock and commodity markets, went broke several times and wound up by taking his own life. And William C. Durant, the industrial wizard who organized General Motors, was one of Wall Street's biggest and most successful operators up to the crash.

In 1928-29, the entire market got out of the control of the big operators and into the hands of a profit-drunk public who neither studied nor cared anything about values and saw only the sky as the limit for stock prices. This difficulty of analyzing and controlling mass psychology is one of the big hazards of stock speculation in a boom period. No matter how right you may be in your appraisal of a stock, if you are outweighed by the number holding opposite views you must bow to the heaviest pressure. That's why even the best informed stock appraisers can be wrong, not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on the intrinsic values of stocks but on their movements.

Persons who play the stock market fall into three fairly well defined classes, namely:

(1) The 5 per cent who consistently make money.

(2) The 30 per cent who just about break even.

(3) The 65 per cent who lose all the time.

These percentages are a national cross-section, checked in a score of cities and found to be in general agreement, though the figures may vary among individual brokerage offices.

FIRST, the case of the lucky 5 per cent. Luck, as a matter of fact, has little to do with it. These are the men and women who, as a rule, have substantial funds to work with (at least $100,000 if they want to average $10,000 to $20,000 a year profit); who seldom buy more stocks than they can pay for outright if necessary—in other words, rarely trade on margin. They make it their business, before buying, to know everything about a stock, including its assets, record of earnings, dividend record, integrity and alertness of management, competitive position and long-range prospects. They hold their shares for long pulls, such as the seasonal cycles that occur annually in many fields or the general business cycles that run anywhere from six months to two or three years, instead of jumping in and out of the market all the time in an effort to scalp small profits.

These are the men who are able to determine quite accurately when a cycle is about to get under way by studying such statistical indices as volume of carloadings, steel ingot production and bank clearances. These are the men who have the temperamental stability and patience to withstand periodical shakeouts caused by a temporarily overbought market. These are the men who can ride with unforeseen developments like new tax bills, wars, restrictive legislation, introduction of competitive products, smaller earnings for a limited time, political fears over a new administration, or any one of dozens of unpredictable occurrences that can upset the market for a day, a week, or longer—but not permanently.

After a rise of 20 per cent or thereabouts (unless they see a long major swing ahead or have bought a stock whose individual prospects remain very bright), the investors in the 5% group are satisfied to take their profits and retire to the sidelines to await the next favorable buying opportunity. Even if that opportunity does not come around again for a year or longer, the smart trader does not get impatient. He reasons that 20 per cent on his money every year or so is a very satisfactory return, and he does not suffer from the small speculator's itch to get rich or his desire to be in the market all the time.

The frequency of good buying opportunities is illustrated by the case of a representative stock like General Motors. In the 1935-39 period, GM had a rise of more than 300% (from 25¼ to 77). Any long-term investor who bought it even as high as 30 and sold it anywhere above 60 would have at least doubled his money. His annual profit for those years also

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would have been better than 25%. With this profit he could afford to retire to the sidelines for a while and wait for GM to come back on the bargain counter. In the 1939-43 period, GM dropped to 28⅝ and rose again to 56¾, and since then it has gone as high as 68 (to this writing), thus providing another 100% profit opportunity and another annual appreciation of more than 20%.

That's the 5 per cent group.

THE 30% GROUP, embracing traders whose annual profits and losses just about balance, is made up chiefly of businessmen with moderate capital. They make some effort to familiarize themselves with stock values and prospects, by studying charts, subscribing to market letters, and keeping abreast of the news in general. But they usually are licked by a combination of over-optimism, margin trading, poor selection of stocks, and being too busy with their regular jobs to have the necessary time and perspective for successful stock trading.

A typical case is Joe Smith. Joe doesn't have a lot of money in the bank, so he buys his stock on margin. He picked a low-priced issue on the theory that it can multiply in value more easily. But things don't work out as visioned. The stock that was "tipped" for a big rise makes only a small spurt, then slides back. For days, even weeks, it moves up a quarter or half a point one day, and drops as much or more the next day. Soon Joe's margin is below requirements and he is asked to put up more. If he has it, he puts up. He doesn't like to admit he used bad judgment in buying the stock. So he hangs on, hoping, fretting. One day his broker calls up with the bad news that the market has sold off sharply and his account needs more margin.

Fed up, Joe sells out, takes his loss of a few hundred dollars or more, and is cured of the stock market—for a while.

His only hope to compete with the 5% would have been to adopt the same system on a smaller scale. If he had only $5,000 working capital, he should have bought only $2,500 to $5,000 worth of stock and kept some money in reserve for unexpected setbacks in the market that provide good buying opportunities.

And now we come to the predominant 65% group, the poor suckers who are always putting money in and never taking any out.

These are the speculators who play tips and hunches for a quick ride instead of investing in equities of merit. They usually have limited capital, from $500 to $2,000, and buy as much as they can on margin. So they are always at the mercy of the unforeseen developments such as bad news about latest earnings, strikes, or any of the several other items already mentioned, which periodically upset the market for a little while and cause a lot of frightened traders to sell.

Somebody circulates a rumor that Consolidated Union is going to have a run-up, and without knowing or even caring whether "CU" is a railroad, steel mill or pretzel factory, the amateur speculator scrambles to buy as much as he can carry on margin. He is never moved by conservatism or caution to keep some funds in re-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

serve, just in case. Somehow, he always has the notion that a stock will start advancing the minute after he buys it.

Then the tragic fun often begins. After spurting just enough to tease the suckers—and maybe attract a few more—the stock starts going down. Except when caused by an official statement or some development that gets into the news, it is seldom known immediately why a stock starts going down or up. It could be a piece of unfavorable news affecting the company, large volume of sales by insiders, sudden drying up of buying orders, or just the simple coincidence of more sellers than buyers. Anyway, the apprehensive neophyte belatedly begins to investigate what he bought, and the suspicion that he may have been wrong gradually creeps up on him.

After being kept nervously on edge for a few days, he sells at a loss. Next day, almost invariably, the stock turns around and starts moving up again! This is very exasperating. It stings the dizzy trader for a while, or gives him a temporary sick feeling in the stomach, but he soon consoles himself by reasoning that he was right in the first place and should have stayed with it. So he buys again, and the routine repeats itself, with variations, all winding up in red ink.

Today, with radio and other facilities for arousing mass enthusiasm so greatly expanded, the speculating germ can be spread far more widely once the post-war boom gets under way. The best safeguard against that is a better informed public, especially the vast new crop of traders who now fill the brokerage offices and to whom the 1929 crash is little more than a fable with a moral—but for the other fellow.

So long as human nature is what it is, there will be the urge to speculate. The encouragement of more sensible investment instead of wild gambling, however, is the way to bring about a better stabilized market, put the brakes on runaway booms and prevent those big Wall Street collapses that result in lost shirts, foreclosed mortgages and the pawnshop blues.

Helpmates

FOR HOURS the businessman had tossed sleeplessly. "Why can't you go to sleep?" asked his wife.

"You expect me to sleep," he groaned, "when my note to Smith for 5,000 dollars comes due tomorrow and I only have 2,000 dollars to meet it."

Faithfully and lovingly the wife turned the matter over in her mind. Then she spoke soothingly. "I'll tell you what I'd do, dear. I'd go over to Mr. Smith's house and tell him. Then I'd come home and go to sleep. Let Mr. Smith stay awake!"

THE BRIDE of a few days noticed her husband was depressed. "Gerald, dearest," she said, "I know something is troubling you. What is it? Your worries are *our* worries now."

"Very well then," he said, "we've just had a letter from a girl in New York who is suing us for breach of promise." —PHILIP C. BEATON

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He has to be one of them and preach by deeds, not words, before they call him "Padre"

Chaplains Also Serve

by SIDNEY CARROLL

ONE OF THE best testaments to bravery I ever heard was said about a Chaplain. A Navy Lieutenant was the one who said it. The Lieutenant had been with the Chaplain in the invasion of Attu, and since the Lieutenant had been through four amphibious landings himself, his words carried an extra impact. "Only one thing I can tell you about him. When we landed on the beach, if you were to lie flat on your stomach on the same spot where that crazy son-of-a-gun was standing up straight, you'd be one heck of a brave guy."

The main thing to remember about Chaplains in this war is the fact that so many of them are front line officers. In the last war there were a few who got to where the fighting was going on, but they were rare birds. This war is full of stories of Chaplains who die with their men, on ships, on islands, in the hills—foot-slogging or beach-landing, but always up there in front.

But another thing to remember about any Chaplain in this war is the fact that he is just another man in a uniform. That is another way of saying that the Chaplain's standing in the military community depends wholly upon the Chaplain himself. It is a question of personality, not position. After a little while up front, the Chaplain discovers that he cannot find sanctuary in his insigne.

When a Chaplain arrives at a station he is always treated, at first, with a great deal of deference. That is because of the sign he wears on his collar, whether it be the Cross or the Ten Commandments. The religious insignia always intimidate the men, at first. But as the days go by and the shine on the insignia begins to wear off, the Chaplain finds his place among the men according to his just desserts. The thing we call deference will disappear. In its place will come an attitude that depends wholly on the behavior of the Chaplain himself, as a man among men. It will be indifference, or dislike, or a genuine affection. It is a well-known fact that if the men start calling him "Padre" he is definitely one of the boys. But if he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

insists on acting the aloof role of a Man of God, he will be treated with aloofness. The most effective Chaplains, the men who do God's chores most efficiently, are the Padres.

I knew a Padre once who was one of the best. We were on a ship together, and aside from the fact that he was the one man on board who never did any swearing, you could never have picked him out as the ship's Chaplain. He was that much a part of every phase of the life that went on aboard that ship. I remember him best for a thing he said one night at the mess table.

We were just three days away from battle, and several men on board were suffering from that particular brand of the fidgets which affects certain men just before the fireworks start. They become hypersensitive. The Chaplain and one of the Ensigns on board and I were having coffee in the wardroom. Suddenly the Chaplain said something which, to my own ears, was completely harmless and innocent. I am sure the Padre meant it that way. But it seemed to hit the Ensign in some vulnerable spot. He grew red. He turned to the Chaplain and said, very slowly, "Chappy, the only reason certain people on this ship don't take a poke at you is because you happen to wear a cross on your collar."

It was violent and unexpected, and certainly unprovoked. I could see the Chaplain was as shocked as I was. He was much smaller than the Ensign, but as soon as the Ensign had delivered his ultimatum, the Chaplain got a look in his eye. I expected to see a sudden breach of the rules and a lot of fists flying.

But the Padre fooled both of us. He merely sat there and looked up at the Ensign and replied, just as quietly, "No, son. That isn't the only reason. There's another one. Certain people on this ship know that if they ever took a poke at me they'd get poked right back."

That did it. The Ensign sat down and apologized.

I tell this story not merely to repeat the Chaplain's retort—which was a good one for a fast one, all things considered. I tell it because there seems to be a notion prevalent back home that a Chaplain is always a man apart from the men. Such is never the case with a good Chaplain. He will live as close to the men as he can. He knows, from the way they run the Chaplain business in this war, that he may die with them. Of course there are some who are perpetually, so to speak, in the pulpit. These never have any deep effect on the flocks they tend. The good ones are the ones who have so integrated themselves into the lives of their men that any one of the men may feel perfectly free to offer to punch the Padre in the nose. And the Padre will offer to punch right back.

But my favorite Padre story is one that was told by a Chaplain who made the landing at Tarawa.

It is a tale that has a great deal to do with courage and fear, and the line that divides them, though these are only incidental to the main point. The matter under discussion is the question of how the men feel about their Chaplains. I shall have to tell the story in the Chaplain's own words, or as close to them as I can remember this long time after:

"I was in one of the landing

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Post-war shopping at the grocer's may be just a matter of punching a table which operates like your dial telephone

With a Dial

by LAWRENCE N. GALTON

NOT LONG AGO, engineers set to work to build a bowler's dream gadget. They wanted an automatic bowling machine that would make pin-ball boys a thing of the past. Roll a ball down the alley, knock over a few pins, and the machine would automatically check those left standing, show them in lights, pick them up, sweep the deadwood off, bring the standees down again. They wanted a machine that couldn't be fooled either. Gutter your first ball, knock every pin down on the second, and the machine would register a spare, not a strike.

Sound incredible? With the help of electro-magnetic devices—the heart of the dial telephone system—engineers have already perfected the machine. You'll have that automatic bowling machine after the war and, along with it, scores of other amazing gadgets—practically all stemming from one of the most extraordinary devices of all time.

The story of the dial telephone—what it has already meant and what it will mean in innumerable ways in the future—is one of the most intriguing ever to go unnoticed by the general public.

To begin with, the dial system was invented by, of all people, an undertaker. His name was Almon B. Strowger, he lived in Kansas City, and, like many others back in the Eighties, on the score of telephone service, he was full of expletives. One day in 1888, Strowger learned that, because "central" had mistakenly reported his telephone "busy" to a hurried customer, he had lost an order. It was the last straw.

No technical man, the little undertaker nevertheless began to experiment. In 1889, to the delighted scorn of everybody who heard about it, he got a patent and, with another telephone neophyte—Joseph Harris, an ambitious young Chicago clothing salesman—Strowger determinedly formed a company in LaPorte, Indiana. Slowly the system took hold.

One advantage was its ability to overcome language difficulties. In Manila, for example, under the old system, whenever an operator plugged in on a subscriber's call, she was likely to get a number thrown at her in any European language, or in Chinese, Japanese, Hindustani or Lascar dialects. Result: more often than not, wrong numbers for the subscribers. With the automatic equipment, the difficulty was overcome.

So the system was early installed in London, Berlin and other cosmopolitan cities throughout the world. Then came the first World War, operator shortages, need for better service—and the system was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

boats going in to that reef. You know what Tarawa was. We could see the first waves of boats ramming into the reef, and the men pouring out and trying to wade into shore and getting machine-gunned and sniped at until the whole ocean was red. It was the most horrible thing I'd ever seen—and it was my first invasion.

"If I tell you I was scared—I'm only using words. I was scared and trembling. I could hardly stand up in that boat. It would be our turn any minute.

"There must have been thirty men in our boat. I looked around at them. They were youngsters, of course, compared to me. Kids. They were grim and silent, just keeping their eyes on that mess straight ahead. Waiting. All of us were waiting for the moment when we'd be part of it, and all the time we were getting closer and closer. I couldn't feel myself breathing any more. My first invasion!

"When I could take my eyes off the stuff up ahead, I looked around at the Marines in the boat with me. If ever I wanted anything in my life, I wanted some of their courage. But I just kept on being sick to my stomach, and ashamed of myself. If I could only have a little of the thing that made those kids just stand there and look, and wait—without a sign of fear on their faces! And I was getting worse every minute because we were getting closer.

"And then one of those kids turned around and looked at me. He had pink fuzzy cheeks. He couldn't have been more than nineteen. The kid looked at me and then he broke out into a big grin. I knew I was the picture of fear. Then the kid looked around at the other men in the boat. And you know what he said? He yelled out, 'Well, guys, if our Padre can take it—I guess we can! Let's go!'

"And then we got ready to jump and I wasn't really frightened any more."

Bearding the Lion

ROBERT ST. JOHN, the author, was standing in the lobby of the NBC studios in Chicago's Merchandise Mart, where his luxuriant beard attracted considerable attention. A woman visitor asked a page the identity of the owner of the hirsute splendor. "That's St. John," she was told.

"Um-m," mused the visitor, turning again to the beard. "Here for the Baptist Convention, I presume." —*Quote*

REX STOUT, bewhiskered creator of Nero Wolfe, was a passenger aboard a crowded bus. An aggressive little man battled his way to Stout's side, and, unable to reach a handle, forthwith clutched the author's beard in a grip of iron. Stout spluttered indignantly for a full block. Then, in an icy tone, he demanded, "Will you kindly take your paws away from my beard?"

" 'Smatter, mister?" said the little man. "Getting off?" —BENNETT CERF

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

adopted widely in the United States.

Today, of the almost 50,000,000 telephones in the world, over half are automatic. And, as few know, an astonishingly large percentage of these are made or licensed by Automatic Electric Co. of Chicago, the little-publicized company founded by Strowger, which at present is one of the world's leading telephone manufacturers.

Few know, too, the wonderland that is today's dial telephone system. Lift your receiver and you flash an electric current to the telephone office where instantly a complicated device jumps to attention and, like a human operator, says to you "Number, please?" using, instead of words, that familiar sound, the dial tone.

Now you dial your first number —for example, let's say a four. Listen, as you take your finger out of the hole, and the dial clicks four times as it swings back to rest position. Those four clicks send four electrical impulses over the line to a switch in the central office. It's a wonderful switch—built like an apartment house. When the four impulses come in, a little "messenger" carrying the wire from your telephone hops aboard an elevator on the switch and rides up four floors.

Now you dial your second digit, let's say a five. Out jumps the messenger on the fourth floor, rushes over to the fifth door on the floor. That leads him to another switch and another elevator, and when you dial your third digit, he hops on the second elevator and goes for another ride.

The process goes on until you've finished dialing. After you've dialed the complete number of the party you want, the little messenger stands, with your telephone wire in his hand, before the door where he'll find the wire of the other party's phone.

Now it wouldn't do to intrude on another conversation. So first he looks around. Is the line clear? If not, you get a busy signal. If yes, then he starts ringing your party's bell.

BUT THAT'S only the beginning. Everything that an operator can do, the automatic equipment does —and more besides.

Take the ringing, for instance: it's not only automatic but intermittent. Not only does it mean that you don't have to crank a handle or press a button to keep ringing your party, but it also means that your party will rush to answer, since he knows that until he does or until you get tired of waiting, his phone will ring persistently every few seconds.

Then there's revertive ringing tone. When you dial a number, you hear—or think you hear—the other party's phone ringing. It's just a sound effect, but a carefully contrived one. Normally, after dialing, you'd hear nothing until the "hello." To avoid that, you're automatically cut into a circuit which is constantly giving out with a ringing tone. As soon as your party answers, the tone is taken from your line. It's a psychological device: a caller waiting at the end of a dead line would get fed up in ten or fifteen seconds, but if he thinks he hears ringing, he hangs on twice as long.

Meanwhile, special metering cir-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cuits and devices work with more accuracy than the human brain. They invariably charge you for a call only when the called party answers. They make certain that information and other no-charge calls cost you nothing.

After the war, there will be a new wrinkle—toll ticketing. It'll enable you to dial even long distance without an operator. The toll ticketing system will not only set up your call, but time it, record the numbers of calling and called parties, compute the charges, and send the ticket to the accounting department without human aid anywhere along the way. It's already been done in a trial installation on the West Coast.

LOOK AT a dial switchboard in a telephone office, and you'll be astounded at the complexity of the intricate arrangement of hundreds of switches, thousands of relays, miles of wire. Here's equipment that comes close to being as complicated as the human body itself. There's almost nothing in the way of remote control that can't be accomplished in the automatic telephone system with the proper arrangement of switches and relays. And the same is true when these ingenious devices come out of the telephone system to become the eyes, ears, brains, arms and legs of other amazing devices.

Take the flight recorder. Miles up in the stratosphere a test pilot is nosing out the kinks in a new plane. Once the test pilot could be a casual glamour boy, risking his life to answer just one question: does the ship fly? But today it costs thousands of dollars to lift a ship off the ground. It's full of new gadgets and new designs. And the pilot has to get hundreds of answers.

What happens at a dozen points in the engine at 495 miles per hour? What stresses and strains are taking place in wing and tail surfaces in a power dive? How is the strut doing? Not only does the pilot have to get every bit of data, but he must get it at precisely the right split second.

Complex job for a hydra-headed superman? It would be but for telephone gadgets in a miraculous automatic recorder that constantly takes the pulse of the ship at a hundred points. To get his test data, the pilot just presses a button. What's more, he doesn't have to worry about his safety. Automatic alarms in the recorder flash him warnings. If a cylinder head, for instance, attains dangerously high temperatures, a visual signal flashes the caution.

There's no end to the wonders coming out of the dial system.

Just before the war, a group of youngsters gathered in a test classroom. They were going to learn to read in a new way. On a screen in front of them, words were projected. The instructor moved about the classroom from youngster to youngster, trailing along with him a wire and dial. As he moved about, he twirled the dial to increase or decrease the rate at which words moved across the screen.

Thus, as youngsters' eyes were forced to progress from word to word, learning was markedly speeded up.

Another test took place in a shorthand classroom. With the screen, a speed in shorthand normally requiring six months to develop

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was accomplished in only six weeks.

Ready for use after the war is another device that will mean healthier babies and mothers with fewer worries. It's a formula compounder. The doctor's prescription, transcribed onto a punched card, goes into a hopper. Daily the card is pulled, sent through a machine where the perforations, thanks to telephone relays and switches, are translated into the exact combination and quantity of a dozen or more ingredients. The youngster's daily quota of bottles is sterilized, filled, capped and rushed from the formula factory to the home. The compounder was all set for operation in Boston before the war interrupted.

If the things that dial telephone equipment can do seem incredible to you as a layman, they're just as incredible to scientists. They've come to look upon this brain child of an irate little undertaker as a never-ending problem solver. And if it has come a long way already, it seems destined to go much farther.

Very recently a group of engineers devised a new combination from the dial system and came up with another little gadget. It amounts to an automatic grocery store. All it does is let madame sit down in front of a show case, select her items, punch a tape and take it to the cashier's desk.

There the tape goes through a machine and, while figuring the bill automatically, it starts cans dropping in the same way on a conveyor belt in the stockroom. By the time madame has paid her bill, the basket is beside her.

After that, anything's possible!

Heat Waves

TWO ELDERLY BOSTON ladies, visiting California, found themselves in the Sather Gate Book Store in Berkeley on one of those days when the thermometer was registering 98 degrees. They were fanning themselves vigorously between indignant gasps. "I declare!" exclaimed one. "I have never seen such unseasonable heat. It is *never* like this in Boston."

"Of course not, my dear," her sister pointed out. "After all, we are three thousand miles from the ocean!" —WILLIAM STEPHENS

WASHINGTON witnessed a memorable court trial last summer. During a heat wave which sent the capital's temperatures soaring to 98 and 100 on downtown streets, a sweltering traffic cop had been admonishing jay-walkers for two hours. Finally, exasperated beyond endurance, he decided to make an example of the next person who crossed against the light. Of the thousands of citizens crossing 13th and F streets the officer picked precisely the wrong man.

In court the next day the defendant said that he came from Little Rock, Arkansas. "When the heat becomes too intense down there," he explained, "we pedestrians walk up as close as possible to passing cars and buses to get the breeze!" —LEO FINNEGAN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If animals spoke our language they could end for all time that barber shop ballad, *Show Me the Way to Go Home*

Nature's NAVIGATORS

by JIM KJELGAARD

A FEW MONTHS AGO I moved to a new house, some six miles away from the old one. Later, after my new home was in order, I returned for my cocker spaniel.

During the three years I'd owned him, I had been extremely busy and had had little time for the dog. My sister-in-law, however, who had remained in the old house, had made such a fuss over him that he had become her pet.

The cocker was moved at night—on the floor of a car—over winding roads and through streets where I definitely knew he had never been before. At the new home he was kept tied in the yard for a week. Yet the first day he was freed to run around, he disappeared. Late that evening he was scratching at the door of his old home, begging to be admitted.

Certainly, when taken from his home, the dog was unable to see where he was going and, just as certainly, having seen none of the route followed, he had no landmarks to guide him. Yet there is no doubt that he set out knowing just where he wanted to go—and got there, with only his keen instinct for direction to guide him.

But let me mention another case of this same keen animal sense of direction—sense of orientation, we call it. In this case it was a trapped raccoon, a battle-scarred old veteran with his right ear torn off. The trapped foot, hanging by a few tendons, was amputated with a jackknife. The raccoon was carried home, put in a cage and first-aid was administered.

After the stump of foot had healed, he was taken some seven miles to a wooded valley and liberated in the hope that he might help populate the place with others of his kind. The following night a hunter, ranging the creek with his dog, shot him out of a tree—less than a hundred feet from the spot where he had been originally trapped. Scars and missing members identified him.

Or still a third instance—of a wolf which was trapped on a timbered ridge, caged and started for a sportsman's show the same day. Thirty miles down the road, the pick-up truck carrying the cage struck a bump. The wooden cage bounced from the back of the truck and burst open, allowing the animal to escape. Within two days he was unmistakably identified back in his old haunts.

There have been many attempts to explain this keen animal sense of orientation, many involving some idea of radio waves or magnetism. Yet the only mammal known definitely to employ anything remotely related to such an explanation is the bat—and he does not use it to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

find a way between two points, but rather to avoid obstacles.

Using modern sound-recording devices, two Harvard scientists—Dr. Robert Galambos and Dr. Donald Griffin—found that, while in flight, the bat emits a sound which has a frequency vibration reaching a maximum of approximately 80,000 cycles. These sounds, called supersonic, because their pitch is too high for the human ear to detect, are sent out by the flying bat in short squeaks. These squeaks strike the object he is approaching and bounce back to be picked up by his sensitive ears in time for him to avoid the object. Thus the bat really uses a form of radar.

There never has been proof that other mammals employ anything save a keen sense that guides them where they want to go. Birds are slightly different inasmuch as migrating birds travel hundreds or even thousands of miles to some earthbound animal's twenty. Yet experiments have proved that migrating birds do not use landmarks, nor do they have a special physical organ that guides them. Neither is the place to which they go a magnetic zero in the vast magnetic field that covers the earth. Again we seem to return to the keen sense of orientation, developed over no man knows how many aeons of time. Certainly these migrations, repeated over uncounted centuries, could develop a sense of direction in any creature.

Human beings, incidentally, brought up under primitive conditions, retain a great measure of this orientation sense.

There was an Indian guide who, with a hunter, was overtaken by a sudden snowstorm in the Canadian wilderness. Snow whirled so thickly that visibility was almost zero. There were no landmarks. The Indian turned around two or three times and set off through the storm. An hour later both men were back in their cabin.

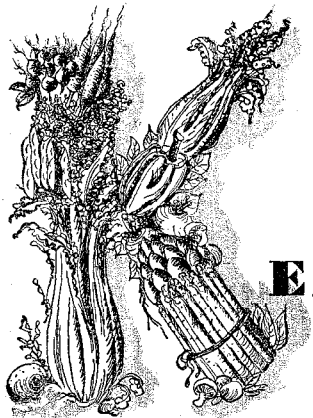
A great many white people who have spent their lives in the out-of-doors, and particularly trappers, are able to do the same thing. A year ago I followed one such man through an apparently trackless Wisconsin swamp. Certainly he followed no trail. But we emerged from the swamp within twenty feet of the place where he had said, three hours before, he was going to come out. He used no compass, and the sun was obscured by clouds. His only guide was an experience-developed sense of orientation.

Expense No Object

WHEN A FLOOD washed out the railway line to a small city where he was scheduled to make an address, former Vice-President Charles G. Dawes telegraphed the chairman of the committee: "Cannot arrive on time. Washout on line." He was nonplussed to receive an answer by return wire advising, "Never mind wash. Buy another shirt at our expense and come anyway."

—MONT HURST

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Fresh as the produce he sells, Fred Beck's frankness draws more customers than flies

EATS *of the Beets*

by JOHN REDDY

FRED BECK, a mild, owlish little advertising writer, is probably the best insulter in the United States.

For going on ten years he has been insulting, ribbing and slandering the beets and cup cakes that he is paid to advertise. The net result is that he has insulted a vacant lot into a 6,000,000 dollar annual proposition—Los Angeles' super de luxe Farmers' Market.

"Today's tomatoes here at the market are even too lousy to throw at tenors," reads a typical Beck ad. "Better wait till tomorrow."

The idea is that when Beck says, "Egad, what tomatoes. Today they are superb, but kind of high priced," people swarm to the market and buy the tomatoes.

This disarming frankness made Beck one of the nation's highest paid ad writers and boomed a one-time weed covered lot in Los Angeles into the biggest and most colorful market in the country.

The Farmers' Market was dreamed up in 1934 at the depth of the Depression as the result of a meeting of minds between Beck and Roger Dahlhjelm (rhymes with volume), a stubborn Swede who had gone broke selling Stanley Steamers.

Dahlhjelm was getting four dollars a week and all the date-nut sandwiches he could eat keeping books for the Happy Oven Tea Room and Bakery when he encountered Beck, who was writing chain letters under fifteen different names.

Dahlhjelm had an idea for a market place modeled on the old European town squares in which farmers and craftsmen would gather to sell their wares. Beck liked it and together the two men started to put it over.

They picked a vacant lot in the shadows of Gilmore Stadium and persuaded the owner to lend them the field until they got on their feet sufficiently to lease the ground.

Then Beck and Dahlhjelm set out to round up some tenants for their place which they now had decided to call the Farmers' Market. Twelve farmers were talked into coming in on the venture, and a half dozen down and out merchants

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

joined up. An ex-insurance man with a couple of barrels of sherry bought a wine license. A retired baker found loafing too dull and started a bakery exchange.

The two promoters then got some lumber, awnings and nails on credit and spent the last couple of days before the opening clearing the weeds off Gilmore's field and tacking up a motley collection of stalls.

Then Beck launched his advertising campaign. He got some radio time on the cuff from station KNX and directed his announcements at the farmers, ignoring the customers. "We want you to bring in your stuff fresh at dawn to sell direct to the housewife," the announcements told the farmers, "and it had better be good. If your produce isn't the best to be had, we'll toss it out, and you too."

Opening day, August 14, 1934, Beck arranged a street parade of wheelbarrows full of produce, with "Meet Me At The Farmers' Market" placards on the side. He had neglected to get a parade permit, and police shooed the strange procession back to the market, causing more commotion than even Beck had hoped for.

From the opening day, the Farmers' Market caught on. Soon tenants and customers arrived in droves, lured by the quality of the merchandise and the refreshing frankness of Beck's advertising.

At first the new market proprietors were untroubled by such expenses as light, heat or water. There was no plumbing either. The first three they could do without. The latter was solved by a typical Beck-Dahlhjelm idea.

About a block away, the Gilmore stadium provided the facilities the vacant lot lacked. A feature of the market those first days was a battered Ford touring car, marked "Rest Rooms" on both sides, which was in constant transit between the market and the stadium.

Beck started writing a "Farmers' Market Bulletin," a weekly sheet which was sent to a select mailing list. After about a year the Bulletin was discontinued, but the mailing list readers raised such a protest that Dahlhjelm bought space in the Los Angeles *Times* and Fred began writing a daily column.

Although the column chronicled nothing more vital than the vicissitudes of the market's tenants and their turnips, tamales and turnovers, it soon became one of the most popular features of the *Times*. A survey taken by the paper showed that Beck, who dubbed himself the "Keats of the Beets," locally had more readers than Westbrook Pegler, Walter Lippmann, Dorothy Thompson and other nationally syndicated columnists.

TODAY THERE are 100 stalls in the form of a huge square sprawling over seven and a half acres, including the parking lot. From the outside you see nothing but the solid back walls of the stalls. Entering by one of the several openings you find yourself on one of a network of broad walks. Here the fairyland begins. You wander along watching and smelling. Hot loaves emerge from fragrant ovens. Candy bubbling in a kettle gives off its pungent sweetness. Farther along, several fowl turn on a spit. Plump red tomatoes, crisp greens, the yellow, orange and purple fruits fresh and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

juicy, pastries, potatoes, meats and fish—all lie there before you like a dream of plenty, teasing the nostrils and delighting the eye.

The stalls are small, painted white and amazingly clean. There are no garish signs. The products advertise themselves. Many visitors get the impression that it's all one vast outdoor supermart, not only for food but also dishes, hats, handicraft, drugs, jewelry, etc. The patrons come from all income groups. The market's prices are higher than most places, but not out of proportion to the quality of the merchandise. Twelve thousand cars, many from out-of-state, are parked at the market on week days and 18,000 on Saturday. The bicycle and pedestrian traffic is correspondingly large, and helps draw 150,000 to 200,000 visitors a day.

Each farmer and merchant pays a percentage of his gross, usually five per cent, and the Gilmore Co. gets a percentage of the gross as rent. Dahlhjelm gets 25,000 dollars a year as manager of the market and Beck got 10,000 dollars annually for his column, and both get bonuses from the profits.

Although Beck's advertising is generally credited with being chiefly responsible for the success of the market, he gives most of the credit to Dahlhjelm. "I'd still be writing toothpaste ads in an agency's back room if it weren't for Roger Dahlhjelm," he says. "Only a Swede with Irish luck and a Trojan's capacity for hard work could have held this clambake together. It's Roger's show—and a good one."

Before he became famed as the Bard of the Chard, Fred Beck had been an actor, a caddy, a manufacturer of ping pong tables, a fry-cook and an ad writer for a cemetery, all with notable lack of success.

But after he had written his market column for several years, and the market flourished, other advertisers began to conclude that he might have something in his breezy and honest approach after all.

20th Century-Fox hired him at a fabulous figure on a five and a half year contract to write ads for their pictures.

"It's like a dream," sighed Beck. "There I was with my typewriter set up on an apple box writing an ad for cup cakes. I thought I felt something standing behind me. It was Hollywood making like a fairy godmother. She bops me with a magic wand from the end of which dangles what in this business you call a contract."

Beck's technique in writing ads for movies remained just what it had been in writing ads for cream-puffs, which, incidentally, he continued to do. When columnist Irving Hoffman asked him how the job was going, Fred replied airily:

"Same old thing. Yesterday yams, today gams. Yesterday zucchini, today Zanuck. Yesterday peaches, today Ameche. Yesterday ham, today ham."

In December, 1943, the Farmers' Market discontinued Fred's column in favor of a series of cartoons, and this action brought such a howl of protest from *Times* subscribers that the paper hired him as a regular columnist.

"This is probably the first instance on record," he wrote in his first regular column, "where this lofty pinnacle of journalism was reached via the vegetable business."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Even as a regular columnist, Beck remained incorrigibly honest.

"I don't know anything about the newspaper dodge," he confessed, "except what Edward G. Robinson put on the radio. I don't know a scoop from a green eyeshade. I suppose I will attempt to interpret the whole glowing and slightly quivering Los Angeles scene just as, in the past, I have attempted to interpret my bright little world of snap-beans and snodgrass."

After less than a month of this, Fred threw in the sponge as a regular columnist, and went back to writing his market column. He wrote wistfully:

"Fate is a rat. I have just voted myself the man least likely to become the captain of his own destiny. This is now an advertisement for the Farmers' Market, demmit.

"*******Now I can put stars between the paragraphs if I see fit. Furthermore, if I want a hyphen in cup cakes, I can have a hyphen in cup-cakes. And if I want a long hyphen, I can have a long hy---phen."

"The people at the *Times* were wonderful," Fred explained, "but the cup cakes were beginning to waste away from lonesomeness. So Mr. Chandler (a little too warmly I thought) agreed to sever the enmeshing bonds of columnist and I just plain, deliberately took a long stride upward to where I was before, which was a job as the world's highest paid cabbage ad-writer."

Last year, although fat, forty and nearsighted, Beck chucked his 25,000-dollar annual income to enlist in the Navy as a Yeoman Third Class. "I just got tired of hearing home-front folks complain about the kind of stuff they are putting in mattresses now," he explained.

Before departing, Fred turned his Farmers' Market column over to his wife, explaining with customary candor, "It so happens that she can't write . . . and in seeking a wartime substitute for Beck, the Farmers' Market, I think, showed excellent judgment in selecting a person who can't write."

Now Y3/C Beck sits in a cubicle in the Armed Forces Radio Service headquarters, across the street from a cemetery in Hollywood, writing "Showtime" and "Command Performance," two of the best programs shortwaved to the armed forces overseas. In between programs he helps Mrs. Beck with the column and thinks of post-war plans. Says Mrs. Beck:

"When Beck gets his discharge, we're going down to Laguna Beach, California, and start a little newspaper called the Laguna Beach *Bugle*."

One-Way Passage

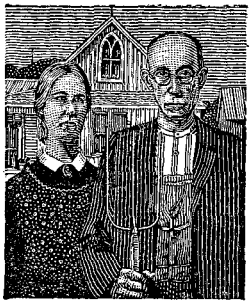
THE LADY WAS definitely on the plump side, and the aisle of the bus was narrow. She struggled forward nobly, but she just couldn't make it.

"Why not try it sideways?" suggested the bus driver impatiently.

From where she was wedged, the lady moaned, "Cause I ain't got no sideways."

—*Greenwood Gremlin*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Story of Nan

by NAN WOOD GRAHAM

Grant Wood painted the portrait of Nan as a gift to his sister shortly after she had posed for American Gothic. The latter painting, which portrayed a gaunt Iowa farm couple, brought fame to the artist but did not present a flattering view of his sister. Mrs. Graham consented to sell the portrait to the Encyclopaedia Britannica so that Grant Wood might be represented in its collection of contemporary paintings, now on a national tour of museums. In the following letter, Mrs. Graham furnishes a backdrop for the portrait.

AFTER GRANT painted *American Gothic*, I was kidded so much about it that he thought I might be hurt, so he decided to paint a portrait of me.

Grant wanted me to wear a polka-dot waist, but polka-dot cloth wasn't on the market then. Grant cut a potato stamp with the lid of a baking powder can. He dipped the potato stamp into black enamel and made polka-dots at even intervals on an old sheet. Under Grant's directions, I made the waist. Grant wanted something to repeat the color of my hair. I was always bringing home baby chicks from the ten-cent store and happened to have one in my hand. Also, I was eating a plum. Grant said the chicken would repeat the color of my hair and the plum would repeat the background.

When Grant was on a painting spell he would work way into the night. The chicken almost grew up before the portrait was done. It got used to Grant's hours and made a fuss if we tried to put it to bed before two in the morning. It never got up before ten when we usually had breakfast, and became very choosy about its food.

Sometime after the painting was finished, when Grant bought a house in Iowa City, his living room was built around the painting. The wallpaper, furnishings and rug repeated its colors. Even the fireplace was designed to set off the portrait.

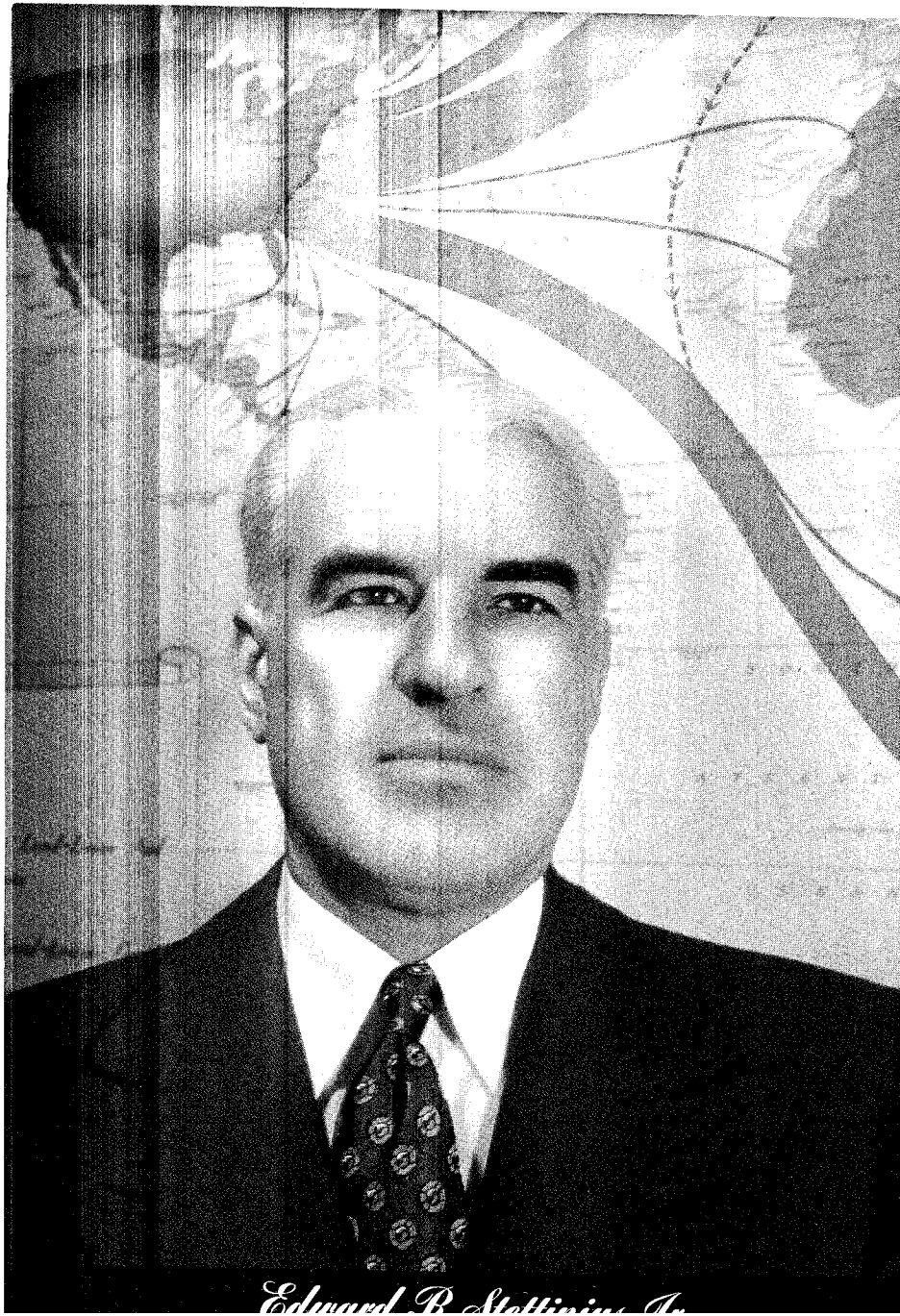
It makes me very humble to think that of all the paintings Grant ever did, my portrait was the only painting he had in his home.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

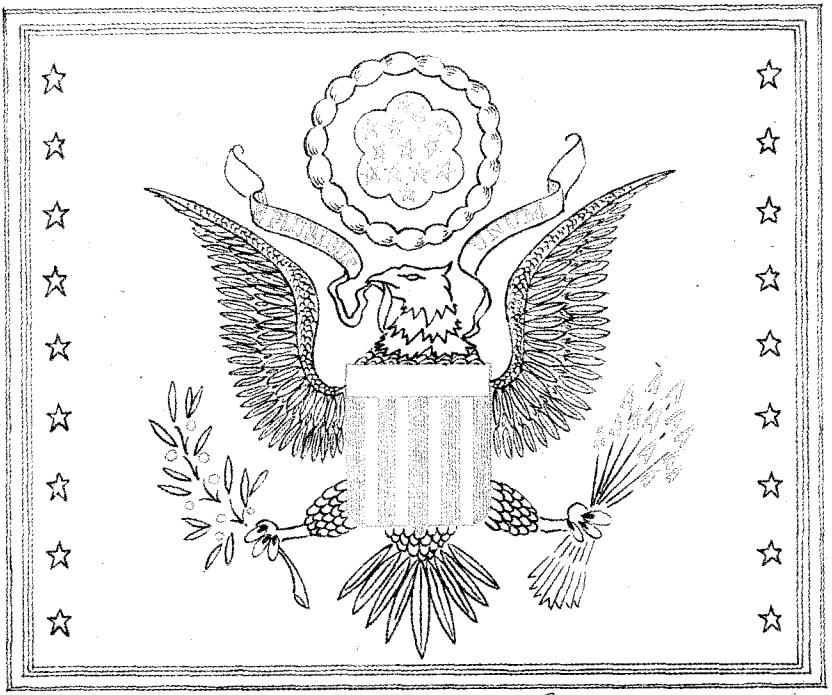
Portrait of Nan

Painting by Grant Wood

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Stettinius Septette

by HARRISON SALISBURY, *Foreign Editor, United Press*

A baroque heap of gray stone across the narrow street from the White House . . . dormered gables and two-score chimney pots . . . venerable messengers and ancient clerks in black alpaca coats. That *was* the U. S. State Department.

The first thing Ed Stettinius did when he became Secretary of State was to give the walls a coat of paint. He installed a new pressroom and held a clubby ice cream sociable for all the folks who work at State.

Those changes were symbolic and important. They were also typical of Stettinius. The State Department is his second modernization job—the first was U. S. Steel. He started out at Steel by replacing the old-fashioned decorations of its New York offices with modern chrome.

But Ed Stettinius gave the State Department more than a new paint job. There may be quarrels over Stettinius' policy, but there is no denying he has let fresh air in. There have been secretaries of state who chewed tobacco but never one

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who chewed gum. And he is the first to encourage his assistants to hold question-and-answer seminars with Rotary clubs, women's clubs and newspaper editors.

His definition of the State Department's task is "to carry out in the interests of the United States a liberal and forward-looking foreign policy with level-headed effectiveness." To do this, he relies on a septette of men he calls "my team." They are men of experience. This was the line-up when Harry S. Truman became President of the U. S. A. They represent all sections of the country, except the Far West. They are not exactly a cross-section of America but seldom has so diverse a septette been called upon to sing so important a song.

Archibald MacLeish

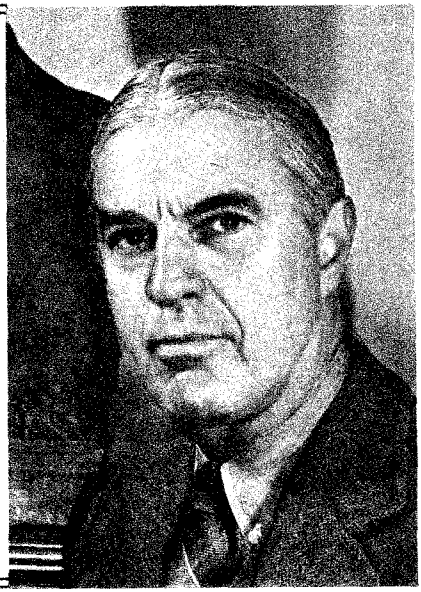
Of MacLeish Stettinius says: "Soldier, lawyer, editor, writer . . . a proven executive." He did not mention that MacLeish is a poet, a liberal, an ex-editor of *Fortune* magazine.

MacLeish is weather-beaten by five years of bad Congressional jibes at his poetry and idealism. But he can still state frankly his creed: "The principles of freedom of the press and freedom of the exchange of information . . . the right of a free press . . . the right of the people to read and to hear . . . to think as they please."

Archibald MacLeish is Stettinius' conscience.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

William L. Clayton



Of him Stettinius says: "He has great executive ability, practical experience and whole-hearted support for the liberal economic objectives of our foreign policy."

Eldest of the Stettinius team, and the most vigorous, he came up from barefoot boyhood in Mississippi to run the world's largest cotton business.

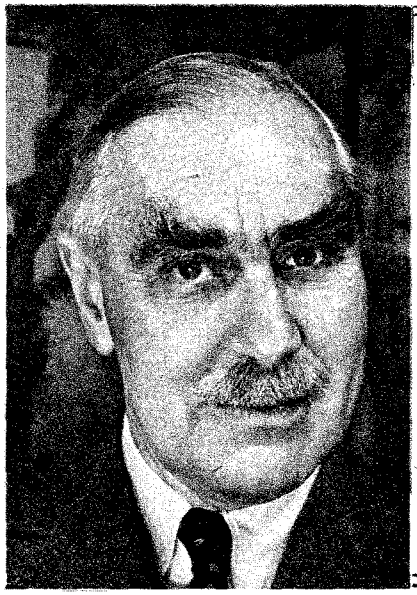
Clayton is Stettinius' double-link with independent economy and the post-war economy of plenty.

Julius Cecil Holmes

Holmes was a brigadier-general on Eisenhower's Civil Affairs team. His State Department job is personnel and liaison with homecoming Army men.

His philosophy: "The former realists and visionaries have swapped positions. Today those who recognize the necessity for security through international agreement backed by force are the grimmest realists. I say this as a soldier." Holmes is Stettinius' link with the GI world.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Joseph Clark Grew

Joe Grew still believes he was right about these two things: The first is his opposition to an embargo for Japan. The second is his authorization of the policy of not attacking Hirohito. He says: "With the embargo I expected our relations with Japan to end in a war for which we were not ready." Of the second he says: "I believe the problem should be left fluid until we get to Tokyo." Joe Grew is Stettinius' link with the past.

Dean G. Acheson

Shortly before Pearl Harbor, Acheson, at Harry Hopkins' request, became one of Cordell Hull's assistant secretaries. Under Stettinius, he took over the function of liaison with Congress.

Acheson is the man who must do the day-by-day wangling and wrangling on Capitol Hill. He is Stettinius' link with the legislative branch—with the Senate which must approve every treaty which the Secretary of State negotiates.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

James Clement Dunn

Of him Stettinius says: "One of Mr. Hull's most valued lieutenants." He has twenty-five years in the State Department behind him, mostly as a protocol expert. Dunn believes that America's national interest "requires liberal governments dedicated, as we are, to the improvement of living standards in Europe." He handles the department's sections devoted to England, Russia and China. Dunn is Stettinius' link with precedent.

Nelson A. Rockefeller

Of him Stettinius says: "Unusually well qualified by a combination of experience, energy and judgment." Youngest member of the Stettinius team, Rockefeller's specialty is Latin America. He speaks Spanish, and believes that the Good Neighbor Policy has proved to be a great source of strength during these war years.

Rockefeller is Stettinius' link with Cordell Hull's Good Neighbor Policy.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In war or peace, courtesy is one thing that never fails in making everybody's problems—big or small—easier to meet

The Decline of COURTESY

by CHANNING POLLOCK

DURING THE FIRST six weeks of this year, I covered nearly 12,000 miles of our country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Gulf to Canada, returning with many new impressions and convictions. One was of almost incredible hardships in travel; seventy-five per cent of them, perhaps, are unavoidable under present conditions, twenty-five per cent are not. Chiefly, and everywhere, I observed a general decline in that kindliness and consideration toward others for which we were once noted.

In a Midwestern metropolis I met only one civil person during five busy hours in the city's impressive railway station. Obviously an elderly man, I had carried two heavy bags through what seemed miles of its corridors without a single offer of assistance. Not one person in a throng that included many railway employes even opened a door for me, or held one open after he had passed through.

At an information window, I set down my suitcases, and asked the clerk, "Will you please tell me about trains from St. Joseph to Kansas City over the Missouri Pacific?"

"The Missouri Pacific doesn't run to St. Joe."

"I'm told that it has a bus from there to Atchison that connects with a train due here about noon."

"We don't give information about buses."

"But this bus is operated by the railway," I explained patiently. "One buys a through ticket from St. Joseph that covers the bus ride."

"That's none of my business."

"I'm ready to bet that you'll find the information in the railway's timetable."

"I'm no gambler."

"Will you give me a timetable?"

"No."

I got one later, and found that bus connection prominently displayed. When, after a dozen experiences of this sort, a ticket agent spoke to me pleasantly, I nearly broke down and wept. There are still a great many kind people in the United States; though I'm not sure whether they are kinder than ever, or whether they only seem so in contrast to the large number who snarl when approached and snap if one addresses them.

"The public be damned" attitude is most noticeable among those who earn their living by serving that public. Many of them are new to their duties, and working under heavy pressure, which is not lessened by short tempers the other side of the counter. To a tired salesgirl, who had shown her almost everything in the place, a shopper standing beside me recently

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

said, "Of course, if you had any brains you wouldn't be here." I should have thought this salesgirl justified in hitting that woman.

Yet the painful fact remains that a large part of prevailing insolence is due to immunity from consequences. When a friend of mine threatened to report a crass incivility, the clerk said, "Go on, and see what it gets you. They ain't picking help off trees right now."

Nevertheless, I venture to hint that there may be penalties for this type of behavior even more material than its effect on the offenders themselves. That John Q. Public has become meek and long-suffering doesn't mean that there won't be a big pay-off some day.

On a bitter cold morning last winter I was one of a dozen passengers waiting beside a bus-stop sign in New York City. Having unloaded, the driver slammed the door in our faces, and jerked a thumb to indicate that he'd admit us at the next station. The fact that all of us ran obediently to that station gives no assurance that the public will continue to endure such treatment. Standing there, we could see this driver sitting behind the closed door under a sign that read, "No Smoking," while he puffed comfortably at a cigarette. When the cigarette was finished, he proceeded to the second stop, and took us aboard.

This type of conduct has become almost as common among employers as among employes, and I suspect that the harvest is not far off. A week ago, I was surprised at finding myself the only customer in a hardware shop a block from my home. Then I recalled my daughter's telling me that she always walked a half mile to the next shop, where the proprietor is agreeable. For lack of courtesy, the manager of a great hotel near my home was replaced last December. Even in these times of greater demand than supply, his rudeness had become a liability. The owners wisely decided that their hostelry was losing "tone" in advance of other loss.

The sad truth is that discourteous behavior has even crept into social contacts. A charming hostess of my acquaintance marvels at the new irascibility of her guests, and at their indifference to what used to be thought ordinary good breeding. "Before the war," she says, "people frequently arrived half an hour late for dinner, and with perfunctory apologies; now they don't take the trouble to apologize. I have grown to dread discussions, because no guest hesitates to snap at another, and even small arguments produce ugly moments. It seems to me that we are running short of the oil that made human contacts smooth and agreeable."

Courtesy has so many rewards, of so many sorts, that I wonder at our growing willingness to sacrifice them. Long ago, a taxi driver confided in me that "I can always tell which were my good-humored days by counting the tips I've collected."

More recently, a big policeman, who had conducted an old woman over two crossings, asked me naïvely, "Doesn't it make you feel good when you've done something like that?" Of course, the answer was "Yes." I'm certain it makes almost anyone feel good.

That's why I find it hard to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

understand the attitude common in some postal clerks who can order a harassed patron to "take that home, and wrap it right," or the subway passenger who elbows women out of his way in an effort to beat them to seats, or the housewives at the butcher's or the grocer's who try to be served before their turn, and protest loudly and abusively if someone suggests humbly, "I was here first." I envy the girl I saw recently at a crowded counter who yielded her place to an elderly woman, and to whom the favored patron said—oh, so gratefully!—"I know why you did that. You did it because I'm old, and you're kind."

Of course all of us live under a strain these days. We're worried to death about loved ones overseas, and unhappy about the agony and slaughter, and our nerves are on edge because of conditions at home. We all are in the same boat, all equally uncertain of what tomorrow will bring. What seems strangest to me is that exactly this doesn't make us more considerate and forbearing. With so much pain and anguish abroad or about us, it would be only natural, I should think, if we spoke more gently and behaved more kindly than heretofore. You and I can conceive of anyone thinking, "With so vast a misery in the world, what joy it is to say or do whatever one can that may be comforting or helpful."

Lin Yutang, the author, and his lovely fourteen-year-old daughter, who, being Chinese, have inherited the oldest and truest civilization, drove me home from a dinner party one evening last winter. Alighting, I apologized for taking them miles out of their way on an extremely cold night.

Before Dr. Lin could reply, his daughter said, "Doing so made us warm."

In the Fine Print

ARTEMUS WARD, famous humorist of the last century, was no slouch in the art of advertising. At the start of his career he gave himself the following testimonial on the poster announcing his appearance:

A. WARD HAS LECTURED BEFORE THE CROWNED HEADS OF EUROPE ever thought of lecturing.

—ELAINE HUBBARD

CAROLE LOMBARD ALWAYS relished putting over a good joke. One year she received the usual two copies of a new contract with her agent, including his regular ten per cent clause. She decided to have new contracts printed, exactly like the others in appearance, but altering the clause to read that she was to get ten per cent of all her agent's earnings. These she signed and returned, and in due course received the agent's signed copy.

A month later she made a formal demand for her share of her agent's earnings. He hastily looked up the contract, and there in fine print was the overlooked clause.

Miss Lombard settled for a dinner.

—MAX HERZBERG

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Picture Story

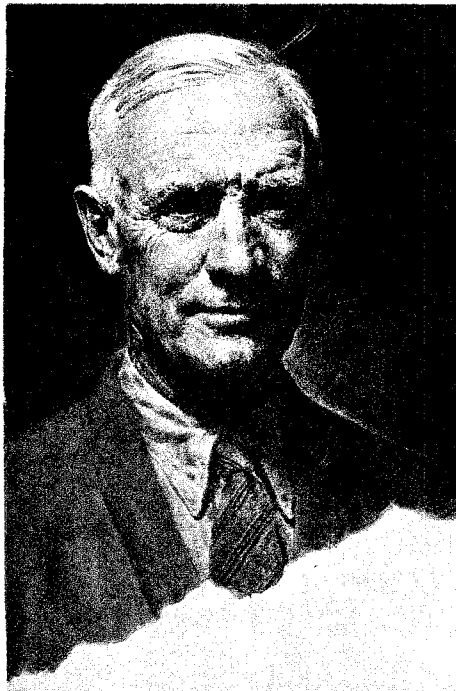
Good Night, My Son

Seeking an effective pictorial treatment of our home front during this war, it was inevitable Coronet should come to the work of Douglass Crockwell, whose paintings have for many years caught in color and line the American ideals of which we all are vaguely aware, yet seldom really see. Finally, ten paintings were chosen—paintings which had been done originally for *Country Gentleman*, for Republic Steel and for Wyeth, Inc. As a commentary to accompany the illustrations, the editors chose a letter—the kind many mothers write these days—filled with the pleasant trivia which spell "home."

Dear Bill,

As I sit here writing to you, I wonder where you are tonight--in the darkness--some where on the other side of the world --& is it daylight there? I forget. Before me--

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



is your picture. The last one you took before you went away. I can't help thinking how much like your Dad you're beginning to look -- in your eyes, and your chin And there's even something about the way you tie your necktie---

Today was Children's Day at church, and they practically turned the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

service over to the kids. You'll probably never forgive me for bragging, but the minister insisted on speaking a little piece about your silver star and how wonderful you are, and how he remembered your first Children's Day in church.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But at that you didn't quite steal the show. The kids sang and I fancy that Jim and Judy were just a little louder than the rest.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nothing much new during the week. We just work

and then at night we all relax together Remember

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Phil Holmes? He said good-bye to his new baby.

Judy went down to the Red Cross today. Seems

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

she insisted on donating her blood-not just some of it, mind you-but all of it! They told her hers was a very special type and they took her name "in case". She wasn't fooled a bit, though, and is quite put out about it. That really is about all for now-except that we're doing our best to keep things pretty much the same way you left them. And even Johnny, who once sold you your morning paper, promises he'll be waiting for you at the same spot.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Your old chum, Bob, came home on furlough the other day -- with a shiny souvenir. He's a man now. You can see it in his eyes.

I'll say a prayer tonight - to make it possible for you to come home too. I know it won't be long. Good night, son,

and all our love,

Mother

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The director of the CLU will fight at the drop of a hat for the rights of *any* citizen

Liberty's Right Hand Man

by ALAN HYND

ROGER NASH BALDWIN, the sixty-one-year-old director of the American Civil Liberties Union, is a split personality in the sense that he totally ignores his private feelings about his clients while going about his professional activities. He may not agree with what a man has to say, but he will defend, right up to the Supreme Court, his right to say it.

As the country's leading exponent of the Bill of Rights, he finds himself in many a seemingly contradictory position. He is regarded as a liberal by the reactionaries and as a reactionary by the liberals. From time to time, employers express the conviction that Baldwin is biased toward Labor and is opposed to the system of free enterprise. Labor leaders, on the other hand, frequently have the feeling that Baldwin, a Massachusetts blueblood, is representing the class from which he sprang when he sides with employers in a civil liberties dispute.

Some global thinkers suspect Baldwin of nationalist sympathies because he defended Gerald L. K. Smith, head of the America First party, in Smith's fight to hire halls for free assembly in Buffalo, Milwaukee and Minneapolis.

Last year, when Baldwin was in Detroit, Smith telephoned him at his hotel and asked for an interview. Baldwin, who had previously arrived at private notions about the America Firster, told Smith he would be glad to see him.

"Would you defend my right to free speech and assembly, even though you opposed my views?" Smith asked.

"Certainly," said Baldwin.

"I thought you only defended Negroes, Communists and labor people?"

"You may have that impression," said Baldwin, "because Negroes, Communists and labor people are frequently in civil liberties disputes."

Smith still couldn't believe that Baldwin was willing to fight for him until the Civil Liberties director began action in various cities where Smith had been denied the use of public halls.

In the course of his work, Baldwin often becomes personally friendly with the people he fights for. When dictating letters to such people, he calls them by their first names. Letters to Smith, however, have always borne the salutation, "Dear Mr. Smith," never "Dear Gerald." Baldwin seems unable to bring himself around to calling Smith by his first name.

Baldwin looks like a Hollywood casting director's conception of a tweedy college professor. He remains calm and good-humored

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

amid the contradictions that swirl about him. "Actually," he explains, "I'm a friend of anybody who gets pushed around exercising his rights. It doesn't very much matter to me whether the man whose rights I'm fighting for is a Negro or a member of the Ku Klux Klan, an atheist or a preacher. If his civil liberties are threatened, I'm with him."

In his role of director of the Union, which is the only organization in the United States devoted wholly and unceasingly to the defense of the Bill of Rights, Baldwin frequently attains such Olympian heights of impartiality that he finds himself on both sides of the same fight.

A few years ago, when the United Automobile Workers, a CIO affiliate, was trying to unionize the Ford Motor Company, Baldwin jumped in on the side of the union when Ford officials were allegedly interfering with unionization. Later, when the National Labor Relations Board issued an order which had the effect of restraining the Ford company from speaking up against the union, Baldwin began to battle for Ford, claiming that the company's right of free speech was being impaired.

It can be seen, then, that Baldwin has become a fascinating and complicated personality to such a man as John L. Lewis, who has doubtless undergone frequent changes of mind about him.

The headquarters of the American Civil Liberties Union are located in an old building on the unfashionable part of Fifth Avenue, where the rents are only a fraction of what they are in Rockefeller Center. The carpets are frayed and the desks long ago lost their shine. A large drawing of the Liberty Bell and the words, "Let Freedom Ring," greet the visitor.

As director of the Union, which he helped found in 1920, Baldwin works in a small, unpretentious office. He is in charge of the national and international activities with a staff of less than twenty, yet he has at his call more than a thousand representatives throughout the country, the majority of whom are lawyers willing to work without fee for the Union if some citizen's civil rights are threatened.

On the whole, Baldwin's relationships with police departments and other local law-enforcement agencies have been none too harmonious. Baldwin is a constant thorn in the side of bigoted and ignorant political hacks in police departments and sheriffs' offices who have the idea that an official badge gives them the right to deal in a high-handed manner with citizens, who, for some reason or other, incur their displeasure.

Partly as a result of the Union's activities, the rubber hose has been disappearing from the third-degree chambers in police departments. The third degree has been considerably refined in recent years, and present-day practitioners, Baldwin says, seldom lay hands on a prisoner they are trying to get a confession from. They merely withhold water from him until the offer of a drink tempts some sort of confession.

Since it has been in existence, the Union, personified by Baldwin, has moved in and obtained the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

release of scores of men who have been slugged or tortured into making false confessions.

The Union is supported by contributions of from two dollars upward by some 12,000 members. "*We don't* encourage large contributions," Baldwin says, "because we want to have the membership as democratic, widespread and cross-sectional as possible. The minute you get a hundred-thousand-dollar gift from somebody you become a dependent."

Anybody can see Baldwin. His typical daily callers might include an obscure Negro who has been discriminated against, an important labor leader, a soap-box orator from Union Square, or a distinguished foreigner inquiring about the Union. Baldwin has his fingers in many civil liberties pies, and in the course of a day he receives many long-distance telephone calls and telegrams from all parts of the country.

He talks freely on the phone in front of any visitor, since he is a man with nothing to hide. "The employes are absolutely wrong in that case down there," he said recently to someone who called him from the South. A labor leader sat across the desk from him as he spoke.

Baldwin's private politics, which never creep into his work, are somewhat left of center. His father and his paternal grandfather were noted liberals. Baldwin's personal inclination to any underdog is, therefore, quite natural. As a child he often listened to earnest family conversations with Booker T. Washington, the great Negro educator and author, a house guest, and heard much of Robert G. Ingersoll, the noted agnostic.

> Any person whose simple or political rights under American law are denied and abridged, may present the case to the American Civil Liberties Union by either writing or wiring 170 5th Ave., New York, N. Y; and if the facts warrant action on it as an issue of public concern, appropriate aid will be given without charge, or reference made to some other agency equipped to give it.
>
> —ROGER NASH BALDWIN

After graduating from Harvard, Baldwin started the department of sociology at Washington University in St. Louis, and later was chief probation officer of the juvenile court in that city. In that job, he assumed personal custody of two foundlings, raised and educated them. One of them is today a successful New York businessman; the other died some years ago.

He has been married twice. His present wife, like the previous one, is independently wealthy. Baldwin himself is a man of simple tastes. He is an ardent canoeist and a nature lover. His hobby is cooking. He once took lessons from Vincent Astor's French chef.

He is regarded in some quarters as something less than a fervent patriot because he has frequently tangled with the War Department and Selective Service on behalf of conscientious objectors in the present war. In the last war he served a jail term as an objector.

Recently, Baldwin read a newspaper account about a soldier who had been sentenced to death by a court martial in California for refusing to bear arms after being inducted into the Army. Baldwin got

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in touch with the soldier's wife and learned that the condemned man was, in fact, if not in exact legal terms, a conscientious objector. The soldier hadn't clearly asserted his rights between the time he was classified 1-A and inducted because he hadn't known how to go about asserting his rights.

Baldwin asserted them for him, and the death sentence was reduced to five years.

SOMETIMES a tip on a violation of civil liberties will come to Baldwin in the mail, over the phone or by wire. Sometimes his suspicions will be aroused by a paragraph in a newspaper story. When that is the case, he communicates by wire, telephone or mail with the person or group whose liberties are at stake.

Occasionally he becomes impatient for a situation to come to a head.

When he learned that the police of Cambridge, Massachusetts, had decided to arrest any bookseller who sold Lillian Smith's *Strange Fruit*, on grounds of obscenity, his Massachusetts committee brought about a violation. It arranged for a bookshop in Harvard Square to sell a copy of the volume at a certain hour of a certain day and then had somebody call the police to tip them off about the sale. The result was that the bookseller was arrested, and the case is now in the courts.

Baldwin embraces any opportunity that presents itself to oppose censorship. He is constantly contesting the actions of the Postmaster General in barring certain pamphlets and magazines from the mails, and he is the natural enemy of all motion picture and stage censors. No one man, he says, should be allowed to decide what is fit and what is unfit for the public to read or view. "If there's any question about a movie, a book, a play or a magazine," he maintains, "let a jury hear the evidence and decide."

Baldwin has been criticized for championing free speech and assembly for groups such as Bundists, Communists and Ku Kluxers who are opposed to democracy. "All matters of public concern," he explains, "should be freely discussed without interference. Wherever you suppress civil liberties, you force a resort to underground tactics, and often to violence and bloodshed."

As a private individual who embraces democracy, Baldwin is diametrically opposed to Nazis and all that they stand for. Yet, when the New Jersey State Police five years ago invaded a German Bund meeting at their private Camp Nordland and arrested a half dozen speakers, Baldwin was on the side of the Nazis' right to talk. The Union carried the case to the State Supreme Court, which unanimously agreed with the Baldwin group's view.

Although he is not a lawyer, he has, of necessity, become one of the nation's outstanding lay authori-

To Our Subscribers

Due to the strain imposed on mailing and transportation facilities these days, it is possible that you may not receive your magazine on the exact day it is due. If this is the case, please be patient as we are doing all we can to deliver each issue to you on time . . .and hope you'll pardon an occasional delay.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ties on the legal guarantees of citizens' rights.

Although he could have his pick of several lucrative jobs, he has always preferred to stick to the Civil Liberties post. He refuses to accept an increase in his salary of 3,600 dollars a year, which his associates regard as his expenses. He freely admits that the services he is rendering are worth more judged by current rates for executives.

"But I wouldn't feel on the level with the public-spirited citizens who support the Union if I were to take more than enough to live on reasonably," Baldwin says. "If I made a personal profit on the defense of the Bill of Rights, I'd feel as if I were conducting a racket."

Presidential Oddities

GENERAL GRANT was the only president ever arrested during his term of office. He loved fast horses and one day, driving a spirited team, he exceeded the speed limit and was arrested. The president put up a deposit of twenty dollars but never appeared at the police court, although he commended the policeman for doing his duty.

GENERAL TAYLOR pastured his Mexican War mount, "Old Whitey" on the White House lawn, and visitors used to pluck hairs from Whitey's tail as souvenirs. The horse marched at his master's funeral.

JAMES MADISON and Woodrow Wilson were the only shorthand experts. Wilson had a working vocabulary of 62,000 words. He was called the greatest platform speaker of his generation.

No "H" president has ever been reelected—the two Harrisons, Hayes, Harding and Hoover.

WHILE FRANKLIN PIERCE was running for president, an old New Hampshire inn keeper was asked what he thought of the candidate. The old gentleman replied, "Waal, up here he's right smart of a fellah, but spread him over the whole nation I'm afraid he will be very thin in spots."

THEODORE ROOSEVELT could finish a page in the time it would take the average person to read a sentence. Sometimes he would read two or three books in an evening.

JAMES BUCHANAN, the only bachelor president and the only Pennsylvanian, spared neither money nor effort to maintain an elegant style of living. He used a magnificent carriage and had a handsome span of horses. A set of harness with silver-plated buckles was sent to the White House as a gift to the president from a Philadelphia firm. But Buchanan had made it a policy never to accept gifts, so after ascertaining the cost of the harness, he wrote his check for 800 dollars. —CHESTER HOPE AND DON SMITH

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Told for the first time, the epic story of how our Marines saved the lives of thousands of fear-crazed Japanese

48 Hours at Tinian

by LT. CLIFF GRAHAM

AS WE PULLED our LCI (Landing Craft Infantry) toward the towering cliff on Tinian's southern shore, we turned up our ten loud speakers.

"We are American Marines who have come to help you!" we called out in Japanese. "We are your friends. Do not be afraid."

We knew thousands of Japanese soldiers and civilians were huddled together in the caves and in the jungle. We were trying, in the name of humanity, to save their lives, to defeat the false doctrine instilled in them by fanatic militarists—that death is preferable to surrender.

Our mission had a twofold purpose. Marines would have to go in later with carbines and grenades to kill all those Japanese who remained hidden; otherwise we knew they would make scattered raids on our installations in that part of Tinian. So upon the success of our effort depended the lives of many people, white and yellow.

In the dawn, we could see countless civilians of all ages sitting at the water's edge on the smooth, flat ledge that formed the floor of the cliff. They were in groups of twenty or more, each with a leader. Teen-aged girls dressed in black, loose-fitting garments split like trousers and gathered in at the ankles . . . small girls in black and white jumpers and boys in miniature army uniforms, men and women squatting motionlessly as though they had spent the night in that position. In caves that dotted the cliff we could see others peering out at us, their pale faces in sharp relief against the darkness. In one

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cave were about thirty soldiers. We moved the telescope to the right and saw three soldiers stretched out on the rocks, their stomachs covered with blood. Their placid looking companions were probably planning the same end. Well, not if we could help it.

"You soldiers in the cave at the water's edge. Listen to my voice. Why are you waiting there like that? It is foolish and useless to take your own life when you can live and be happy. You ought to know that you can't stay there without food. We will not shoot you if you come out now. Act quickly, climb to the top of the cliff and go north—go north."

Beyond them we could see hundreds of U. S. Marines coming from the north, slowly, cautiously, probing the thickets, the rocks and caves, looking for Japanese.

The skipper pulled our little craft in toward the cliff and we again began our appeal. Nobody heeded us. At mid-morning some of the men and women undressed and squatted in the pools of warm water which pock-marked the rock.

Moving on, we addressed two girls in another group:

"You girls in the yellow and green dresses—can you hear me? (They waved that they understood.) Listen carefully. This battle for Tinian is over now, and there is no more danger for you. But you must come out immediately. Climb up the path behind you and go inland. There you will find some Marines who have been instructed to escort you to safety. Take others with you, your mothers, fathers, brothers and sisters.

"We are trying to help you . . ."

Near the girls sat scores of people, among them some soldiers.

Taunted by our appeals, or in a mad desire to show off, an officer lined up five soldiers, took his pistol and placed a bullet in each of their heads. Their bodies slid to the bottom of the rock leaving red streaks.

Our two yellow and green clad girls climbed up the steep side of the cliff and most of the people to whom we had just talked followed. But one young woman started down again, half falling and sliding. Sitting down on a huge rock she leisurely combed her long black hair. Suddenly she stood up, looked out at us, and jumped into the pounding surf. But the waves were too violent for her and dashed her against the rocks. The people walking up the incline never looked around.

By noon we were gratified to see hundreds of people streaming out of the jungles and plodding up the edge of the cliff.

Our speakers blared, encouraging them to keep moving north. We warned the Marines that Japs were approaching, unarmed as far as we knew.

One family, a man, his wife and two children, suddenly left the moving group and sat down on the edge of the cliff. It was easy to watch them—the woman wore a black and white striped blouse; the children wore red. Finally the man arose, seized one child and tossed him over the cliff. A minute later the second child came hurtling down. Then the man and his wife joined hands and jumped over the cliff after their children.

Now, looking more closely at

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

what had seemed to be varicolored rocks at the base of the cliff, we saw they were not rocks, but bodies lying in all sorts of grotesque attitudes, as they had fallen from the cliff above. Nearby, people were bathing in the shallow pools of water, seemingly undisturbed.

We could see the Marines had met the first groups, and one Japanese had volunteered to return and assure the others it was safe to go north. We watched him go slowly back down the sheer drop, using his hands to lower himself. A few people followed him back up. But most of the groups did not move.

One of our crew shouted: "Look over there in that cave!"

Thirty soldiers were walking, running, toward the path up the cliff. But they didn't get far. The clatter of rifle fire filled our ears as we saw the seven stagger and fall. Their companions in the cave entrance had shot them down. Then some of the soldiers jumped into the water and started swimming toward us. Three of them were stopped by a floating mine, but one fellow kept on swimming. We pulled him aboard. He was sixteen years old, he said, and he did not want to die so young.

As the sun sank behind Tinian we broadcast a final message to the remaining Japanese, telling them that we would be back tomorrow.

Dawn on the fifth of August came peacefully; though its serene beauty was soon to be broken by violence and self-destruction.

Still, our radio operator relayed the good news that during the night nearly a thousand people had come through the lines out of the jungles and caves. "Keep up the good work," he said.

As on the day before, all along the water's edge were squatting men, women and children, some strolling slowly about, paying no attention to us. But a few were pulling themselves up the face of the cliff and going north. Far inland and high up on the edge of a ridge paralleling the coast were visible the tiny ant-like figures of U. S. Marines.

The two Marine patrols were closing together and would soon meet. We started broadcasting to them.

"Marines on the cliff. There are Japs twenty or thirty yards ahead of you behind that big rock. About six or seven. They have rifles and grenades."

To the Japs: "Obey our word, and come out now. This is your last chance. Marines are all about you and will not shoot if you come out with your hands up."

The Japs never moved until they saw the Marines. Then they stood up to throw their grenades. They never threw them as carbines and M1s cracked and they fell where they had risen.

To our left there seemed to be no end to the procession of people throwing their children over the cliff and jumping after them. The flats with the surf pounding against them were covered with broken, still bodies. But the majority of the people were moving up, and north. Our voices droned on and on, encouraging them, urging them to move faster.

We pulled two men out of the ocean about noontime. They were exhausted and badly frightened;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they begged us ten times over to save their lives.

"—I'll do anything. I'd like to swab the decks of this ship the rest of my life. Don't kill me, don't kill——"

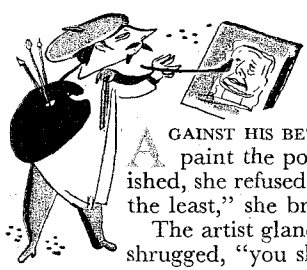
Death seemed omnipotent now, death and carnage. The end of the world was on these people. The terrible, bearded American devils were everywhere ready to torture them and kill them. Fear had made hundreds jump to their deaths.

Our radio operator said that our orders were to patrol the coast and broadcast final instructions to anybody still remaining alive. We could see plenty of them everywhere. We were to tell them that unless tomorrow found them out of their hiding places and headed north, we could not guarantee their lives.

As the sun sank again behind Tinian and the caves, jungle, rocks and people became indistinguishable, we headed back toward the harbor, our almost continuous two days of broadcasting at an end.

A couple of days later one of our civil affairs officers said that nearly four thousand people had poured into his division stockade during those two days. We talked to one civilian. When we asked him what he thought about while he was listening to our talking LCI, he said, "I couldn't understand why you were trying to save our lives. We're Japanese. We're your enemy. Why did you go to so much trouble to help us?"

POSTSCRIPT FROM THE EDITORS: *Having read Lt. Graham's account of the shocking scenes at Tinian, where American fighting men used a floating public address system to dissuade Japanese soldiers and civilians from suicide, readers will look forward to another phase of the same problem which will be discussed next month. The July issue will feature the experiences of our Navy men at Saipan—memorably told by John Beaufort, correspondent for the Christian Science Monitor.*



Sketched in Acid

AGAINST HIS BETTER JUDGMENT the artist Whistler undertook to paint the portrait of a portly dowager. But when it was finished, she refused to accept it. "Why, that doesn't resemble me in the least," she bristled haughtily. "I look like a water buffalo!"

The artist glanced at her appraisingly. "My dear Madam," he shrugged, "you should have thought of that before."

—LOUIS HIRSCH

THE ENGLISH PORTRAIT PAINTER, Thomas Gainsborough, refused to flatter his subjects no matter how important they might be. At one time he was painting the portrait of a noblewoman who could not understand why he was taking such a long time to complete the work. One afternoon, losing patience, she demanded: "Why must you work so many hours on my nose?"

"Madam," retorted Gainsborough, "there's no end to it." —E. E. EDGAR

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An anthropologist describes his favorite hobby: crime detection through skeletons

I Can Feel It in Your bones

by WILTON MARION KROGMAN, PH. D.

I AM A "WHOSIT" detective. It is my special job and unique ability to come into a murder case where other methods of identification stop; where only the skeleton of the victim remains; where decomposition, intentional mutilation, acid corrosion or fire have rendered the usual methods of identification useless. I not only come in at the death, but usually a very long time after it!

Some people consider such work grisly but it is all in the point of view; I find it an exciting challenge to take skeletal material or incomplete bodies and see how much they will testify. For the human skeleton tells a story as truly as if the fleshless mouth were, by some miracle, articulate. The victim's race, sex, age, and stature; the time and often the cause of his death all are registered in his bones.

The case of "The Lady of the Culvert" centered on the question of race. In August, 1935, some children playing in a rain-filled drainage ditch in Cleveland found a human skeleton. The police were called, and the remains removed to the Cuyahoga County Morgue. That was where I came in.

It happened that a young white woman named Betty Gray (the key witness in the famous Potter murder, involving an alleged political racketeer) had mysteriously vanished more than a year ago. The authorities' major interest was: "Is this the skeleton of Betty Gray?" After the examination I replied: "No, these are the remains of a young Negro-White female." And this is how I knew.

The skull was long and narrow; the facial proportions high and of medium width, all Negroid qualities. On the other hand, the distance between the eye sockets was comparatively narrow; the palate, narrow; the upper teeth and lower jaw, straight—bespeaking White blood. The shape of the eyes and nose, the contour of the skull-vault and facial slope were uncertain—suggesting a mixture. Measuring the arm and leg bones, I found the arms relatively long compared to the legs (Negroid); while the pelvis was rather wide; the sacrum (back of pelvis) wide; the shin bone, short—signs of the White race. Other characteristics were uncertain—a blend of White and Negro. At any rate, I found slightly more White qualities than Negro—enough to pronounce the woman five-eighths White and three-eighths Negro.

So far as I know the Cleveland authorities are still seeking the missing witness. Frankly, I found this opportunity to analyze race mixture in bones so absorbing I hardly cared.

It must be pointed out that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

while there are recognizable race differences in the skull and skeleton —especially as between Negro and White—these differences do not have any biological meaning with reference to superior or inferior. To put it very simply, the White skeleton and the Negro skeleton are both human skeletons. There are slight differences that are meaningful to the expert, but these differences are only variations in a basic pattern.

In the case of the "Runaway Millionaire," age was the important factor. In 1921 a young lad, half Seminole, half Negro, ran away from his home in Wewoka, Oklahoma. Later a boy answering his description was run over and killed by a freight train, across the line in Arkansas. A corner's verdict of "accidental death" was returned and the remains were forthwith buried in a hastily dug grave on the right of way. After several years oil was found on the land which the lad, as a member of the Five Civilized Tribes, owned. Before a fortune estimated at 15,000,000 dollars could revert to his parents, it became necessary to establish, once and for all, that the lad who owned the land was in fact the one who had been killed in 1921.

On a rainy March morning in 1929, a group of lawyers, doctors and anatomists met beside the railroad tracks where the broken body had been buried, and digging began. As bones, dirt-covered and fractured, turned up, they were handed to the well-compensated anatomical expert retained by the oil company. He declared that they were the bones of an adult male at least thirty years of age, and could not therefore be those of the missing young man! When the bones were passed to a doctor retained by the boy's parents, he took the dirt-encrusted forearm bone and cleaned it with his penknife. As he did so, the end came off; it had not broken. He saw that the end of that bone, a separate center of bone ossification, had never united with the shaft. He knew that an un-united bone could not be thirty years of age; it must be nearer eighteen or nineteen. So he got in touch with the Department of Anatomy at Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio, where I was then doing graduate work.

In May the remains were re-exhumed. After three days of intensive study I announced that the bones were those of a young adult male, half Negro, half Indian, eighteen years and six months old, five feet, five and one-half inches tall. When the case came to court a year later, my conclusions were accepted; sex and breed were correct; age was only one month off, the stature one-half inch off. The huge fortune was granted to the boy's parents.

We know more about age than any single item of identification. From birth to age, skull, teeth, long bones and pelvis unite in proclaiming chronology. It is a remarkable believe-it-or-not that we have 806 separate bones before we are born, 270 at birth and only 206 when we become adult. None of these is lost; the 600 bones, or centers of growth, merely unite with the final 206. Changes appear in a definite time sequence, making it possible to assess biological age within

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

several months, from birth to twenty-one.

When the case of the Runaway Millionaire was in court, I was on the witness stand one morning, under cross-examination that was vigorous, but exhilarating. At the noon recess, we went to the local hotel and had a spring chicken dinner. I was gnawing on a drumstick when I noticed that the ends of the bone were cartilaginous; that is, they were not united to the shaft. I borrowed the other drumstick and both wings from my companions and examined them. Feeling cocksure after parrying with the lawyers, I made a reckless bet. "Five will get you ten that I can tell within a week when this 'Springer' was hatched." The bet was covered, and we persuaded the hotel manager to check with the poultry dealer who had incubated the chickens. I was six days off, but still within the week. That afternoon the cross-examination was mild. The attorney later confessed that he didn't know whether I was bluffing about the chicken or not, but after that episode he decided not to give me too much opportunity to impress the court.

It is a simple matter to determine the sex of any human skeleton. Generally speaking, male bones are large and rugged while female bones are slender and smooth. The most obvious difference is in the pelvic structure; the female pelvis is relatively broader, in relation to its height, than the male.

It is also possible to determine the sex of a single bone.

If a physical anthropologist were to find, say, a woman's thigh bone, he would know it was part of a female skeleton for several reasons:

1. Female length is about 92 per cent of male length, so it would, generally speaking, be shorter.

2. The female bone is more slender than the male.

3. He would take an index; circumference of bone divided by length of bone. A low index means the bone is not only actually, but relatively, short.

4. The head of the femur is smaller in females.

5. All muscle attachments are less well marked in the female.

Occasionally bones are studied to determine the circumstances of death, whether murder or manslaughter. Such was the case of "The Missing Beneficiary," sought by an insurance company in connection with a claim settlement. This fellow had lived with his brother on a small farm near Cleveland, but for two years he hadn't been seen. Under questioning, the brother was evasive. Finally he led the police to a shallow grave behind the barn. Here was his confession:

One fall evening the brothers had quarreled about money. The deceased had picked up a butcher knife, threatening the accused, who ran outdoors. He managed to hide in a shadow and as the knife wielder passed him, he doubled back into the house and got a shotgun. As he stepped outside, the two came face-to-face in the fast-gathering darkness. The accused warned his brother to stay away, but the latter either did not see the gun or else thought he could attack first. Anyway, he came in with his right arm raised for the thrust. The accused ducked, crouched low to the left and fired upward. The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

charge hit the deceased from about ten feet distance in the front-left neck and face, ranging up and back. This was the accused's story. It was my difficult job to check on the bones, angle, location and pattern of the bullets. The local police hadn't made it easier, for they had tidied up the muddy remains with a high-power hose, washing away some of the shattered neck vertebrae. But there was enough left to work on. The entire anterior part of the lower jaw on the left side had been torn away. The neck vertebrae at that level (those recovered) were shattered. X-ray revealed whole pellets and splintered shot in the posterior lower left side of the lower jaw and the left side of the neck vertebrae. The direction was from left three-quarters and from slightly below. The pattern of shot indicated close range. Thus the brother's statement of the killing was borne out by the bones. Accordingly the charge of murder was dropped and his plea of manslaughter accepted; he received a prison sentence on that basis. The bones pleaded mutely on his behalf.

In the case of "The Cobbler's Basement," the bones cleared the suspect of a charge of multiple guilt. In 1932 the body of a young girl was found in the rear of a basement shoe repair shop. She was the victim of an outrageous sex-crime murder. The basement floor was unpaved. The enraged police, believing the suspect might be guilty of similar, hitherto-unsolved crimes, dug up the floor for evidence. They found many bones and fragments of bones which they sent to my laboratory in Cleveland. An hour after I had opened the box of bones and sorted them, I wired back "No additional human bones present." The rather astounding collection revealed: remains of five different sheep, ranging from a yearling lamb to four stages of adult maturity; remains of an adult cow; of a pigeon, a barn owl, a goose or turkey and a rat. The police had accomplished some remarkable modern archaeology; they had uncovered a twentieth century "kitchen-midden" or refuse site. The bones of sheep and cow, the murderer's meal remains, had been thrown to the earth and eventually covered. The bones of the pigeon, barn owl, goose or turkey had been brought in by a rat. The rat had, at long last, left his own bones. So the evidence of the premises absolved the criminal from the guilt of other crimes. Of course he paid the full penalty for the terrible crime of which he was proved guilty.

For some years I have been engaged in an important phase of identification; namely, the restora-

Outside the Gothic halls of the University of Chicago, where he is an Associate Professor of Anatomy and Physical Anthropology, Dr. Wilton Marion Krogman devotes some of his tremendous energy to the practical application of science. His astonishing discoveries in the field of crime, some of which derive from special work with the Federal Bureau of Investigation, are described in this article. His expert knowledge of race is frequently tapped for child adoption cases. He has written extensively about the relationship of body build to disease and to personality traits and the physical welfare of children. A leading anthropologist, Dr. Krogman was awarded the Morris L. Chaim Prize in 1927; the Readers Digest Prize in 1936; he was starred in American Men of Science, 1944.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion of the living head from a study of the skull. The covering of skin, connective tissue and muscle on the skull vault and face varies in thickness from region to region, also on different types of people and under differing states of health. The dissection of hundreds of bodies in the Anatomical Laboratory has provided a series of tables to be used when I attempt to "build" a physiognomy upon a skull. First little squares of clay are placed at sites over the skull vault and face, each to the thickness of tissue at that point. The entire vault and face are then filled in according to the thickness the markers suggest. Now science gives way to art in the details of eyes, nose, mouth, ears and coloration. The bony orbit suggests eyeball size and lid proportions, the bony nose and anterior nasal spine suggest nasal contour. Lips differ with the relative fulness or thinness in various White races and White-Negro mixtures.

In this way we can rebuild the face on a skull to the point where identification is possible.

In an unpublished research I have, with the assistance of Miss Mary Jane McCue, a graduate student, attempted for the first time to go from a known head to its skull and then to a reconstruction. In the dissecting room I measured, then photographed, the head of an American Negro cadaver in precise detail. After the body had been dissected the skull was turned over to the sculptress, who neither saw the head nor had any more information than would be available in the case of an unknown. The sculptured reconstruction, built up in clay over the skull, was accurate to within one millimeter. The sculptured head differed from the cadaver head only where it gave the appearance of a living individual, with the resiliency and elasticity of life.

The experiment was a success. We shall repeat it, confident that we have a technique of importance in scientific crime detection.

Never be deceived by the cliché that dead men tell no tales.

The murder that men commit lives after them—in the bones of the victim.

Guideposts of Life

AS A BOY THERE WAS nothing I enjoyed more than riding back and forth with my father over the seven mile stretch between our farm and town. One habit I formed then still sticks with me. Probably in self-defense against my steady flow of questions, Dad taught me to count—first the advertising signs, then the telephone poles and finally the fence posts along the road, checking each time to test my accuracy. In the horse and buggy days, the counting was simple. Then came the auto—and trouble. The fact wasn't lost on Dad.

"Son," he said one day, "you'll live a lot longer and a lot better if you will always drive so that you can count the signs along life's highway."

—A. K. CHENOWETH

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How can the most in information and entertainment be compressed into the least space? Answer: by coming as quickly as possible to the point in six pages of capsule reading which you should find varied, amusing and memorable.

The Lady Takes a Chance

WHEN THE script calls for a stunt too dangerous for their high-salaried feminine stars, Hollywood studios send for wiry, blonde Helen Thurston.

An ex-aerialist and dancer, Helen recently was called for a stunt in a scene laid on Bataan, during a Japanese air raid. Helen's job was to run up the steps of a house to escape the raiders—the building being loaded with explosives set to go off as she reached the door.

When the concussion came it was much stronger than anticipated. Helen's feet flew up, and over she went backwards. Only her knowledge of how to fall and roll kept her from breaking any bones. Her fee was 250 dollars for that one.

Aside from bruises and sore muscles Helen has never been injured in performing a stunt. But she's had plenty of opportunities. Doubling in a Marx Brothers' circus picture was her narrowest escape.

With suction cups on her feet, Helen had to climb to the ceiling of the Big Top and walk upside down on a huge glass sheet, held in place by wire cables at each corner. Just as the shot started, a short circuit in overhead lighting wires cut through some of the cables and caused one end of the glass to drop. Ready to kick off the suction cups and drop safely into a net held by workmen below, Helen looked down and found them scrambling frantically from under the hanging glass, dragging the net with them.

There was nothing to do but hold tight and hope for the best until a ladder was put up.—ROBERT COUDY

The Garden That Weeds Itself

AUSTIN WELCH of River, Massachusetts, calls himself "the laziest gardener in the world." Every spring for the past few years he's been planting huge Victory gardens which he neither plows nor weeds. Yet the Welch cellar shelves sag under the weight of home-canned tomatoes, corn, peas and other vegetables.

Gardener Welch's trick consists of "mulching," a practice long known to Hawaiian pineapple growers but

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

little used in this country. Well in advance of planting time Welch blankets his garden plot with long strips of builder's paper, anchored in place with loose earth. This effectively smothers out all competing weed growth. The plants are then spaced at regular distances in holes which have been slashed through the paper with a knife. They grow the same as plants in cultivated gardens.

With Welch's method, all the hard work is done at planting time —when the weather is cool. He can even be away for a week and return without finding his plot overgrown with weeds. In mid-August when most of his neighbors are out in the hot sun hoeing weeds, Gardener Welch sits on his porch with a cool drink, watches his crops grow and studies seed catalogues.

—SIGMUND SAMETH

Lion Hunter

GABE HOWIE AND I saw the mountain lion at the same time. We were sitting on a bench outside Old Gabe's shack when the lion stepped out of the brush, perhaps a hundred yards away.

Old Gabe is probably the best known lion hunter on the Mother Lode. That's how he makes his living. I could feel his hand inching toward his carbine leaning against the wall.

That lion, the largest either of us had ever seen, was plainly easy in his mind. He yawned, stretched and gave his tail a lash. Then he started toward us—toward the spring where Old Gabe gets his water. He seemed to flow along, his massive head riding lightly on his rippling neck. His padded paws rose and fell in measured cadence with his gently waving tail.

He came on to the spring, not more than fifty yards away, had his drink, lifted his head and saw us. I caught the faintest whisper of gravel as Gabe's hand closed knowingly on the carbine stock.

The mountain lion couldn't have stood there long, because while he stood there neither Gabe nor I breathed. But it seemed like forever. Then he moved.

He didn't turn tail nor change pace, but swung broadside to us and headed for a dogwood thicket. At the edge of the thicket he stopped, turned his head and watched us quietly with glowing amber eyes, giving Gabe his chance for a perfect shot. Then the lion slipped into the brush.

As I was saddling to ride on down to camp that night, I remarked casually, "Lion hunter, eh?"

"Shucks," Old Gabe said half sheepishly, "you wouldn't have me shoot a neighbor, would you?"

—LLOYD LUCKHAM

An Old Skin Game

BACK IN 1880 a soldier in the French Army had a full general's uniform, complete with buttons and medals, tattooed upon him. To step up in rank he had only to step out of his clothes. Another ingenious if guillotine-conscious Frenchman had a neat line tattooed around his neck, with the helpful inscription: "Executioner,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

when cutting, follow dotted line."

In the 4,000-year history of tattooing, wartime has always meant boomtime. On a good weekend Milwaukee's epidermic artist, Amund Dietzel, needles from thirty to forty sailors. (Gobs have always been the best decorated of the servicemen.)

A small design takes ten minutes and costs from one to three dollars.

A "cover job" costs from three to five hundred dollars depending on how long it takes. Right now the leading designs are the insignia of the armed forces. Civilians often choose to preserve their social security numbers, or the more sentimental go in for small hearts with the name of the heartthrob. Women lean toward flowers.

Fortunately, present tattooing methods are less painful and much faster than the old techniques. First the hair is shaved from the skin. Then the selected pattern is transferred by means of charcoal and a celluloid stencil. The electrically-driven needles are dipped in ink, and the artist is ready.

Home designed and manufactured, Dietzel's machine consists of four or five needles clamped to an outsized motor pencil. The needles puncture the skin at the rate of 3,000 jabs a minute, and the feeling is much as if an infuriated bee had backed up against you.

A surprising sidelight developed when doctors found that the red ink used in tattooing is the only sure cure for certain types of skin diseases. The discovery was made accidentally when an eczema patient was found free of the disease on a portion of his arm which had been tattooed with red ink.

Although Dietzel has tattooed everything from identification marks on a bulldog to eyebrows on a girl who had lost hers as a result of illness, perhaps his oddest job was to tattoo a woman's mouth so that it would look smaller. The lady left with a gay smile on her new rosebud lips, which had been reduced to their dainty proportions by tattooing flesh-colored chalk across the corners of her mouth!

—Don Dornbrook

Light Brigade

Unknowingly, the Germans supplied much of the electricity consumed by the Allied Armies during the first month of the invasion of France. American engineers tied into the power grids operated by German hydroelectric plants, and thus solved their electric supply problem without tipping off the Nazis. One huge plant

north of Nice pumped 14,000 kilowatts to distant Allied units for over three weeks before it was finally captured by an advancing American division.—Tom Gootée

Putting on the Dog

Making a cloth comparable in texture to the best English tweeds from the hairs your dog sheds all over the house sounds fantastic; yet it's being done, and New York stores are clamoring for this novel, high-quality material from which all sorts of outdoor clothing and purses are made.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Originator of this new textile is Mrs. William E. Buckley of Huntington, Long Island. Her venture was launched three years ago when Dogs for Defense, Inc. needed money to carry on its work of procuring and training dogs for the Army. A dog fancier herself, Mrs. Buckley wasn't satisfied with a mere donation. She wanted to provide a steady source of income for the organization.

For some time she had been interested in attempts to make wool and cloth from the coats of long-haired dogs, but these products never had given satisfactory wear. Now she decided to find a way to make durable dog-hair cloth and give the patent to Dogs for Defense.

Starting literally from scratch, she began with trimmings from her own airedale terriers. Their short, harsh hair, laboratory tests revealed, was just what was needed to give strength formerly lacking in dog-hair material. After a year and a half of work, Mrs. Buckley had a formula and process that could be handled like any textile in a mill. When that was achieved, she named her product Loyaltex, in tribute to the real friendship of dogs, and applied for the patent which was to serve Dogs for Defense well. How well is illustrated by one incident:

A committee of textile experts—two Scotsmen and three Englishmen—critically examined one of Mrs. Buckley's jackets made of dog hair, without knowledge of its source. All agreed that it was a high-grade foreign product.

"One of the oldest English yarns," ventured an Englishman.

"Scotch yarn," contradicted a Scotsman.

"Camel's hair," offered a third.

And they all gasped in amazement when Mrs. Buckley said, "Dog's hair, gentlemen."

—DOROTHY B. LONG

The Big Land Robbery

A 5,000-ACRE robbery by the Missouri River, recently embroiled the states of Kansas and Missouri in a four-year lawsuit.

Missouri lies directly east of Kansas. The two have a straight north and south boundary for about 150 miles. But for 128 miles northwest of the point where Kansas City, Kansas, and Kansas City, Missouri, lie just opposite each other, the dividing line is the mid-channel of the turbulent, twisting river. It was at the northernmost part of this channel that the robbery was committed.

The "Big Muddy"—which carries more silt than any other river in the world except for China's Yellow River—began stealing around the turn of the century. Gradually it moved its channel eastward from the Kansas bluffs by cutting into the soft Missouri soil. For ten years this phenomenon continued unabated, and in the process some four to five thousand acres of Missouri disappeared. Farm houses, stores, schools and barns were either moved back or allowed to slide into the advancing river.

Some of the land was carried along into the Mississippi. But the balance formed a mid-stream island

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

about five miles long, with a branch of the Big Muddy flowing along either side.

Kansas claimed that the channel nearest Missouri was the main passage and therefore the island belonged to her. Missouri, of course, claimed the reverse.

The controversy raged on until the end of the 1920's. Then, as if to make amends for its mischievousness, the Big Muddy began to dry up the channel on the Missouri side of the island, and the disputed land once more became physically attached to its mother state.

In 1940 Kansas brought suit to have the land declared hers. After four years of legal battles had brought the problem before the high court it was decided that the land always had been Missouri soil. Even if it once had been shifted to Kansas, the Court said, the river had gradually moved it back again—and nothing could be done about it. —SAM SHULSKY

The Talking Fountain

CINCINNATI'S Union Terminal is a mecca for fun-loving servicemen. Recently a sailor stooped to take a drink at one of the water fountains when a deep voice boomed, "Why don't you join a good outfit?"

The sailor straightened belligerently and turned slowly on his heels. Then his jaw dropped. There was no one within speaking distance.

At a bubbler across the lobby in the U.S.O., two Marines laughed until tears ran down their cheeks.

When the Union Terminal was first opened, pupils touring the station with their classes soon discovered that words spoken into the fountain on one side of the lobby miraculously came out crystal clear on the other side. It didn't take members of the armed forces long to catch on.

But sometimes the trick backfires!

The Marines finally spotted an MP leaning over the bubbler. The fountain spoke. "Nuts to the MPs."

The Leathernecks doubled up with laughter. Suddenly they were grabbed from behind. "Did you men speak to me?"

The MP knew about talking fountains. —STANLEY J. MEYER

His Weight in War Bonds

WHEN GASOLINE rationing and shipping restrictions put Scales Thompson out of business following Pearl Harbor, he went after a new type of customer. Sixteen and a half months later he had helped sell close to 10,000,000 dollars' worth of government securities. What's more, his entire equipment consisted of one bathroom scale.

The turning point came in Chicago in the spring of 1942. A huge crowd had gathered before the main show window of Sears, Roebuck & Co.'s State Street store. The glass had been removed and a large stage erected within, where a band played and pretty girls danced and sang. Between numbers the Master of Ceremonies would beseech the crowd to step up and buy War Bonds or Stamps.

Far from being timid, Scales, a veteran of the first World War, el-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bowed his way to the front row.

"Have *you* bought any War Bonds?" the M.C. asked him.

Scales, whose real name is Ernest, could feel the spectators responding to the man's insinuations. "Look, Mister," he boomed, "I could sell more bonds in ten minutes with my scales than you and your show will sell all day!"

He admitted under questioning that he was a weight guesser; that he'd traveled with a carnival until restrictions took it off the road.

"Give him a chance!" yelled the crowd, and a scale was brought from Sears' stock to the stage. Ten minutes after Scales took over the mike, explaining that a minimum of one dollar in War Stamps would be his fee for guessing weights, a long line had formed.

When the tally of sales was completed, Treasury Department officials praised Scales' work and invited him to come back. After that he worked each afternoon until Treasury Corner was moved to the lobby of a huge loop building and renamed Treasury Center.

Scales followed, and on opening day he sold 1,100 dollars in stamps. For thirteen months he worked at the center. At the same time he would attend various bond rallies in the evening, taking his scale along.

He sold over a million dollars' worth of bonds that way.

When he left Treasury Center Scales did not quit. He went to the State Street Businessmen's Association and told them what he'd been doing, asking them to give him a booth and microphone in a good spot. They agreed.

When the drive was over his sales totaled over 5,000,000 dollars.

At the end of the bond drive, Scales stayed on in Chicago and went to work as a shipping clerk. When I suggested that he'd done his share of bond selling, he glared and snapped: "Nobody can do enough to back them kids that are doin' the fightin'. The only reason I quit was that I ran out of dough. I spent all my savings while doing that job, but now I've got another stake. I'll be out there sellin' again when the next War Loan Drive starts."

—WINFRED LOWELL VAN ATTA

Taste Test

WHEN THE Army Quartermaster Corps was experimenting with emergency rations, a new type of chocolate bar was tested. The size was determined by the dimensions of the standard GI shirt pocket—for the candy was to be carried in the pocket and eaten only as a last resort when the soldier was separated from his unit. Another specification was that the bar remain solid at 120° F. to prevent melting under tropical conditions.

When a committee from the Quartermaster Corps sampled the numerous bars submitted, all but one were rejected—and that was a bar which everyone agreed was inferior in taste. But that was precisely what the Army wanted, because the chocolate was intended to serve only as an *emergency* food. The other bars tasted too good and would be eaten before the emergency for which they were intended ever occurred. —MALLORY TRENT

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Russian scientists, working in the front lines, restore life to some soldiers whose breathing and heart action have ceased

☆ Soviet Miracle Men

by ELLA WINTER

THE RED ARMY stretcher bearers carried their moaning burden into the base field hospital. The man was unconscious; he had lost a lot of blood. They put him on the operating table; his condition grew worse. They worked over him, in vain. Soon his heart ceased beating. He stopped breathing. There were no reflexes. The doctor pronounced Valentine Cherepanov, private in the X—— Guards Regiment, dead. He entered on the chart: "Death following shock and acute loss of blood." It was March 3, 7:41 p.m.

But fate had something else in store for Private Valentine Cherepanov. Three and a half minutes after his "death," at 7:45 p.m., the Red Army man's heart was beating again. Two minutes after that he was breathing.

One hour later—by 8:45—the Red Army soldier was conscious, but still in a critical state. His case-book noted: "The patient sleeps, wakens at the slightest touch, answers questions, asks for water, complains he can't see." But his breathing was even, his pulse regular. Twenty-four hours later his sight came back.

Life had returned to Cherepanov. It was a triumph without precedent in medical history. Today Cherepanov is perfectly well. And eleven other men have been so resuscitated. There have been failures, too—of fifty-one men who died prematurely of wounds and on whom experiments were made, only twelve lived longer than a few days. Thirty-nine experiments were unsuccessful.

Even in these experiments, however, there was some "return to life." Three men lived a short time but died from pneumonia and gas gangrene, which frequently follows war wounds. (Gas bacilli thrive in dead tissue where there is no oxygen.) Twenty-two were completely restored, regained consciousness, and lived up to three days. Twelve were partially restored, with improved action in the lungs. In only two cases out of the fifty-one there was no response.

The patients who lived only a few days after they had "died" ate, drank, talked, and wrote letters.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But the injury caused to their vital functions by wounds proved insurmountable.

In the Soviet Union, a group of men has been working for years on new methods of combating death from shock and loss of blood. They are led by a young Red Army surgeon, Dr. Vladimir Alexei Negovsky. Brown-eyed, black-haired, thirty-five-year-old Dr. Negovsky is the latest of Russia's "medical miracle workers" to have brought something new into medicine. He has been doing this work for eight years, along with a devoted band of co-workers, men and women. Since the war he has worked with severely wounded men who would have died with ordinary treatment.

Dr. Negovsky thinks some of the failures in attempts at resuscitation are due less to the seriousness of the patient's condition than to disregard of certain physiological processes. But the medical scientists working on this problem have learned from failure.

Another Russian soldier saved by this new method is Alexander Nossov. Brought to a field hospital with part of one leg torn off by a shell, he was in bad shape fourteen hours after the injury. His breathing was quick and shallow, and the doctors said his pulse could not be felt. Twelve hours of working over Nossov, including blood transfusions and injections of camphor and caffeine, brought no results. At this point Dr. Negovsky was called in and applied his method. The patient's condition improved so much that a surgeon was able to operate on his leg.

In two days the patient was able to be moved to a rear hospital.

What is the process whereby the vital functions of men who have gone through so-called "death agony" and "clinical death" can be revived? "Death agony" is the layman's term for the last few moments of a person's life; it may be different in different diseases. It includes the great struggle that comes with the end of life—sweating, difficulty in breathing, and the other physiological changes that take place. Actually, not a great deal is known yet about those changes. "Clinical death" is the term used when only respiration and circulation have ceased.

The system developed by the scientists in Russia for the revivification of the vital functions is a combination of artificial respiration and blood transfusion. Heretofore both were applied separately. The apparatus used is incredibly simple and can be handled by any family doctor, under any circumstances. It consists of a bellows-like respirator, very much like an ordinary blacksmith's bellows, and a device for restoring circulation to the blood. An air tube is inserted directly into the windpipe through the mouth, and air is forced into the sagging lungs by pressure. The air forces the lungs to expand and thus excites the nerve impulses. They telegraph to the brain and help the brain cells governing the respiratory function to throw off the paralysis or disintegration that is setting in. This has a beneficial effect on the heart action, for the excitement of the respiratory brain center conveys itself to the center governing the pulsations of the heart.

The blood injector is just as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

simple. In the past, blood has been injected into the veins. By this new method blood is injected straight into the arteries which feed the heart muscle, thus achieving revival with the greatest speed. Only after the heart has started functioning can a regular blood transfusion take place.

Dr. Negovsky is quick to explain that he does not claim originality in the two methods employed. His is the simultaneous employment of both, on bloodstream and breathing. These basic vital functions are so closely connected that isolated attempts to restore one or the other alone are not enough.

At present, these efforts toward revival must begin within five or six minutes after death. For when the lungs and the heart stop working, the complex brain cells very soon disintegrate; that is, they start to break up because of lack of oxygen. They swell and take on a cloudy appearance; once that has happened, they cannot function again. When more is known about the changes that take place in the brain cells, it may be possible successfully to start efforts toward revival after even more than five or six minutes have elapsed.

Thus the effectiveness of the method hinges on a break-neck race against time. Dr. Negovsky is confident the fighting time against death can be extended. He wants to establish exactly which tissues die sooner and which hold out longer, and why each one behaves in its own peculiar way. He wants to find out everything to be known about the mechanics of death, for only that way can it be fought effectively. The young lives already saved at the front are a great spur to the work, Dr. Negovsky feels.

These successful experiments bring up a new definition of "life" and "death." The Soviet scientists use the expression "clinical death," meaning the cessation of breathing and heart action, and not "biological death," which might be defined as the death from which there is no return, the death which takes place when the brain cells have begun to deteriorate.

Other experiments in trying to save people after the death agony had set in were made as long ago as the beginning of this century. On August 16, 1903, the Russian scientist Kuliako succeeded in resuscitating the heart of a three-months-old infant who had died the day before of pneumonia. Rhythmic action of the heart was obtained twenty hours after the child's death, and the heart continued to beat for an hour. None of several babies who were resuscitated, however, lived for more than a few hours. They died from organic defects, such as torn brain tissue or undeveloped lungs. Except for those defects, surgeons felt

Ella Winter recently returned from her third trip as New York Post correspondent in the U.S.S.R., where she visited the major fighting fronts, the industrial and agricultural centers. She is married to Donald Ogden Stewart, the screen writer. Because she speaks Russian fluently and has many friends in the Soviet she has been able to report with unusual accuracy and understanding on Russian social developments and post-war plans. This article about Russian discoveries in the field of medicine is the result of her visit to a Soviet army hospital near the battle front, where she interviewed the medical miracle man, Dr. Vladimir Negovsky.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the babies could have been saved.

Some wounded men cannot be restored to life by Dr. Negovsky's methods if tissues are so badly damaged they cannot be patched together. A person might suffer a stab wound in the heart, yet live, if the dagger entered a muscle. But if it went through one of the ventricles, death would be more likely, since the heart, pumping 60 to 100 times a minute, would pump so much blood out through the hole that the person would bleed to death in a few moments.

In drowning, people can be resuscitated by artificial respiration because only the lungs have filled with water. If the water can be pumped out in time—that is, before the brain cells have deteriorated for lack of oxygen normally furnished by the lungs—then the person can live.

In other common cases of death, such as automobile accidents, when one or more organs have been so badly damaged that they cannot fulfill their vital functions, Dr. Negovsky's method probably will never work. In cases of stroke, phlebitis, embolisms and where clots of blood have formed in veins or arteries, blood, even if injected, cannot successfully stimulate circulation in the obstructed tissues.

Tremendous interest has been aroused by the philosophic side of the question Dr. Negovsky's work has raised. This young Red Army physician is himself intrigued by this consideration.

"Until now it's been felt that the question of death is so intricate," he said, "that it's impossible to study it, that one even has no right to. But I don't agree with that. The greater the number of our research workers, the deeper our knowledge and understanding of the laws of death, the more effective can be our methods."

We have invaded the realm of Death. The work of Negovsky and his colleagues, and their successes even so far, makes us feel we are trembling on abysses of the Unknown.

Quoteworthy

IN A LETTER to his wife, a Marine in the Pacific wrote: "If I sound blue, it isn't that I got up on the wrong side of the bed. It's that I got up on the wrong side of the world."

—*Marine Corps Chevron*

THERE AIN'T no 'appiness in this world, so we must just be 'appy without it. —A London Charwoman

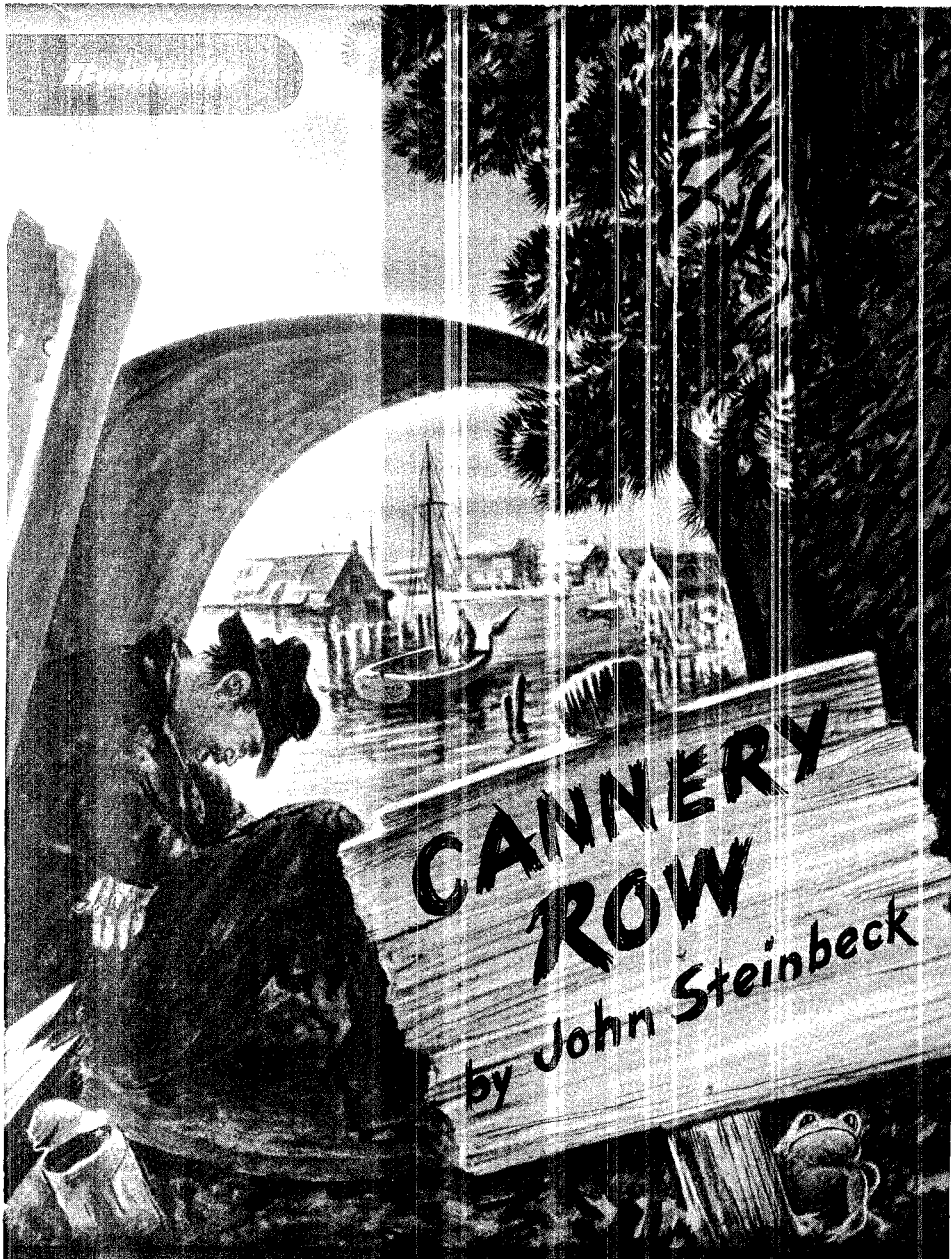
SHE SHIFTED her brain into neutral and let her tongue idle on . . . The clever man makes hay with the grass that grows under other men's feet . . . A budget is a method of worrying before you spend instead of afterwards.

—*Nectar in a Nutshell* (ALLEN AND UNWIN)

THEY HAVE a new name for shipbuilder Henry Kaiser—Sir Launch-a-Lot. —*Skyscrapers*

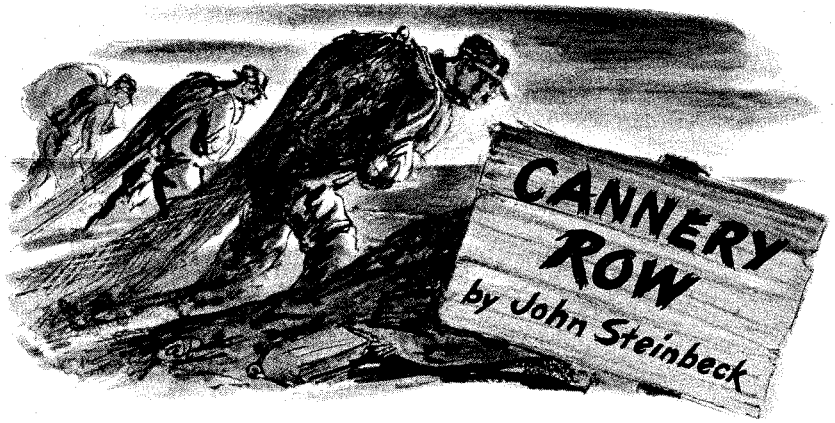
I HAVE never killed a man, but I have read many obituaries with pleasure—CLARENCE DARROW . . . War would end if the dead could return—STANLEY BALDWIN . . . You grow up the day you have your first real laugh—at yourself. —ETHEL BARRYMORE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Cannery Row, condensed in these pages, is set in Monterey County, California, which John Steinbeck has made peculiarly his own. The lives of its fantastic characters seem credible, even enviable. Steinbeck says: "Our so-called successful men are sick men, with bad stomachs and bad souls, but Mack and the boys are healthy and curiously clean . . . they are your true philosophers."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Foreword: As long ago as April, 1939, Coronet sent an interviewer out to see an obscure young writer in Monterey County, California. The obscure young writer's name was John Steinbeck. "My wife and I have nothing," Steinbeck told Coronet's interviewer. "We live in this house on thirty dollars a month. But that isn't important. I know I am writing as I should write." He was then working on a book, the locale of which was his own Monterey, to be called *Tortilla Flat*. This was to be the book which would bring him his first recognition. Later he would write *Of Mice and Men* and *The Grapes of Wrath*—and without particularly wishing to do so, Steinbeck would become a popular writer . . . Six years have now passed since Coronet's earlier interview with Steinbeck. And now Coronet is proud to present its condensation of his latest, best-selling novel, *Cannery Row*.

It is particularly interesting, we think, to note that for the setting of *Cannery Row*, Steinbeck has chosen the same Monterey where, in 1939, he was "living on thirty dollars a month"—at the time Coronet first introduced him to its readers.

CANNERY Row in Monterey in California is a poem, a stink, a grating noise, a quality of light, a tone, a habit, a nostalgia, a dream. Cannery Row is the gathered and scattered, tin and iron and rust and splintered wood, chipped pavement and weedy lots and junk heaps, sardine canneries of corrugated iron, honky tonks, restaurants and little crowded groceries, and laboratories and flophouses. Its inhabitants are Everybody. Had the man looked through another peephole he might have said, "Saints and angels and martyrs and holy men," and he would have meant the same thing.

In the morning when the sardine fleet has made a catch, the purse-seiners waddle heavily into the bay blowing their whistles. Then cannery whistles scream too and all over the town men and women scramble into their clothes and come running down to the Row to go to work. Then shining cars bring the upper classes down: superintendents, accountants, owners who dis-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

appear into offices. Then from the town pour men and women in trousers and rubber coats and oilcloth aprons. They come running to clean and cut and pack and cook and can the fish.

The whole street rumbles and groans and screams and rattles while the silver rivers of fish pour in out of the boats and the boats rise higher and higher in the water until they are empty. The canneries rumble and rattle and squeak until the last fish is cleaned and cut and cooked and canned and then the whistles scream again and the dripping, smelly, tired men and women straggle out and droop their ways up the hill into the town and Cannery Row becomes itself again —quiet and magical. Its normal life returns.

The bums who retired in disgust under the black cypress tree come out to sit on the rusty pipes in the vacant lot. Doc strolls from the Western Biological Laboratory and crosses the street to Lee Chong's grocery for two quarts of beer. Henri the painter noses like an airedale through the junk in the grass-grown lot for some part or piece of wood or metal he needs for the boat he is building. Then the darkness edges in and the street light comes on—the lamp which makes perpetual moonlight in Cannery Row. Callers arrive at Western Biological to see Doc, and he crosses the street to Lee Chong's for five quarts of beer.

Lee Chong's grocery, while not a model of neatness, was a miracle of supply. It was small and crowded but within its single room a man could find everything he needed or wanted to live and to be happy—clothes, food, both fresh and canned, liquor, tobacco, fishing equipment, machinery, boats, cordage, caps, pork chops. You could buy at Lee Chong's a pair of slippers, a silk kimono, a quarter pint of whiskey and a cigar.

Lee was round-faced and courteous. He spoke a stately English without ever using the letter R. He lived well and he had the respect of all his neighbors. He trusted his clients until further trust became ridiculous. Sometimes he made business errors, but even these he turned to advantage in good will if in no other way. It was that way with the Palace Flophouse and Grill. Anyone but Lee Chong would have considered that transaction a total loss. But this is what happened.

Lee Chong owned the Abbeville building—a good roof, a good floor, two windows and a door. He considered it as a storehouse for groceries, a kind of warehouse, but gave that up on second thought. It was too far away and anyone can go in through a window. He was considering the problem when the grocery door opened and Mack came in.

Mack was the elder, leader, mentor, and to a small extent the exploiter of a little group of men who had in common no families, no money, and no ambitions beyond food, drink and contentment. But whereas most men in their search for contentment destroy themselves and fall wearily short of their targets, Mack and his friends approached contentment casually, quietly, and absorbed it gently. Mack and Hazel, a young man of great strength (christened by a tired, confused mother before she

Condensed from the book Cannery Row, published at $2.00 by The Viking Press, New York, N. Y.
copyright, 1945, by John Steinbeck

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

realized her eighth child was a boy), Eddie who filled in as a bartender at La Ida, Hughie and Jones who occasionally collected frogs and cats for Western Biological, were currently living in those large rusty pipes in the lot next to Lee Chong's. That is, they lived in the pipes when it was damp but in fine weather they lived in the shadow of the black cypress tree at the top of the lot. The limbs folded down and made a canopy under which a man could lie and look out at the flow and vitality of Cannery Row.

Lee Chong stiffened ever so slightly when Mack came in.

Mack laid out his cards with a winning honesty. "Lee," he said, "I and Eddie and the rest heard you own the Abbeville place."

Lee Chong nodded and waited.

"I and my friends thought we'd ast you if we could move in there. We'll keep up the property," he added quickly. "Wouldn't let anybody break in or hurt anything. Kids might knock out the windows, you know—" Mack suggested. "Place might burn down if somebody don't keep an eye on it."

Lee's mind leaped ahead at the possibilities—no, they were probabilities. He saw himself refusing Mack's request and he saw the broken glass from the windows. Then Mack would offer a second time to watch over and preserve Lee's property—and at the second refusal, Lee could smell the smoke, could see the little flames creeping up the walls. Mack and his friends would try to help to put it out. Lee was beaten. He knew that. There was left to him only the possibility of saving face and Mack was likely to be very generous about that. Lee said, "You like pay lent my place? You like live there same hotel?"

Mack smiled broadly and he was generous. "Say—" he cried. "That's an idear. Sure. How much?"

Lee considered. He knew it didn't matter what he charged. He wasn't going to get it anyway.

And that was the way it was. Everyone was happy about it. And if it be thought that Lee Chong suffered a total loss, at least his mind did not work that way. The windows were not broken. Fire did not break out, and while no rent was ever paid, if the tenants ever had any money, and quite often they did have, it never occurred to them to spend it any place except at Lee Chong's grocery. But it went further than that. If a drunk caused trouble in the grocery, if the kids swarmed down from New Monterey intent on plunder, Lee Chong had only to call and his tenants rushed to his aid.

The boys moved in. No one knows who named the house that has been known ever after as the Palace Flophouse and Grill.

Lee Chong's is to the right of the vacant lot. Up in back of the lot is the railroad track and the Palace Flophouse.

Western Biological is right across the street and facing the vacant lot. Western Biological deals in strange and beautiful wares. It sells the lovely animals of the sea, the sponges, tunicates, anemones, the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stars and buttlestars, and sunstars, the bivalves, barnacles, the worms and shells, the fabulous and multiform little brothers, the living moving flowers of the sea, nudibranchia and tectibranchia, the spiked and nobbed and needly urchins, he crabs and demi-crabs, the little dragons, the snapping shrimps, and ghost shrimps so transparent that they hardly throw a shadow. And Western Biological sells bugs and snails and spiders, and rattlesnakes, and rats, and honey bees and gila monsters. These are all for sale. And for students there are sharks with the blood drained out and yellow and blue color substituted in veins and arteries, so that you may follow the systems with a scalpel. And there are cats with colored veins and arteries, and frogs the same. You can order anything living from Western Biological and sooner or later you will get it.

Doc is the owner and operator of the Western Biological Laboratory. Doc is rather small, deceptively small, for he is wiry and very strong and when passionate anger comes on him he can be very fierce. He wears a beard and his face is half Christ and half satyr and his face tells the truth. Doc tips his hat to dogs as he drives by and the dogs look up and smile at him. He can kill anything for need but he could not even hurt a feeling for pleasure.

Over a period of years Doc dug himself into Cannery Row to an extent not even he suspected. He became the fountain of philosophy and science and art. Doc would listen to any kind of nonsense and change it for you to a kind of wisdom. He could talk to children, telling them very profound things so that they understood. He lived in a world of wonders, of excitement. Everyone who knew him was indebted to him. And everyone who thought of him thought next, "I really must do something nice for Doc."

Mack and the boys loved the Palace and they even cleaned it a little sometimes. In their minds they sneered at people who had no house to go to and occasionally in their pride they brought a guest home for a day or two.

Eddie was understudy bartender at La Ida. He filled in when Whitey the regular bartender was sick, which was as often as Whitey could get away with it. Every time Eddie filled in, a few bottles disappeared, so he couldn't fill in too often. But Whitey liked to have Eddie take his place because he was convinced, and correctly, that Eddie was one man who wouldn't try to keep his job permanently. Almost anyone could have trusted Eddie to this extent. Eddie didn't have to remove much liquor. He kept a gallon jug under the bar and in the mouth of the jug there was a funnel. Anything left in the glasses Eddie poured into the funnel before he washed the glasses. The resulting punch which he took back to the Palace was always interesting and sometimes surprising. The mixture of rye, beer, bourbon, scotch, wine, rum and gin was fairly constant, but now and then some effete customer would order a stinger or an anisette or a curacao and these little touches gave a distinct character to the punch. It was Eddie's habit always to shake a little angostura

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

into the jug just before he left. On a good night Eddie got three-quarters of a gallon. It was a source of satisfaction to him that nobody was out anything. Eddie was a very desirable inhabitant of the Palace Flophouse.

Now on the afternoon when Hazel was out collecting with Doc in the Great Tide Pool, the boys were sitting around in the Palace sipping the result of Eddie's latest contribution.

Mack nodded his head soberly. "That Doc is a hell of a nice fella," he said. "He'll give you a quarter any time.

"I been wondering for a long time," Mack continued, "what we could do for him—something nice. Something he'd like."

Eddie said, "What kind of a party you think Doc'd like?"

"What other kind is there?" said Jones.

Mack mused, "Doc wouldn't like this stuff from the winin' jug."

"How do you know?" Hughie demanded. "You never offered him none."

"Oh, I know," said Mack. "He's been to college. No—you couldn't offer him none of this. Have to be whiskey—the real thing.

"It's going to take dough to give Doc a party," continued Mack. "If we're going to give him a party at all it ought to be a good one."

"You know," Hughie said, "I used to collect stuff up the Valley for Doc, turtles and crayfish and frogs. Got a nickel apiece for frogs."

"Me, too," said Gay. "I got five hundred frogs one time."

"If Doc needs frogs it's a setup," said Mack. "We could go up the Carmel River and have a little outing and we wouldn't tell Doc what it was for and then we'd give him one hell of a party."

Mack went across the vacant lot, crossed the street and entered the basement of the laboratory.

"Hiya, Doc?" said Mack.

"All right," said Doc uneasily. Doc knew Mack had come for something and Mack knew he knew it.

Mack said, "Doc, you got any need for any kind of animals now?"

Doc sighed with relief. "Why?" he asked guardedly.

Mack became open and confidential. "I'll tell you, Doc. I and the boys got to get some dough—we simply got to. It's for what you might call a worthy cause."

It seemed simple and innocent. Doc laid down four more starfish in lines. "I could use three or four hundred frogs," he said. "I'd get them myself but I've got to go down to La Jolla tonight. There's a good tide tomorrow and I have to get some octopi."

"Same price for frogs?" Mack asked. "Five cents apiece?"

"Same price," said Doc.

Mack was jovial. "Don't you worry about frogs, Doc," he said. "We'll get you all the frogs you want. You just rest easy about frogs. Why we can get them right up Carmel River. I know a place."

"Good," said Doc. "I'll take all you get but I need about three hundred."

"Just you rest easy, Doc. Don't you lose no sleep about it. You'll get your frogs, maybe seven, eight hundred."

Doc watched him go a little un-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

easily. Doc's dealings with Mack and the boys had always been interesting but rarely had they been profitable to Doc. He remembered ruefully the time Mack sold him fifteen tom cats and by night the owners came and got every one.

Mack got the boys up early. They had their coffee and immediately moved over to the truck where it lay among the weeds. There were two small technical legal difficulties with the truck—it had no recent license plates and it had no lights. But the boys hung a rag permanently and accidentally on the rear plate to conceal its vintage and they dabbed the front plate with good thick mud. The equipment of the expedition was slight: some long-handled frog nets and some gunny sacks. City hunters going out for sport load themselves with food and liquor, but not Mack. He presumed rightly that the country was where food came from. Two loaves of bread and what was left of Eddie's wining jug was all the supply. The party clambered on the truck—Gay drove and Mack sat beside him; they bumped around the corner of Lee Chong's and down through the lot, threading among the pipes. Gay eased across the sidewalk and down off the curb gently because the front tires showed fabric all the way around.

The Carmel is a lovely little river. It isn't very long but in its course it has everything a river should have.

Mack and the boys came down happily. It was perfect. If frogs were available, they would be here with the night. It was a place to relax, a place to be happy. On the way out they had thriven. In addition to a big red chicken there was a sack of carrots which had fallen from a vegetable truck, a half dozen onions which had not. Mack had a bag of coffee in his pocket. In the truck there was a five-gallon can with the top cut off. The wining jug was nearly half full. Such things as salt and pepper had been brought. Mack and the boys would have thought anyone who traveled without salt, pepper and coffee very silly indeed.

Without effort, confusion, or much thought, four round stones were rolled together on the little beach. The rooster who had challenged the sunrise of this very day lay dismembered and clean in water in the five-gallon can with peeled onions about him, while a little fire of dead willow sticks sputtered between the stones—a very little fire. Only fools build big fires. It would take a long time to cook this rooster, for it had taken him a long time to achieve his size and muscularity. But as the water began to boil gently about him, he smelled good from the beginning.

They finally ate long and daintily, spearing out pieces of chicken, holding the dripping pieces until they cooled and then gnawing the muscled meat from the bone.

They speared the carrots on pointed willow switches and finally they passed the can and drank the juice. And around them the evening crept in as delicately as music.

The sound of footsteps on the ground made them turn. A man

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dark and large stalked near and he had a shotgun over his arm and a pointer walked shyly and delicately at his heel.

"What the hell are you doing here?" he asked.

"Nothing," said Mack.

"The land's posted. No fishing, hunting, fires, camping. Now you just pack up and put that fire out and get off this land."

"Well, we're sorry," said Mack. "We'll get right out, Captain. You see, we're workin' for some scientists. We're tryin' to get some frogs. They're workin' on cancer and we're helpin' out getting frogs."

The man hesitated for a moment. "What do they do with the frogs?" he asked.

"Well, sir," said Mack, "they give cancer to the frogs and then they can study and experiment and they got it nearly licked if they can just get some frogs." Suddenly Mack seemed to see the pointer for the first time. "By God, that's a fine-lookin' bitch," he said enthusiastically. "She looks like Nola that win the field trials in Virginia last year. She a Virginia dog, Captain?"

The captain hesitated and then he lied. "Yes," he said shortly. "She's lame. Tick got her right on her shoulder."

Mack was instantly solicitous. "Mind if I look, Captain? Come, girl. Come on, girl."

"It's up where she can't lick it," said the captain and he leaned over Mack's shoulder to look.

Mack pressed some pus out of the evil-looking crater on the dog's shoulder. "I had a dog once had a thing like this and it went right in and killed him. She just had pups, didn't she?"

"Yes," said the captain, "six. I put iodine on that place."

"No," said Mack, "that won't draw. You got any Epsom salts up at your place?"

"Yes—there's a big bottle."

"Well, you make a hot poultice of Epsom salts and put it on there. She's weak, you know, from the pups. Be a shame if she got sick now. You'd lose the pups too." The pointer looked deep into Mack's eyes and then she licked his hand.

"Tell you what I'll do, Captain. I'll look after her myself. Epsom salts'll do the trick. That's the best thing."

The captain stroked the dog's head. "You know, I've got a pond up by the house that's so full of frogs I can't sleep nights. Why don't you look up there? I'd be glad to get rid of them."

"That's mighty nice of you," said Mack. "I'll bet those docs would thank you for that. But I'd like to get a poultice on this dog." He turned to the others. "You put out this fire," he said. "Make sure there ain't a spark left and clean up around. We don't want to leave no mess. I and the captain will go and take care of Nola here. You fellows follow along when you get cleared up." Mack and the captain walked away together.

Hazel kicked sand on the fire. "I bet Mack could of been president of the U. S. if he wanted," he said.

"What could he do with it if he had it?" Jones asked. "There wouldn't be no fun in that."

Mack and the boys and the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Model T truck rolled triumphantly home to Cannery Row and hopped the gutter and creaked up through the weeds to its place behind Lee Chong's. The boys blocked up the front wheels, drained what gasoline was left into a five-gallon can, took their frogs and went wearily home to the Palace Flophouse.

They sat in the afternoon, smoking, digesting, considering, and now and then having a delicate drink from the jug. And each time they warned that they must not take too much, for it was to be for Doc. They must not forget that for a minute.

"What time you figure he'll be back?" Eddie asked.

"Usually gets in about eight or nine o'clock," said Mack. "Now we got to figure when we're going to give it. I think we ought to give it tonight."

"Sure," the others agreed.

"How about decorations?" Hughie suggested. "Like Fourth of July or Hallowe'en."

They leaned back and considered the thing. And in their minds the decorated laboratory looked like the conservatory at the Hotel del Monte. They had a couple more drinks, just to savor the plan. As the afternoon and the whiskey went down the enthusiasm rose.

Mack and the boys took crepe paper, masks, broomsticks and paper pumpkins, red, white and blue bunting, and moved over the lot and across the street to the laboratory.

Doc never locked the laboratory. He went on the theory that anyone who really wanted to break in could easily do it, that people were essentially honest and that finally, there wasn't much the average person would want to steal there anyway. The valuable things were books and records, surgical instruments and optical glass and such things that a practical working burglar wouldn't look at twice. His theory had been sound as far as burglars, snatch thieves, and kleptomaniacs were concerned, but it had been completely ineffective regarding his friends. Books were often "borrowed." No can of beans ever survived his absence and on several occasions, returning late, he had found guests in his bed.

The boys piled the decorations in the anteroom and then Mack stopped them. "What's going to make Doc happiest?" he asked.

"The party!" said Hazel.

"No," said Mack.

"The decorations?" Hughie suggested. He felt responsible for the decorations.

"No," said Mack, "the frogs. That's going to make him feel best of all. Them frogs ought to be right here, right in the middle of the room with a piece of bunting on it and a sign that says, 'Welcome Home, Doc.'"

They carried the packing case over to the laboratory, tacked red, white and blue bunting over it, lettered the big sign with iodine on a card, and they started the decorating from there. They criss-crossed the crepe paper, and put the pumpkins up. Passers-by in the street joined the party. At eleven o'clock they fried the steaks and ate them. Someone digging through the records found an album of Count Basie and the phonograph roared

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

out. The noise could be heard from the boat works to La Ida.

At one-thirty a drunk wandered in and passed a remark which was considered insulting to Doc. Mack hit him a clip which is still remembered and discussed. The man rose off his feet, described a small arc, and crashed through the packing case in among the frogs. Someone trying to change a record broke the crystal.

THE LIGHTS blazed in the laboratory. The front door hung sideways by one hinge. The floor was littered with broken glass. Phonograph records, some broken, some only nicked, were strewn about. The plates with pieces of steak ends and coagulating grease were on the floor, on top of the bookcases, under the bed. Whiskey glasses lay sadly on their sides. Someone trying to climb the bookcases had pulled out a whole section of books and spilled them in broken-backed confusion on the floor. And it was empty, it was over.

Through the broken end of the packing case a frog hopped and sat feeling the air for danger and then another joined him. They could smell the fine damp cool air coming in the door and in through the broken windows. One of them sat on the fallen card which said "Welcome Home, Doc." And then the two hopped timidly toward the door.

For quite a while a little river of frogs hopped down the steps, a swirling, moving river. For quite a while Cannery Row crawled with frogs—was overrun with frogs. A taxi squashed five frogs in the street. But well before dawn they had all gone. Some found the sewer and some worked their way up the hill to the reservoir and some went into culverts and some only hid among the weeds in the vacant lot.

And the lights blazed in the quiet empty laboratory.

A car turned into Cannery Row and Doc drove up to the front of the laboratory. His eyes were red rimmed with fatigue. He moved slowly with tiredness. Doc climbed the stairs. He looked in wonder at the sagging door and at the broken window. The weariness seemed to go out of him. He stepped quickly inside. Then he went quickly from room to room, stepping around the broken glass. He bent down quickly and picked up a smashed phonograph record and looked at its title.

In the kitchen the spilled grease had turned white on the floor. Doc's eyes flamed red with anger. He sat down on his couch and his head settled between his shoulders and his body weaved a little in his rage.

On the stairs there were bumbling uncertain footsteps and through the door came Mack. His face was red. He stood uncertainly in the middle of the room. "Doc—" he said—"I and the boys—"

For the moment Doc hadn't seemed to see him. Now he leaped to his feet. Mack shuffled backward. "Did you do this?"

"Well, I and the boys—" Doc's small hard fist whipped out and splashed against Mack's mouth. Doc's eyes shone with a red animal rage. Mack sat down heavily on the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

floor. Doc's fist was hard and sharp. Mack's lips were split against his teeth and one front tooth bent inward. "Get up!" said Doc.

Mack lumbered to his feet. His hands were at his sides. Doc hit him again, a cold calculated punishing punch in the mouth. The blood spurted from Mack's lips and ran down his chin. He tried to lick his lips.

"Go ahead, Doc," he said thickly through his broken lips. "I got it coming."

Doc's shoulders sagged with defeat. He sat down on the couch and looked at his cut knuckles. Doc opened a bottle of beer and poured gently into a glass, holding it at an angle so that very little collar rose to the top. He filled a second tall glass. Doc indicated the beer with his head. Now Mack opened his throat and poured down half the glass without swallowing. He sighed explosively and stared into the beer.

"What happened?" Doc asked.

Mack looked at the floor and a drop of blood fell from his lips into his beer. He mopped his split lips again. "I and the boys wanted to give you a party. We thought you'd be home last night."

Doc nodded his head. "I see."

"She got out of hand," said Mack. "It don't do no good to say I'm sorry. I been sorry all my life. This ain't no new thing. It's always like this." He swallowed deeply from his glass.

"I had a wife," Mack said. "Same thing. Ever'thing I done turned sour. She couldn't stand it any more. If I done a good thing it got poisoned up some way. If I give her a present they was something wrong with it. She only got hurt from me. She couldn't stand it no more. Same thing ever'place 'til I just got to clowning. I don't do nothin' but clown no more. Try to make the boys laugh."

Doc nodded again.

"I was glad when you hit me," Mack went on. "I thought to myself—'Maybe this will teach me. Maybe I'll remember this.' But, hell, I won't remember nothin.' I won't learn nothin.' Doc," Mack cried, "the way I seen it, we was all happy and havin' a good party." He waved his hand at the wreckage on the floor.

"I know," said Doc. He opened the second quart of beer and poured the glasses full.

"Doc," said Mack, "I and the boys will clean up here—and we'll pay for the stuff that's broke. If it takes us five years we'll pay for it."

Doc shook his head slowly and wiped the beer foam from his mustache. "No," he said, "I'll clean it up. I know where everything goes."

"I'll pay for it, Doc."

"No you won't, Mack," said Doc. "You'll think about it and it'll worry you for quite a long time, but you won't pay for it. There's maybe three hundred dollars in broken museum glass. Don't say you'll pay for it. That will just keep you uneasy. It might be two or three years before you forgot about it and felt entirely easy again. And you wouldn't pay it anyway."

"I guess you're right," said Mack. "Damn it, I *know* you're right. What can we do?"

"I'm over it," said Doc. "Those socks in the mouth got it out of my system. Let's forget it."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mack finished his beer and stood up. "So long, Doc," he said.

He walked clumsily down the stairs and crossed over and walked up the lot and up the chicken walk to the Palace Flophouse. Doc watched his progress through the window. And then wearily he got a broom from behind the water heater. It took him all day to clean up the mess.

A BLACK gloom settled over the Palace Flophouse. Mack and the boys were under a cloud and they knew it and they knew they deserved it. They had become social outcasts. All of their good intentions were forgotten now. The fact that the party was given for Doc, if it was known, was never mentioned or taken into consideration. It was told in the canneries. Socially, Mack and the boys were beyond the pale.

It's all fine to say, "Time will heal everything, this too shall pass away. People will forget"—and things like that when you are not involved, but when you are there is no passage of time, people do not forget and you are in the middle of something that does not change. Doc didn't know the pain and self-destructive criticism in the Palace Flophouse or he might have tried to do something about it. And Mack and the boys did not know how he felt or they would have held up their heads again.

It was a bad time. Evil stalked darkly in the vacant lot.

But things were bad all over. Doc had to get a loan at the bank to pay for the glass that was broken at the party. A sudden and completely unexpected storm tore a purse-seiner and three lampara boats loose from their moorings and tossed them broken and sad on Del Monte beach.

There is no explaining a series of misfortunes like that.

And to cap it all, Darling got sick. She was a very fat and lively puppy when she was struck down, but five days of fever reduced her to a little skin-covered skeleton. Now a genuine panic came over the Palace Flophouse. Darling had come to be vastly important to them. They sat up in shifts. They kept a cool damp cloth on her forehead and she got weaker and sicker. Finally, although they didn't want to, Hazel and Jones were chosen to call on Doc.

They stood in a circle while Doc examined Darling. He looked at her eyeballs and her gums and felt in her ear for fever. He ran his finger over the ribs that stuck out like spokes and at the poor spine. "She won't eat?" he asked.

"Not a thing," said Mack.

"You'll have to force feed her—strong soup and eggs and cod liver oil."

They thought he was cold and professional. He went back to his tide charts and his stew.

But Mack and the boys had something to do now. They boiled meat until it was as strong as whiskey. They put cod liver oil far back on her tongue so that some of it got down her. They held up her head and made a little funnel of her chops and poured the cool soup in. She had to swallow or drown.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Every two hours they fed her and gave her water. Before they had slept in shifts—now no one slept. They sat silently and waited for Darling's crisis.

It came early in the morning. The boys sat in their chairs half asleep but Mack was awake and his eyes were on the puppy. He saw her ears flip twice, and her chest heave. With infinite weakness she climbed slowly to her spindly legs, dragged herself to the door, took four laps of water and collapsed on the floor.

Mack shouted the others awake. He danced heavily. All the boys shouted at one another. Lee Chong heard them and snorted to himself as he carried out the garbage cans.

By nine o'clock Darling had eaten a raw egg and a half pint of whipped cream by herself. By noon she was visibly putting on weight. In a day she romped a little and by the end of the week she was a well dog.

At last a crack had developed in the wall of evil. There were evidences of it everywhere. The purse-seiner was hauled back into the water and floated. Earl Wakefield caught a sculpin with two heads and sold it to the museum for eight dollars. The wall of evil and of waiting was broken.

CERTAINLY ALL of Cannery Row and probably all of Monterey felt that a change had come. Now a kind of gladness began to penetrate into the Row and to spread out from there.

The knowledge or conviction about another party for Doc was no sudden thing. It did not burst out full blown. People knew about it but let it grow gradually.

Mack was realistic about it. "Last time we forced her," he told the boys. "You can't never give a good party that way. You got to let her creep up on you."

"Well, when's it going to be?" Jones asked impatiently.

"I don't know," said Mack.

"Is it gonna be a surprise party?" Hazel asked.

"It ought to, that's the best kind," said Mack.

"This time," said Mack, "we got to be sure he gets to the party. If he don't get there, we don't give it."

"Where we going to give it this time?" Jones asked.

"I guess we'll just have to give it at his place," said Hughie.

Hazel said: "If we knew when was Doc's birthday, we could give him a birthday party."

Mack's mouth was open. Hazel constantly surprised him. "Yes, sir, if it was his birthday there'd be presents. That's just the thing. All we got to find out is when it is. Maybe I'll just go over and smell around a little and not let on."

Mack found Doc way back in the downstairs part of the laboratory. He was dressed in a long rubber apron and he wore rubber gloves to protect his hands from the formaldehyde. He was injecting the veins and arteries of small dogfish with color mass. His little ball mill rolled over and over, mixing the blue mass.

"Hi, Doc," said Mack. "Keepin' pretty busy?"

"Busy as I want," said Doc. "How are things going up at the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Palace? Eddie still bring the jug?"

"Sure," said Mack. "He ain't puttin' beer in it no more and I think the stuff is better. It's got more zip."

"It had plenty of zip before," said Doc.

Mack waited patiently. Sooner or later Doc was going to wade into it and he was waiting. If Doc seemed to open the subject himself it would be less suspicious. This was always Mack's method. "Haven't seen Hazel for some time. He isn't sick, is he?"

"No," said Mack and he opened the campaign. "Hazel is all right. Him and Hughie are havin' one hell of a battle."

"What's it about?" Doc asked.

"Well, sir," said Mack, "Hazel's all the time buyin' these here charts and lookin' up lucky days and stars and stuff like that. And Hughie said it's all a bunch of malarky, says if you know when a guy is born you can tell about him. Me, I don't know nothin' about it. What do you think, Doc?"

"I'd kind of side with Hughie," said Doc. He stopped the ball mill, washed out the color gun and filled it with blue mass.

"They got goin' hot the other night," said Mack. "They ask me when I'm born so I tell 'em April 12 and Hazel he goes and buys one of them charts and reads all about me. Well it did seem to hit in some places. But it was nearly all good stuff and a guy will believe good stuff about himself. It said I'm brave and smart and kind to my friends. But Hazel says it's all true. When's your birthday, Doc?" At the end of the long discussion it sounded perfectly casual. You couldn't put your finger on it. But it must be remembered that Doc had known Mack a very long time. If he had not he would have said December 18 which was his birthday instead of October 27 which was not. "October 27," said Doc. "Ask Hazel what that makes me."

When Mack left, Doc wondered casually what the buildup was. For he had recognized it as a lead. He knew Mack's technique, his method. He recognized his style. And he wondered to what purpose Mack could put the information. It was only later when rumors began to creep in that Doc added the whole thing up. Now he felt slightly relieved, for he had expected Mack to put the bite on him.

People didn't get the news of the party—the knowledge of it just slowly grew up in them. And no one was invited. Everyone was going. October 27 had a mental red circle around it. And since it was to be a birthday party there were presents to be considered.

Lee Chong got out and inspected a twenty-five-foot string of firecrackers and a big bag of China lily bulbs. These to his way of thinking were the finest things you could have for a party.

Sam Malloy collected pieces of historic automobiles. He decided to give Doc one of his finest pieces—the connecting rod and piston from a 1916 Chalmers.

Mack and the boys gave the problem considerable thought and came to the conclusion that Doc always wanted cats and had some trouble getting them. Mack considered and correctly that twenty-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

five tom cats would be as nice a present as they could give Doc.

"No decorations this time," said Mack. "Just a good solid party."

Henri the painter had suddenly decided that the old-fashioned pincushion was an art form which had flowered and reached its peak in the Nineties and had since been neglected. He revived the form and was delighted to see what could be done with colored pins. He began a giant pincushion for Doc.

Henri's friend Eric, a learned barber who collected the first editions of writers who never had a second edition or a second book, decided to give Doc a rowing machine he had got at the bankruptcy proceedings of a client with a three-year barber bill.

Doc didn't know when he first became aware that something was going on that concerned him.

One evening he stopped in at the Halfway House because they had a draft beer he liked and kept it at the right temperature. He gulped his first glass and then settled down to enjoy his second when he heard someone talking to the bartender. "You goin' to the party?"

"What party?"

"Well," said the man confidentially, "you know Doc, down in Cannery Row."

The bartender looked up the bar and then back.

"Well," said the man, "they're givin' him a hell of a party on his birthday."

"Who is?"

"Everybody."

Doc mulled this over. He did not know the man at all.

His reaction to the idea was not simple. He felt a great warmth that they should want to give him a party and at the same time he quaked inwardly, remembering the last one they had given.

The next day he began making his own preparations for the party. His best records he carried into the back room where they could be locked away. He moved every bit of equipment that was breakable back there too. He knew how it would be—his guests would be hungry and they wouldn't bring anything to eat. A little wearily he went up to the Thrift Market where there was a fine and understanding butcher.

Meanwhile on the Row the planning reached a crescendo. Doc was right, no one thought of food. But the collection of presents was growing and the guest list, if there had been one, was a little like a census.

PROBABLY everyone in Cannery Row had projected his imagination to how the party would be—the shouts of greeting, the congratulation, the noise and good feeling. And it didn't start that way at all. Promptly at eight o'clock Mack and the boys, combed and clean, picked up their jugs and marched down the chicken walk, over the railroad track, through the lot across the street and up the steps of Western Biological. Everyone was embarrassed. Doc held the door open and Mack made a little speech.

"Being as how it's your birthday, I and the boys thought we would wish you happy birthday and we

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

got twenty-one cats for you for a present."

He stopped and they stood forlornly on the stairs.

"Come on in," said Doc. "Why—I'm—I'm surprised. I didn't know you knew it was my birthday."

They were just seated formally, sipping delicately at the whiskey, when Mr. and Mrs. Malloy followed with their presents. And now people began to arrive in droves.

A group of comparative strangers came in from La Ida. The stiffness was going out of the party quickly.

Doc put dance music on the phonograph and he went to the kitchen and began to fry the steaks. Everyone was surprised when he served the meat. Nobody was really hungry. But they cleaned it up instantly. Now the food set the party into a kind of rich digestive sadness. The whiskey was gone and Doc brought out the gallons of wine.

Then Doc played *Ardo* and the *Amor* from an album of Monteverdi. And the guests sat quietly and their eyes were inward. Two newcomers crept up the stairs and entered quietly. Doc was feeling a golden pleasant sadness.

The party was slipping away and was about to recline and go to sleep when there was a tramp of feet on the stairs. A great voice shouted, "Where's the girls?"

They were the crew of a San Pedro tuna boat, good, hard, happy fight-wise men. With the first rush they burst through to the party and the battle started.

It was a good fight. The two front windows were broken out. The fight raged down the steps and into the street and across into the lot. The front door was hanging limply from one hinge again. Doc's shirt was torn off. The enemy was driven halfway up the lot when the sirens sounded. Doc's birthday party barely had time to get inside the laboratory and wedge the broken door closed and turn out the lights before the police car cruised up. The party was sitting in the dark giggling happily and drinking wine. The cops looked in, clicked their tongues and joined it. Mack and the boys used the squad car to go to Jimmy Brucia's for more wine and Jimmy came back with them. You could hear the roar of the party from end to end of Cannery Row.

DOC AWAKENED very slowly and clumsily like a fat man getting out of a swimming pool. He rolled over slowly and supporting himself on one elbow he looked out the broken window. Cannery Row was quiet and sunny.

Doc got up and went into the kitchen and lighted the gas water heater. Then he came back and sat on the edge of his bed and worked his toes together while he surveyed the wreckage.

It was very quiet in the street. No one went by at all. Doc heard music in his head—violas and cellos, he thought. And they played cool, soft, soothing music with nothing much to distinguish it. He ate his sandwich and sipped his beer and listened to the music. When he had finished his beer, Doc went into the kitchen, and cleared the dirty dishes out of the sink. He ran hot water in it and poured soap chips under the running water so that the foam stood high and white.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Then he moved about collecting all the glasses that weren't broken and put them in the soapy hot water.

He unlocked the door of the back room and brought out one of his albums of Gregorian music and he put a Pater Noster and Agnus Dei on the turntable and started it going. The angelic, disembodied voices filled the laboratory. They were incredibly pure and sweet. Doc worked carefully, washing the glasses so that they would not clash together and spoil the music. The boys' voices carried the melody up and down, simply but with the richness that is in no other singing. When the record had finished, Doc wiped his hands and turned it off. He saw a book lying half under his bed and picked it up and he sat down on the bed. For a moment he read to himself but then his lips began to move and in a moment he read aloud—slowly, pausing at the end of each line.

"Even now
I mind the coming and talking of
wise men from towers
Where they had thought away their
youth. And I, listening,
Found not the salt of the whispers
of my girl,
Murmur of confused colors, as we
lay near sleep;
Little wise words and little witty
words,
Wanton as water, honied with eager-
ness."

In the sink the high white foam cooled and ticked as the bubbles burst. Under the piers it was very high tide and the waves splashed on rocks they had not reached in a long time.

"Even now
I mind that I loved cypress and
roses, clear,
The great blue mountains and the
small gray hills,
The sounding of the sea. Upon a day
I saw strange eyes and hands like
butterflies;
For me at morning larks flew from
the thyme
And children came to bathe in
little streams."

Doc closed the book. He could hear the waves beat under the piles and he could hear the scampering of white rats against the wire. He went into the kitchen and felt the cooling water in the sink. He ran hot water into it. He spoke aloud to the sink and the white rats, and to himself:

"Even now,
I know that I have savored the hot
taste of life
Lifting green cups and gold at the
great feast.
Just for a small and a forgotten time
I have had full in my eyes from off
my girl
The whitest pouring of eternal
light—"

He wiped his eyes with the back of his hand. And the white rats scampered and scrambled in their cages.

And behind the glass the rattlesnakes lay still and stared into space with their dusty frowning eyes.

CORONET PICTURES

Pages 53 and 69, Paul Parker; 55, Arnold Eagle; 56, 59 (top), 61 and 67, Herbert Sonnenfeld; 59 (bottom), F. P. G.; 60, Jacob Lofman, from Pix; 63, Victor de Palma, from Black Star; 64, Hirz, from Frederick Lewis; 68, N. Y. World-Telegram; 71 (top) and 75, National Council of Protestant Episcopal Churches; 71, (bottom), Jack Delano, F.S.A., Library of Congress; 72, Ellen Johnson; 77, Stanley Lazarus; 104-109, Bob Leavitt; 4th Cover, John Kabel.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Between these Covers

This Month:

♛ Coronet is proud this month to join the N. Y. Art Directors' Club in honoring Douglass Crockwell.

Their exhibition this year opened April 10th at Rockefeller Center—just about the time some of the sections of this issue were going to press. That it was successful can be judged from the fact that a record 6,000 entries were submitted. Of this number, the 316 most outstanding pieces were chosen to make up the show.

Four of the 316 appear in this issue of Coronet—all color illustrations by Douglass Crockwell.

They are the striking paintings on pages 115, 117 (top), 118 (lower), and 120—used in the Picture Story, *Good Night, My Son.*

One of the four—the heart-warming painting of little "Judy" at the Blood Bank—has been chosen the Bronze Medal First Prize Winner as the best full-color illustrative painting of 1944. We suggest you look at it again, too. It's a whole short story in itself!

♛ R. DeWitt Miller's *Forgotten Mysteries* really was born in September of 1939.

"A fact which does not fit into a theory has a way of escaping the memory," Miller first wrote to us. "People apparently find it easier to forget such things than to explain them." It sounded like a good idea to the staff—and for over three years, Coronet readers agreed. And then, in January of 1943, Mr. Miller, who had gone wholeheartedly into war work after Pearl Harbor, found that war and *Forgotten Mysteries* do not mix. Regretfully, he asked to be excused—temporarily. Regretfully, Coronet dropped the feature to await his return—this month!

Just a word about Mr. Miller.

He lives in Los Angeles—in a big, rambling home which you would guess has about twelve rooms. One of the rooms is DeWitt's library, and it looks exactly the way you'd imagine. It's big and dark, with plenty of native swords and mounted antelope heads on the available wall space. Mostly, though, it's filled with books—over 5,000 alone on the subject of the mysterious.

Miller is just about the world's foremost authority in his field. His correspondence is tremendous, and many of the stories in his vast collection were sent to him originally by readers of *Forgotten Mysteries.*

Coronet will gladly forward your letters to him.

Next Month:

♛ Photographer Yousuf Karsh of Ottawa is world-famed for his portraits of distinguished personalities. Early this year he visited Washington to make a new portrait of Mrs. Franklin Delano Roosevelt for a Canadian weekly. At the same time, Mr. Karsh photographed Mrs. Roosevelt in kodachrome—and up to now, the striking result has not been reproduced anywhere. Mrs. Roosevelt had not even seen it herself. Next month you will see it in Coronet, along with a timely message from Mrs. Roosevelt.

Manuscripts, photographs and other materials submitted for publication should be addressed to Coronet, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois, and must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase. No responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted. Subscribers' notices of change of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From the Coronet Story Teller

"EMERGENCY, Doctor," announced the medical corpsman grimly as he helped lower a wounded soldier to the operating table of a British field hospital.

Focusing the overhead lights, the doctor began to probe for the injury. What he found made him snap an order for special instruments. Shrapnel had entered the boy's head and severed a number of delicate nerves. Stitching the tiny ends together would require the finest surgical needle and thread. But no such equipment could be found.

A young lieutenant, William Such, overheard the doctor explode in desperation. "I used to repair watches," he ventured. "Perhaps I can grind down a regular needle to the size you need."

"Fine!" exclaimed the surgeon, "but you'll have to work fast. The boy can't hold out much longer."

Lieutenant Such set to work, and in a few minutes he had the needle filed down to specifications.

The surgeon accepted it gratefully, but his smile suddenly turned to a scowl. Of what good was a needle if he had no thread. Again Lieutenant Such came to the rescue. Drawing a small, glittering object from his pocket, he offered its contents to the surgeon. "Perhaps this will help. It's about as fine as it comes."

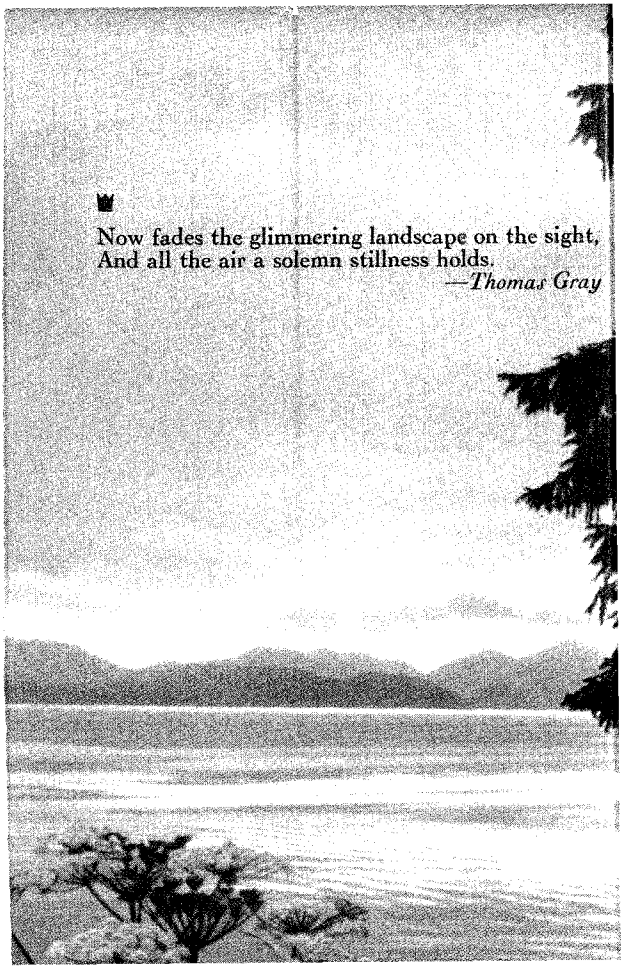
The doctor gasped with delight. It was exactly what he wanted.

When the soldier was wheeled from the operating room some time later, his chances for recovery were excellent—thanks to a wife's sentimental gesture to her soldier husband.

For the thread which Lieutenant Such gave the doctor from the sparkling locket was a long black hair from his wife's head.

For five minutes filled with action . . . drama . . . suspense . . . mystery . . . for a story with a surprise ending every time . . . listen to Marvin Miller, the Coronet Story Teller. Tune him in Monday through Friday at 9:55 p.m. E.W.T. on the Blue Network!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED